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AUGUST, 1856.



THE CATHEDRAL OF UPSALA.

SCANDINAVIAN SKETCHES.—N^o VII.

BY CHARLES U. C. BURTON.

THE clock of the Riddarholm's Kyrkan struck the hour of eight, one morning, as the steamer Upland left her pier at Stockholm for her usual daily passage to Upsala, an important university town of Sweden, situated upon an arm of Lake Malar. The prevalence of the cholera had three days previously been officially proclaimed, and the accustomed alarm attendant upon such an announcement in the Swedish capital, meantime, had crowded every steamer leaving the docks.

The quarantine laws continued equally stringent, and the unfortunate vessel or steamer arriving from Hamburg, Copenhagen, or any other port which had even been declared under suspicion, was subjected to all the annoyances of a rigid quarantine. The king has been often accused in other portions of Europe of enforcing the quarantine laws, during the prevalence of cholera in the Baltic ports, from his own dread of the contagion; but I learned from one of his majesty's ministers that this accusation was wholly unfounded, and that the king himself was far too enlightened to believe in the efficacy of such

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means to prevent the spread of the disease. Furthermore, that he only consented to such an enforcement of the law in accordance with the wishes of the people. The same authority also assured me that his majesty was in the habit of visiting the cholera hospitals often, during the prevalence of the epidemic, in order to satisfy himself that the patients were kindly and well provided for.

But to return to the Upland. This remarkable steamer had the reputation of making the passage to Upsala, a distance of something less than fifty miles, in the *incredibly* short space of seven hours. Six other steamers started in company with us for different points on the lake, and the unfortunate passengers of the Upland had an opportunity of watching each of them as they passed by us, and were soon lost to our sight by the projecting points of the shores. The clouds which hung threateningly over us on our departure soon commenced a heavy discharge of rain, and the little cabin into which we were forced for shelter was crowded to the utmost extent of its capacity. Flitting images of the spacious saloons of the North River and Sound steamers, with which I contrasted our wretched accommodations, were far from dispelling the effect of the discomforts by which I was surrounded. To render the place still more intolerable, there was no ventilation whatever to the cabin; indeed, every opening through which any of the horribly putrid air might have escaped, was carefully closed.

It is a matter of astonishment that it is possible for a people to live to the ordinary age of man with so little regard to ventilation as the Swedes seem to exhibit. The Germans are noted for their dread of fresh, pure air; but after a residence of some months in both Germany and Sweden, I must give the Swedes the credit of a far greater horror of ventilation than even the Germans.

It appears that the Swedes are for so short a period in the enjoyment of summer that they are disposed to treat the heat in the same manner that we preserve some rare things at home, namely, to bottle them, and be sure that the cork is hermetically sealed. A few days since, in coming up from Gottland by steamer, I found great relief from the scorching rays of the sun by the extension of a small awn-

ing upon deck. A Swedish gentleman, with whom I chanced to be sitting and conversing at the moment, declared that he would much rather remain in the sun, as they had in Sweden so short a time to bask in its rays; that he considered all attempts to shade the sun from him were an absolute interference with his established rights and privileges.

The rain continued during the whole passage, interfering materially with my observations upon the character of the scenery through which we passed, although I found myself driven from the stifling air of the cabin into the drenching rain upon deck, which I found far preferable. As we approached Upsala the scenery became more interesting. The shores of Lake Malar are, for the most part, wild and thickly wooded with the dark evergreens of the north. The passage becomes extremely narrow for some distance before arriving at the town, when, upon a sudden turn, Upsala is before you, presenting a picturesque and striking appearance. A prominent feature in the landscape is the ancient palace, situated upon a precipitous bluff on one side of the town, where it lifts its bold outline against the sky. It is an immense pile, flanked by towers, and was originally erected by Gustavus Wasa, about the middle of the sixteenth century. A considerable portion of the original structure is now in ruins. The edifice has suffered from fire as well as from the lapse of time. An effort seems to have been recently made to cover its various imperfections by a coat of plaster. The color adopted is even more singular than the effect of the pile in other respects. It is too deep for rose color, and, indeed, approaches closely to the tint of peach blossoms. In the immediate vicinity of the palace, also, upon elevated ground, are the library and university buildings. The former is a fine structure, but the latter seem quite destitute of architectural taste.

It was a great relief to step once more upon *terra firma*, and to bid adieu to the steamer Upland. I soon found myself established at an humble, though comfortable inn, which had been recommended to me as the best in the town. This was built of timber, like most of the houses here, and painted red, with white stripes about the windows and doors. These buildings are constructed much like the

American log-houses; but in the towns, and for the better class of residences in the country, the timber is carefully hewn, and presents an even surface on the outside, which is frequently painted red, and occasionally white. But the red buildings are far the most numerous. In a few of the better class of houses, clap-boards, or neatly matched boards, cover the timber. But I have nowhere in the North seen frame buildings like those of America, and the people here fancy that our houses of wood must be exceedingly frail, and would be poorly adapted to a climate like that of Sweden and Norway. Even the more rude class of timber houses here present an appearance of interior comfort and taste which would scarcely be expected from their exteriors. But little plastering is used; the walls and ceilings are covered with cloth stretched upon frames, and covered with paper, so as to give them the appearance of our papered walls. A huge stove, standing some six feet high, is the most peculiar feature of a Swedish room; these are sometimes of iron, and at others built up of fire brick and covered with earthen. Miss Fredrika Bremer complained to me that she was often, while in America, subjected to great discomfort by having sleeping rooms assigned to her entirely destitute of conveniences for fire; and, as she truly remarked, "In Sweden there is no room without its stove."

Unlike the hotels of the continent, where, upon all the great routes, and in the principal towns, one is sure of finding three or four languages spoken, in Sweden, with the exception of some of the largest hotels of the capital, one finds himself necessitated to use the language of the country.

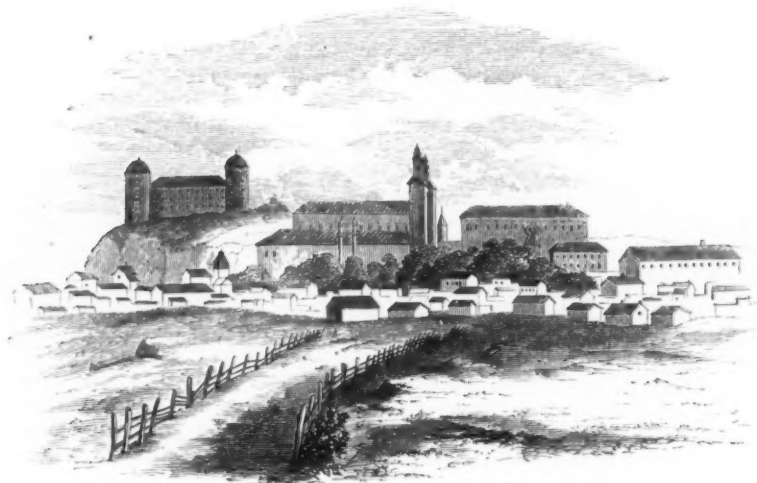
Soon after my arrival at Upsala I found myself suddenly seriously ill, and, having just left a cholera atmosphere, I felt the necessity of immediate remedies. It was with some difficulty, after having asked directions several times upon my way, that I at last found an apothecary's shop. Suffering extremely when I entered, I found it a matter of difficulty to explain my wants in Swedish; having at last succeeded in making a clerk understand the necessities of my case, I was informed that he was allowed to sell no medicines except such as were furnished upon the prescription of a physician. "But what

am I to do, my dear sir?" said I, "I verily believe that I shall die of the cholera, unless I have the medicine at once."

"You will find Doctor J. in — street, and Doctor B. near the university," was the cool reply. It was in vain I remonstrated, and threw myself into various attitudes significant of the pain which I was suffering, which may be better imagined than described. The man was inexorable. With the most imperturbable coolness he reiterated his former assurances, and still pressed upon me the necessity of going in person to seek a physician in order to secure the necessary prescription. I know not but that I might have died from the attack had it not been that my looks seemed at last to move the sympathies of another employé of the establishment, who fortunately entered as I was about to give up the point, having exhausted my vocabulary of Swedish invectives, to say nothing of the supposed heart-moving attitudes. The new comer acted, indeed, the part of the good Samaritan, and took it upon himself to furnish me, contrary to the law, the remedies which I required.

The cathedral of Upsala is, perhaps, taken as a whole, the most interesting ecclesiastical structure in Sweden. Its extreme length is three hundred and thirty feet by one hundred and forty, and height one hundred and five. This edifice was commenced in 1258, and finished in 1435. It is constructed of red brick. Like the celebrated cathedral of Trondhjem, Norway, it has suffered greatly from the additions and restorations of different ages. There are, I think, no other edifices of this description in Europe that have been so injured and despoiled of their original beauty by the bad taste of succeeding generations as the two celebrated cathedrals of the North. In Trondhjem it seems incredible that such an entire want of taste could have been exhibited at any period as is found in what is termed the restorations of different ages. It would appear that the architects must have set themselves at their task with *malice prepense*, seeking only to rival each other in the more completely obscuring all that was originally beautiful.

It is melancholy to think that the age in which we live, so rich in the development of the human mind, the age of the



GENERAL VIEW OF UPSALA.

introduction of the telegraph, of railways, and of the application of steam to locomotion, is in architecture, painting, and sculpture, far behind preceding centuries. Ours is essentially the age of development of the useful and practical. One is, perhaps, never more forcibly reminded of the inferiority of the present century in respect to architecture than in viewing the stupendous cathedrals which sprung up so suddenly as it were through the medium of a new light from heaven, that illumined the impenetrable gloom which had for ages enshrouded the world. And when, again, we examine the feeble, and oftentimes ludicrous restorations of intervening centuries, the reflection becomes still more depressing.

It would appear that the exterior of the cathedral of Upsala has never been at any period remarkable for beauty; great allowances must, however, be made for the various restorations. For example: it is very singular that, in a town like Upsala, renowned as the seat of one of the oldest and most celebrated universities of the North, and for more than three centuries the residence of the most learned and cultivated men of Sweden, the cathedral should have received, in comparatively modern times, two Italian cupolas, which occupy the place of the original Gothic spires, erected in a style in keeping with the remainder of the edifice.

The general effect of the interior is far

more pleasing than of the exterior. The immense nave is supported by light and graceful columns of nearly one hundred feet in height, with elaborately carved capitals, representing grotesque figures of men and animals in *alto relievo*. Indeed, the general effect is extremely grand and imposing.

The tombs which adorn the interior are numerous, and some of them highly interesting. That of Gustavus Wasa occupies the center of a chapel in the rear of the chancel, and is, perhaps, the most remarkable. The whole chapel is painted in fresco, with scenes illustrating the principal events in the singular and varied life of the great Liberator. Among these is a representation of Gustavus Wasa before the town council of Lubeck, as well as some interesting scenes connected with his peasant life in Dalecarlia. In one compartment he is represented as haranguing the Dalesmen at Mora; in another is a view of the battle between the Danes and Dalecarlians, and of his triumphal entry into Stockholm. The last of the series represents him in the act of addressing from the throne his last parliament. In recalling the varied scenes of his eventful life, as I lingered beside his last resting-place, the words which he uttered a day or two before his death were brought forcibly to mind. When inquired of by a friend if he stood in need

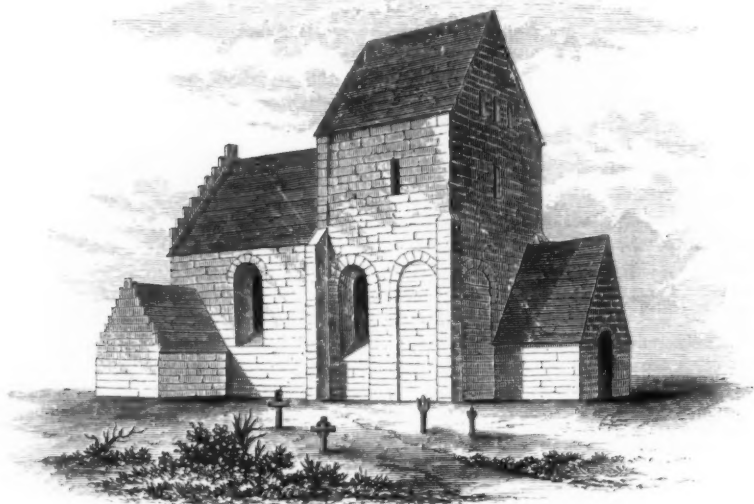
of anything, his laconic reply was, "Yes; of the kingdom of heaven." Truly, here is a want which the dying king and the mendicant must feel alike.

Beneath the altar repose the remains of the great Linnæus; a handsome mural tablet has been erected to his memory in a neighboring chapel. The monument is of red Swedish porphyry, with a medallion bust by Sergel. The inscription denotes that the tablet was erected by his friends and disciples in 1798, just twenty years after the decease of the eminent botanist. The design of this work is altogether chaste and pleasing; but for the tomb of Linnæus how beautiful would have been a garland of flowers, composed in part of his favorite, the *Linée Borealis*, to which he has given his name.

John III. is buried under an immense tomb of Italian workmanship. A reclining figure of this monarch ornaments his tomb, but the effigy of the sovereign has been robbed of its scepter. Death, sooner or later, wrests the scepter from the hand of all earthly potentates; but their personifications in marble are usually allowed to retain them unmolested. It is said to have been Gustavus Adolphus who tore the scepter from the hand of the statue, and afterward placed it upon the tomb of Eric XIV. at Westeras, saying at the same time, "When alive you wrested the scepter from the hand of your brother Eric: I now take it from you and restore it to him." This tomb was made in Italy, and wrecked near Dantzic, on its way to Sweden, but after sixty years was raised from the bottom of the sea and placed here, in the situation for which it was originally designed. On the opposite side of the chapel, at a distance as respectful from the couch where reclines the effigy of her royal consort, as Parisian or German etiquette would demand, repose the remains of the queen of John III., a princess of the ancient and once venerated house of Poland. The intermingling of numerous shields upon the tomb indicate the long line of royal ancestry, from whence sprung the Polish princess and Swedish queen. How sad are the remembrances awakened by the mere mention of Poland! I shall never forget the impression left upon my mind by a visit to its ancient capital, in beholding at every turn such evidences of its former greatness and of the cultivated taste of its people. In its once world-

renowned university, I saw the celebrated bust of Copernicus, and remembered that he was once a professor in this same university, and a native of Poland. In Cracow, all bears evidence of decay; ruined churches, tottering statues, wretched streets, and a half-starving population, meet the eye at every turn. A scene of greater desolation can scarcely be imagined, save only in its cathedral, which is still said to be the richest church north of the Alps; and here the works of sculptors, whose names may not die, and the accumulation of gold and precious stones, the wealth of former ages, seem to mock the squalid misery by which they are surrounded. But the tomb of the Polish princess has taken me a long way from my subject.

The university of Upsala was founded in 1477, one year earlier than that of Copenhagen. Its library contains one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, among which are some rare and highly interesting works. Here is preserved a copy of the Scriptures, containing autograph annotations by Luther and Melancthon. An ancient Icelandic Edda is preserved here; also the journal of Linnæus. The last two are particularly interesting to the scholar. This university has forty-seven professorships, and over one thousand students in regular attendance. The students are distinguished by white caps with a black band, and in front a rosette of the Swedish national colors. It is estimated that the whole expense necessarily incurred here for a student is three hundred American dollars annually. It is stated that one in every six hundred and sixty-eight of the whole population of Sweden enjoys the advantages of a university education. Mr. Laing, who published a work upon Sweden a few years since, gives a table, in which he furnishes estimates of the number of students in the two universities of Lund and Upsala, and also from what classes of society they spring. It appears from these estimates that the sons of nobles are represented in these two institutions by a less number, as annually reported, than any other class: for example, according to his statement, there are but one hundred and seventy-nine of the sons of nobles, four hundred and ninety-nine of the sons of the clergy, three hundred and fifty-five of the peasants, and one hundred and ninety-nine of the sons of proprietors or people of con-



CHURCH OF GAMLE UPSALA.

dition. According to this, not above one half of the class of young nobles have the advantages of a university education. The professorships yield an average income of about one thousand American dollars per annum. This income is received, in part, from estates with which Charles IX., Gustavus Adolphus, and Queen Christina, endowed the university, as well as from the crown tithes of several parishes. It is pleasing to learn, that in Sweden the highest advantages of education which the country can furnish, are within the reach of the middle classes, and even the sons of peasants. Comparatively few of the nobles are educated for the Church. The influence of the clergy, as a body, in Sweden, is very great; they constitute a separate estate, or house of assembly, which carries a considerable amount of political influence. The number of the clergy in Sweden is estimated at about three thousand; and those who annually leave their studies at Upsala to enter the Church are, for the most part, sons of the clergy or of the peasants and proprietors.

Situated at the distance of about three English miles from Upsala, is all that remains of Gamle Upsala, the ancient capital of Sweden. I found the walk very agreeable to this interesting place, one fine morning during my stay at Upsala. The

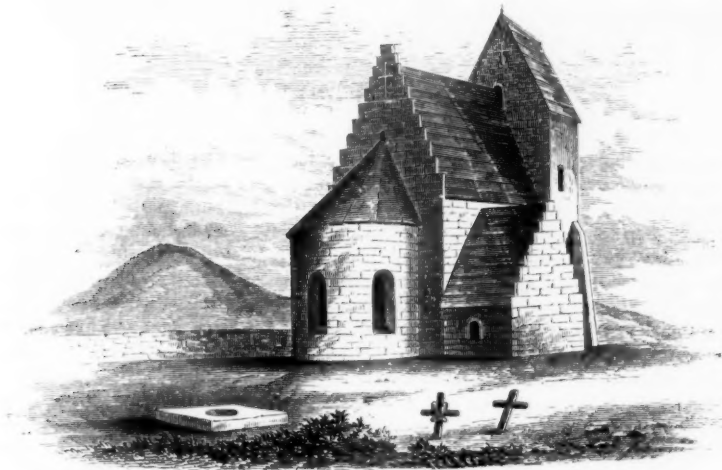
three artificial mounds, as well as the picturesque church near them, were in view for the whole distance, forming a group unique and highly interesting. Here are the remains of an ancient pagan temple, and three tumuli, supposed to be the tombs of three Northern divinities.

Gamle Upsala was, from a very remote period of history, the seat of a celebrated pagan temple. Adam, of Bremen, one of the earliest writers upon the North, says of Sweden: "This nation has a temple of great renown, called Ubsola, (now Upsala.) In this temple, which is entirely ornamented with gold, the people worship the statues of three gods; the most powerful of whom, Thor, is seated on a couch in the middle; with Woden (Odin) on one side, and Fricca (Freya) on the other." A sacred grove once surrounded this temple, of which tradition relates fearful stories. It is said that no less than seventy-two bodies of men and animals have been seen at one time suspended from the trees.

The church of Gamle Upsala is a most singular and interesting structure; this is claimed by some to be the most ancient edifice in Scandinavia; or, at all events, that portion of it which forms the tower is supposed by many to have been the celebrated pagan temple which was known to have existed here. It will be remembered

that the conversion of the Scandinavian people to Christianity was not easily accomplished. They clung long to their pagan rites. There must have been to a people who led such a wild and adventurous life, particular charms in a faith which secured to those killed in battle, or dying from violence, the promised joys of the Walhalla. The strange and boisterous pleasures to which they looked forward in the future state of existence, were better adapted, as it would seem, to the tastes and longings of such a people, than the heaven to which the missionaries of the cross pointed. Again, the whole occupation of the Northern nations was robbery and plunder; they had not then learned to

cultivate the soil; and in the new faith they would naturally see all that was opposed to their ordinary means of gaining a subsistence. Even the future realization of the promised rest could have offered little that was alluring to the stern vikings and adventurers of the north, when contrasted with the perpetual feast in the palace of Odin, and the sharp appetites which their morning exercise of cutting each other in pieces would seem to promise them. Thus, although, in the eighth century, missionaries arrived in Sweden from Germany, yet it was not until some time during the twelfth century that Christianity can be said to have become fully established.

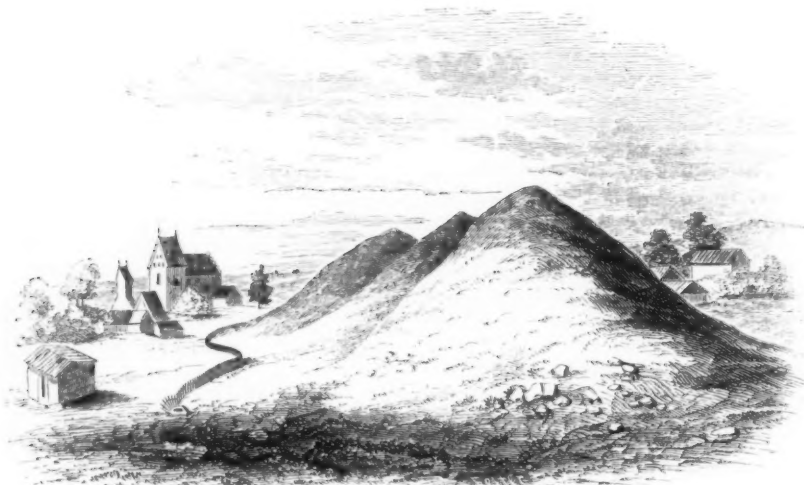


REAR VIEW OF CHURCH OF GAMLE UPSALA.

The tower of the church at Gamle Upsala, which is supposed to form a part, or perhaps the whole of the original temple, is built up of stones of different shapes and sizes, with but little regard to uniformity in laying them, or to evenness of surface. Some have claimed that other portions of the structure belonged to the same period. This is quite improbable. There is a marked difference in the character of the stone as well as in the mason-work, which would indicate that this is of another age. The original temple seems to have been square. On each of the four sides, it is evident that there have been two arches, which have been filled up by stones of a different character

from other portions of the tower, and evidently of a later date. In the April number of *THE NATIONAL*, I have given a view of the church of Solna, the tower of which is also attributed to the pagan age.

Near the church are the three tumuli, supposed to be the tombs of Odin, Thor, and Freya. The view from these is extensive and fine. The town of modern Upsala, occupying as it does a considerable eminence in the midst of a vast plain, is a prominent feature in the landscape. The mound nearest the church is called the tomb of Odin. An attempt at excavating has been made here within the last few years, but, unfortunately, with very little success. After the reformation,



THE TUMULI AT GAMLE UPSALA.

Gustavus Wasa addressed the people from this mound, exhorting them to embrace the Protestant faith. "They replied by threats and murmurs, and he only overcame their opposition by casting off his robes of state, declaring that they might choose Odin for their king, for that he would be so no longer, pointing out the folly of their superstitions."

The tumuli of the North have yielded at times very handsome remunerations for the trouble of excavating. In one instance, in Norway, an immense necklace and wristband were discovered, of the finest gold, valued altogether at some three thousand dollars, which the government purchased and deposited in the Museum of Northern Antiquities at Christiana.

It was at Gamle Upsala that justice was personally administered by the kings, and here the *tings*, or great assemblies of the people, were held.

I have yet visited no place in the north where an imaginative mind can conjure up more dreams of the past. Seated for a long time on the supposed tomb of that remarkable impostor Odin, fancy brought readily to view a picture of the past. The great annual festival had come again; the sacred grove, long since passed away, sprung up in fancy's eye; and men, women, and children, in the costumes of centuries long gone by, thronged to the temple. Parents immolated their children

upon the bloody altars; the trees about were hung, as of old, with the bleeding forms of men and animals; and all this to secure the horrid joys of the Walhalla. Suddenly the sound of the organ, low and deep, proceeding from the temple of other days, rolled over the tomb of Odin. I was aroused from my reverie; the service in the little church was ended, and groups of the peasantry were leaving its sacred precincts to return to their humble habitations. I was no longer living in the tenth century, nor surrounded by the worshipers of Odin. I saw no more the bodies of men and animals hanging about me; but a voice within seemed to say, The sacrifice has been made; it is the Lamb of God!

There is always a peculiar charm in an old cathedral town. It is pleasant to linger about these ancient piles, which speak to us so forcibly of the zeal which, in remote ages, has built up such sublime monuments to the praise of the one living and true God. It is with a feeling of awe that we tread their sacred precincts, unknown to the mind when we loiter about the ruined temples of antiquity. The organ, reverberating through the lofty arches, sends a thrill to the soul. The dimly lighted, sepulchral chapels, with marble effigies of kings, knights, and stately dames, speak to us, in voices not to be mistaken, of the vanities of time, and of the certainty of death, judgment, and the hereafter.

There is a something altogether pleasing about this quaint and quiet little town ; its grassy walks and shady trees, with the occasional white cap of the student passing here and there, and the entire absence of the din and bustle of business, give it quite the air of a university town. A fine sunset, viewed from the terrace near the palace, is a scene not to be forgotten ; immediately at your feet is the town, while beyond is a vast plain, reminding one somewhat of the campagna about Rome. In the midst of this, like elevated islands, arise the three strange mounds, and near these appears the ancient temple. Odin mythical and Odin historical are brought to mind. Upon the other side of the palace, and quite near, is Linnæus' Garden, rejoicing in its varieties of verdure, its extensive conservatories, and inviting walks.

The week which I passed at Upsala, and the kind hospitality of its people, will be long remembered with pleasure. It was with regret that I left the little town to return to the capital.

THE SINGERS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;
Through groves he wander'd, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market place,
And stirr'd with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray, old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ roll'd
Conitriton from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be ;
For still their music seem'd to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, " I see
No best in kind, but in degree ;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

" These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

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[For the National Magazine.]

FROM CAIRO TO HELIOPOLIS.

" AND whither are we to be donkeyed to-day, O Ibrahim ?" I inquired of our dragoman as he entered my chamber after breakfast with his well-turned Oriental *Salam*.

" To Heliopolis, O Howadjî."

" To Heliopolis let it be, prince of Dragomen !" and the dusky guide of the scarlet caftan and thrice ample breeches left to prepare our cloud-pawing steeds of the race of Nedjid ; or, descending from Oriental exaggeration, to saddle and bridle our donkeys.

In a few minutes Mr. Smead and myself were galloping down the great avenue toward Shoubra, the summer palace of the pacha, four miles from Grand Cairo. Though planted but thirty years, the fast-growing acacias have interwoven their long branches overhead so as to form a leafy and shady pavilion the entire distance. For much of the way to Shoubra it skirts the Nile like a fringe of Babylonian willows. Here and there are rustic kiosks, where one may stop to enjoy coffee and sherbet, and, fanned by soft breezes, look out upon the rushing waters of old Nilus, ever hurrying to the ocean gates of Egypt. The avenue of Shoubra is a favorite resort of the Cairens. Here the harems of the great beys and pachas take their airings, attended by watchful eunuchs ; here humble Yusufs and Zuleikas whisper their tender passions, and many a dark-eyed maid of Egypt sings of her faithless lover away among the sandy vales :

" There Ahmed with his desert bride,
His loved one crowding near,
Laments no more his Lelia's fate—
He drops for me no tear :
Though once—be still, my bursting heart !—
Though once he seem'd to prize
The perfume of my panting breath,
The lightning of these eyes."

The country palace erected by Mohammed Ali at Shoubra, half oriental and half occidental in architecture, is by no means so beautiful as the gardens by which it is surrounded, or the baths, consisting of airy kiosks, colonnades of slender marble pillars, and perpetual fountains. The gardens, rivaling in beauty the Hesperides, cover

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COFFEE-HOUSE ON THE NILE.

thirty or forty acres of ground, and are laid out in the most tasteful manner. The sylvan retreats, the thickets of orange trees, with the lemon and citron interspersed, the exotic shrubs and flowers, with their rich coloring and fragrance, the trellised arbors, the quiet alcoves, the mosaic pavement of pebble-stones, the air perfumed by odoriferous plants, the Nilotic charm of everything upon which the eye rests—where are gardens like those of Shoubra?

The apartments occupied by Mohammed Ali were of the simplest description, while those of his favorite consort were fitted up in the most sumptuous style of Eastern magnificence. From his marriage with her Mohammed Ali dated his good fortune. Much of her time was spent in receiving petitions, which were rarely referred to the pacha. If, however, she was obliged

to appeal to him, in consequence of the remonstrances of his ministers, he used to say, "It is enough. By my two eyes! if she require it, the thing must be done, be it through fire, water, or stone." On the walls of one of the pacha's apartments was inscribed a verse from the Koran, signifying, "An hour of justice is worth seventy days of prayer."

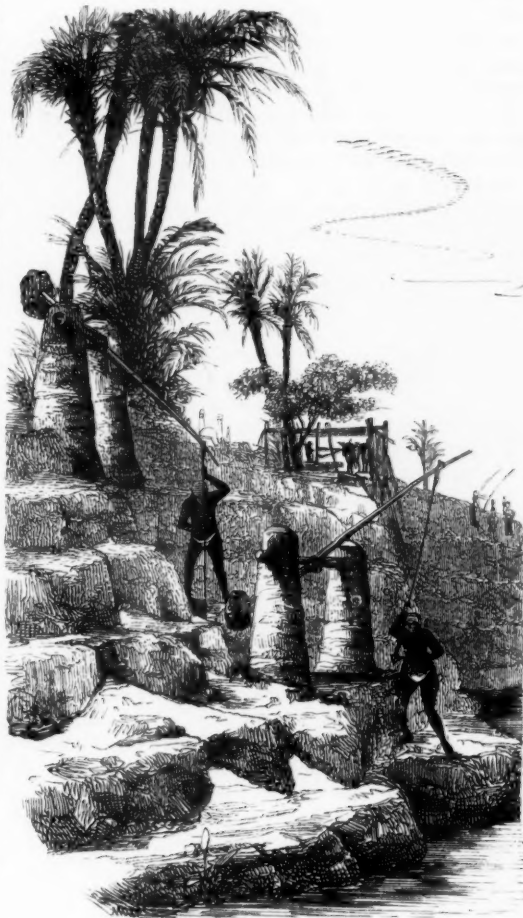
Leaving Shoubra, we turned eastward in the direction of Heliopolis, more than an hour's ride distant on the plain. The path, winding along dikes and water courses, and shaded by long rows of acacias, led through fields of *Dhoura Sefi* and plots of sugar cane. The Nile had sunk four feet from the greatest height during the inundation, and the Fellahs were engaged in planting for a future crop.

The fertile land of Egypt exhibits, in fact, a network of irrigating canals. With-

out the Nile Egypt would be a desert. Its inundations are the annual pulsations of a great artery supplying life-blood to the most fertile land under the sun. And yet Egypt is fertile only in proportion to the quantity of water she can divert from the Nile. Agriculture has been from time immemorial the speciality of the country, and its resources have been developed only by judiciously employing the fertilizing influences of the Nile. Where the land is simply overflowed during the inundation one crop is produced; where it can be irrigated, two or three crops are obtained. Hence, the problem of Egypt's prosperity is of easy solution. The more widely she can spread, the longer she can retain, the precious waters, in order to fecundate a soil whose virginity is yearly renewed, the greater will be the amount of her agricultural products. Upon a proper system of canalization depend, then, the resources, the civilization, and the power of Egypt. Napoleon says:

"There is no other country where the administration has more influence upon agriculture, and, consequently, upon population. In Egypt, where so much depends upon the irrigations, the administration is everything; if good, it adopts the best regulations for the direction of the waters, the construction, and keeping in repair of canals of irrigation; when bad, partial, or feeble, it favors localities or individual estates to the detriment of the general interest; is not able to repress the civil dissensions of the provinces when it is proposed to open great canals; or, lastly, permits them all to go to waste. The result of this is, that the inundation is restrained, and the extent of cultivable land diminished."

Hence, it is not enough that the fertilizing floods should annually roll down from the hidden fountains of the Nile toward the sea. They must be imprisoned in reservoirs and wells for use during



WATER-RAISING MACHINES.

the long months that intervene between the yearly inundations. The vast system of artificial canals and lakes built by the ancient Egyptians shows that they well understood this fact, and also comprehended the importance of building great public works for this purpose, rather than leaving it to the individual districts and localities. The same may be said of Egypt in the time of the Romans and during the rule of the Caliphs. Under the anarchy of the Mameluke kings, each section and hamlet had its separate canals without any general system. Hence the frequent conflicts between rival villages, and anarchy where there should have been unity and centralization. Mo-

ammed Ali returned to the ancient system of public works, and in this respect his despotism was productive of incalculable good to Egypt. He devised a system of *barrages*, or dams, to be erected across the Nile, at various points, in order to raise the height of the inundations and retain the water after the inundations have retired. This has already been effected at the southern point, or apex of the Delta, where the Nile divides itself into the two branches of Rosetta and Damietta. The barrage of the Rosetta branch consists of a massive stone dam, with twenty-four arches, each thirty feet broad, and a central arch, ninety-two feet broad, to allow the passage of the principal volume of water. The dam thrown across the Damietta branch has sixteen arches. A large canal has been carried directly through the Delta, and broad districts are irrigated by side canals, leaving the Nile at various points. Among these public works, erected in earlier as well as in recent times, and used, also, in one or two instances, for purposes of navigation, are the canals of Mahmoodeeh, Arsinoë, Moëz, Cairo, and the Bahr Yusef. Dikes are erected along the river banks to prevent the return of the water, and form, also, communications between the villages when the country is overflowed. By means of these side canals, which are directed diagonally toward the mountain chains, or the deserts skirting the valley of the Nile, and the systems of small canals radiating from them, a very general distribution of water is obtained. Before the inundation dams are constructed across the grand canals near their junction with the river.

On the night of the 17th of June, called by the Egyptians the "Night of the Drop," a miraculous drop is said to fall into the Nile, and cause it to overflow its banks. The river, in fact, begins to rise about or soon after the period of the summer solstice. From the 3d of July the increase of the Nile is daily proclaimed by public criers in the streets of Grand Cairo, until it attains its greatest height, about the 26th or 27th of September. Then the *munadée*, or crier, goes to each house in his district and repeats the following :

"In uncertainty thou wilt not rest; nor in comparing wilt thou rest. O, my reproacher, rest. There is nothing that endureth! There remaineth nothing uncovered by the water but

the shemmam and the lemmam, the sown fields and the anemone, and the safflower and flax; and may my master live and see that the river hath increased, and bring to the giver of good news according to a just judgment. Abou-Roddad (the watcher of the nilometer) is entitled to a fee from the government for every digit of the river's increase; and we are entitled to a fee from the people of generosity; we come to take it with good behavior. The fortunate Nile of Egypt hath taken leave of us in prosperity; in its increase it hath irrigated all the country."

He generally receives a present of two or three piasters from each family, and his occupation then ceases for the year.

When the Nile has risen twenty-one feet (twenty-five or twenty-six feet being the medium of the annual increase) the *Wefaaen-Neel* is proclaimed, and with great festivities and rejoicings, the water is then permitted to flow into the canal of Cairo. This occurs between the 6th and the 16th of August, and the cutting of the dam at Cairo is the signal for opening all the canals of Egypt.

The Arab historians relate that before the conquest of Egypt by Amr, Ibu-El-'As, the general of Omar, the Egyptians were accustomed annually to deck a young virgin in gay apparel, and throw her into the Nile, as a sacrifice, to obtain a plentiful inundation. The Arab general, it is said, abolished this barbarous custom, and, in consequence, the river did not rise in the least for three months after the usual commencement of the increase. The people, in their alarm, apprehended that a famine would take place. Amr wrote to the caliph, informing him of what had been done, and of the threatened calamity. Omar, in a laconic answer, commended the conduct of his general, and desired him to throw a note into the Nile, which he had written, as follows :

"From 'Abd-Allah 'Omar, prince of the faithful, to the Nile of Egypt. If thou flow of thine own accord, flow not; but if it be God, the One, the Mighty, who causeth thee to flow, we implore God, the One, the Mighty, to make thee flow."

Amr did as he was commanded, and, though the story is hard to believe, the Nile is said to have risen sixteen cubits the following night.

Various mechanical contrivances are also employed to raise the water from the Nile, and, likewise, the wells into which it percolates through the porous strata of alluvium and sand. The most common

of these, called *sakies*, consist of a large wheel, with leather buckets attached, and turned by one or two buffaloes. There are said to be fifty thousand *sakies* along the Nile, and certainly no Egyptian landscape is complete without one or more of them. Attempts have been made to introduce more elaborate hydraulic machines in the place of these rude contrivances of the Fellahs, but without success. They have been obliged to return to the methods employed from time immemorial. In the matter of agricultural processes Egypt is a land without change. The Fellahs make use of the same awkward plows, the same rude machines for beating out grain, and the same hand-mills and low ovens that were employed by their ancestors when the Pyramids were built and the enslaved children of Israel toiled in the valley of the Nile.

More unchangeable than all else in Egypt are the customs of the people.

In addition to water wheels the peasants use still simpler machines, which are called *shadoofs*, and are well represented in the foreground of our engraving. They are most used in Upper Egypt, where the banks of the Nile are higher than toward the Delta. The Fellah, by means of one of these *shadoofs*, raises the water seven or eight feet, and pours it from the leather bucket into a little reservoir, from which it is in like manner raised into successive reservoirs, as the case may require. Instead, however, of the *shadoofs*, a couple of peasants often employ a large, flatish vessel, to which four ropes are attached. Standing face to face, a few feet apart, they fill the bucket, raise it by a backward motion of their bodies, and empty it into a reservoir, from which the water is taken up again. By day and by night the Fellahs work patiently with these rude machines, alleviating their weary labors with monotonous songs in the uniform rhythm of the country.

A short time before reaching the site of Heliopolis, we passed by the mud-walled village of Mataryeh, than whose low hovels and squalid inhabitants I have seen nothing more wretched in Egypt. Stagnant pools of water nearly surrounded the village, and, in an open place to which we penetrated, a number of dead donkeys were undergoing decomposition, the process being now and then accelerated by carnivora of various kinds. Yet what can

be more delightful than the grove outside the village in which they point out the tree of the Madonna? Besides the orange and the citron, it contains several varieties of fruit trees, and flower-bearing shrubs, peculiar to the Orient. The wind, sighing through their thickly woven branches, is perfumed with the aroma of flowers. I can willingly believe that the Holy Family reposed in the shade of the tree of the Madonna, when compelled to sojourn for a time in Egypt. The venerable sycamore bearing that name, consists of a short thick trunk, the upper part of which appears to have been blown down by storms, or shattered by lightning. The shoots, put forth from the top, have grown, however, into wide-spreading branches, in whose cool shade several Catholic pilgrims were reposing. The Moslems regard the tree with veneration, and it unquestionably bears the marks of great antiquity. I found a multitude of names cut into the leaning trunk, accompanied by the figure of the cross. Near the tree of the Madonna is "the fountain of the sun," said to be the only spring in the valley of the Nile, though, in reality, it is supplied, like the other wells of Egypt, by filtration from the river. According to the Catholic traditions, it was miraculously produced to quench the thirst of the Holy Family. The balsam-tree was formerly cultivated in the neighboring fields. It appeared to thrive nowhere else in Egypt, and was supposed to flourish there on account of its being watered from "the fountain of the sun." The balsam plants are said to have been brought from Judea to Mataryeh by Cleopatra. In the time of Josephus the balsam, or balm of Gilead, the most precious drug of Palestine, was produced only near Jericho, in the valley of the Jordan. At a comparatively recent date the plants were taken to Arabia, and grown near Mecca, whence the balsam is now brought to Egypt and Europe, under the name of Balsam of Mecca.

I cannot say whether I was most charmed by the Nilotic beauty around me, or by the historical associations of the place. Philosophy and religion had dwelt there, and the soil had been trodden by Abraham and Jacob, by Herodotus and Plato, by the feet of Mary and of Jesus. I was near the supposed birthplace of Moses. Before me stretched away the plain on which the Hebrew shepherds first pitched

their tents in the valley of the Nile. Away to the northeast was the land of Goshen, once inhabited by the children of Israel. In the vicinity encamped Sultan Salim, in 1517, previous to his victory over Toman Bey, a victory which transferred the scepter of the Mameluke kings to the conquering Osmanlis.

Here was the site of Heliopolis, the On of the Scriptures, a city which appears to have been ancient even when Memphis was founded, and contained the oldest obelisk, and, perhaps, the oldest monument of Egypt. Heliopolis was for centuries a celebrated seat of learning. Eudoxus and Plato studied there thirteen years, and from her priests the father of history derived most of his information respecting Egypt. A line of mounds between two and three miles in extent, a single obelisk, and a few ruins, or rather traces of ruins, are all that now remain of the "City of the Sun," save an imperishable name. In point of size Heliopolis was far inferior to Memphis, or even to Grand Cairo in her palmiest days. As I rode over the high and uneven mounds, I attempted to conjure up before me the city as described by the early Greek philosophers. In imagination I raised the lofty walls and gates. I rebuilt the gorgeous Temple of the Sun, with its vast porticoes, its triple propylon, its two obelisks guarding the entrance, and the long avenue of sphinxes by which the worshiper approached the sacred *adytum*. There, for a moment, as three thousand five hundred years ago, stood the city with its colossal monuments of Egyptian architecture, and its myriads of living men. Then the vision disappeared, and again I saw but mounds and the fragments of ruins.

Until long after Memphis became a residence of kings, Heliopolis remained the university of Egypt. It suffered greatly by the invasion of Cambyes. In later times many of its obelisks, and other monuments, were carried to Alexandria and Rome. After the accession of the Ptolemies, Alexandria became, in fact, the great seat of Egyptian learning, and thither were removed the ancient colleges of Heliopolis. When visited by Strabo it had the character of a deserted city. The professors, and the sciences which they had taught, were no longer to be found; but the geographer speaks of "some very large houses where the priests used to

live, that being the place to which they particularly resorted in former times for the study of philosophy and astronomy." Those only in charge of the temple remained to explain the sacred rites to strangers, and, among other things, pointed out to the Greek traveler the house in which Plato had lived.

By this time Ibrahim had conducted us to the base of the lonely obelisk. It shoots its venerable top, crowned with the glory of forty centuries, above a sea of verdure. The garden, or rather the thicket in which it stands, belongs to the viceroys, and I have seen nothing more lovely along the Nile. The water-wheel at the neighboring well supplied a little stream, which murmured sweetly among the orange and citron-trees. There, also, were the lime-tree, the plantain, the thannis-lotus, and the sugar-cane. The turbaned guardian gave us some tender joints of the latter, which I found to be sweet and agreeable. Singing birds were not wanting, nor smiling flowers. The first cotton produced in Egypt was raised in this garden.

The Obelisk of Heliopolis is about six feet square at the base, and rises sixty-two feet and four inches above the plain. Its actual height above the uppermost of the two pedestals is sixty-eight feet and two inches, the accumulated deposits of centuries having not only covered the latter, but risen nearly six feet above them.

Strabo, who saw the base of the Temple of the Sun and the pavement of the dromos of the sphinxes, says that Heliopolis stood upon a raised mound, having around it lakes which connected with the Nile. The temple occupied the southern part of the inclosure within the walls of the city, which is now considerably lower than the northern part, where stood the dwellings of the Heliopolitans.

Returning to the gateway, seating ourselves in the shade of a noble acacia, we were treated to pipes and cool sherbet by the venerable Arab who takes care of the pacha's garden. His conduct toward us may have been influenced by the hope of liberal *backsheesh*, but I cannot sufficiently express my admiration for the dignified bearing and the simple manners of these statuesque men of the flowing robe and broad caftan. They are owing, in part, to early education. Up to a certain age children of both sexes are confined to the

harem. There they are subject to the sweet influences of maternal love, which, on account of the restrictions imposed upon female life in the Orient, burns with more ardor than in other lands. At an early age the youth are taught to assume the gravity and the dignity of men. The Egyptians have also a natural gracefulness of manner, of which I have often seen striking examples even among the lower classes. Like the Osmanlis, they pride themselves upon their politeness; and nowhere have I seen more genuine instances of heartfelt kindness than in the lands of Islam.

A reception was one day granted to several strangers of distinction in the divan of Mohammed Ali. Coffee was served, but the persons in attendance offered it to the European guests of the pacha with the left hand. The latter, being unacquainted with the details of Oriental etiquette, did not perceive the gross impoliteness of the *cahredjis*, (servants,) for with the Moslems the left hand is regarded as impure, and is to be used only for impure purposes. The act, however, did not escape the attention of Mohammed Ali. The guests had hardly retired when he ordered the offending servants to be clothed in white shirts and sent to Mecca, in order to do service in the kaaba, saying to them, "Since you are so fanatical as to be guilty of impoliteness toward persons whom I do myself the honor to receive, go to a city where you will never be offended by the sight of Europeans, and will never cause me to blush for your gross conduct."

The old fanaticism of the Moslems is fast passing away. With the intelligent it has entirely disappeared, as, also, the delusion of their supposed superiority to Christians. Mohammed Ali did much to bring about this state of opinion in Egypt. He acknowledged the vast superiority of European talent, gave to Europeans many of the highest posts in his government, and uniformly treated them with marked consideration. Still there are Moslems who will run out the tongue at Christians, and call them *dogs of infidels*. When a European traveler was worried by one of the innumerable wolfish curs which frequent every Musulman city, a Turk, looking on with evident satisfaction, remarked, "It is proper that one dog should fatten upon

another." Notwithstanding the repeated humiliations of the Turks, there are those among them who still believe that all the kings of Europe pay tribute to their sublime padishah. Women and children, from their want of education, are most fanatical. The traveler often hears such maledictions as the following from the lips of females on their way to the bath: "May the birds of heaven defile your beardless chin; may the woman whom you marry be childless."

As Mr. Smead, my companion, was one day being donkeyed through Grand Cairo, a group of saucy boys ventured to pelt him with stones. Abdallah, his donkey boy, at once fell upon the turbaned scamps with his stick, and gave them a terrible beating, shouting all the while, to the great delight of my friend, "I teach you, stone my master!"

The Persians say that "A pipe without coffee is meat without salt." After we had indulged for a time in cool sherbet, and the fragrant fumes of latakiah, the mocha nectar was served by the venerable Arab in minute cups balanced upon brass holders, or *fingans*. With them he also brought refreshing cups of crystal water from the garden well, which, unlike the Franks, and in accordance with the custom of the East, my Arab companions drank before the coffee. A story is told of a European who was recognized as such by a Bedouin in rags, although he spoke the languages of the East perfectly, wore its costume with the dignity of the Orientals, and from long residence had become as darkly tinted as themselves. Knowing that, unlike the dealer in vegetables who called Theophrastus a stranger on account of a misplaced accent, the ignorant child of the desert could not discover a mistake in his pure Arabic, he inquired,

"From what hast thou perceived that I am a Frank?"

"Thou hast taken thy water after thy coffee," responded the Bedouin.

With all this Oriental politeness and urbanity to strangers, the Egyptians are fond of intrigue. Double-dealing, indeed, often seems more agreeable to them than the open ways of truth and honesty. This is especially true of the officers of Said Pacha's government. Cunning and sagacity are, therefore, desirable virtues, and usually reap a rich reward. This



AN ARAB SCHOOL.

propensity of the Egyptians, and, I may also say, of the Turks, is well illustrated in a thrilling story told by Lady Hester Stanhope to Captain Frankland. Two or three times the crafty Mohammed Ali had been marked out for death by the Sultan Mahmoud, on account of his reluctance to join in the Greek war, and his own ambitious views. Notwithstanding the large donations of money made to the sultan, and the diamond worth £30,000, sent as a peace-offering, numerous emissaries had been dispatched from Constantinople to destroy the pacha, but in vain.

At length, Mahmoud resolved upon adopting a scheme so cleverly devised, and involved in such impenetrable secrecy, that it was impossible to fail of success. He had in the imperial harem a beautiful Georgian slave, whose innocence and beauty fitted her, in the sultan's eyes, for the atrocious act of perfidy of which she was to be the unsuspecting agent. The belief in talismans is still prevalent throughout the East, and, perhaps, even the enlightened Mahmoud himself was not superior to the rest of his nation in mat-

ters of traditionary superstition. He sent one day for the fair Georgian, and affecting a great love for her person, and desire to advance her interests, told her that it was his imperial will to send her to Egypt as a present to Mohammed Ali, whose power and riches were as unbounded as the regions over which he held the sway of a sovereign prince, second to no one in the universe but himself, the great padishah. He observed to her how much happiness would fall to her lot if she could contrive to captivate the affections of the master for whom he designed her; that she would become, as it were, the queen of Egypt, and reign over boundless empires. But, in order to insure her so desirable a consummation of his imperial wishes for her welfare and happiness, he would present her with a talisman, which he then placed upon her finger.

"Watch," said he, "a favorable moment, when the pacha is with you, to drop this ring into a glass of water, which, when he shall have drunk, will give you the full possession of his affections, and render him your captive forever."

The unsuspecting Georgian eagerly accepted the lot which was offered to her, and, dazzled by its promised splendor, determined upon following the instructions of the sultan to the very letter. In the due course of time she arrived at Cairo, with a splendid suite, and many slaves, bearing rich presents. Mohammed Ali's spies had, however, contrived to put him on his guard. Such a splendid demonstration of esteem from his imperial master alarmed him for his safety. He would not suffer the fair Georgian to see the light of his countenance; but, after some detention in Cairo, made a present of her to his *intimate friend*, Billel Aga, the governor of Alexandria, of whom, by the by, the pacha had long been jealous. The poor Georgian, having lost a pacha, thought she must do her best to captivate her aga, and administered to him the fatal draught in the manner Sultan Mahmoud had designed for Mohammed Ali. The aga fell dead upon the floor. The Georgian shrieked and clapped her hands; in rushed the eunuchs of the harem, and bore out the dead body of their master.

A venerable Arab *fikee* (schoolmaster) had assembled his turbaned pupils in the cool shades of a sycamore, near the obelisk of Heliopolis, and was teaching them the elements of Mussulman education. The children, bright-looking Arab boys, belonging to the neighboring village of Mataryeh, squatted on the ground around their master, whose attention seemed to be about equally divided between instruction, sleep, and braiding coarse mats. It may have been a model Egyptian school, but the pupils appeared to vie with each other in making confusion, each one jabbering as Arab boys only can.

Their studies were confined to writing sentences from the Koran on white tablets, committing them to memory, and then repeating them in noisy concert, rocking their bodies forward and backward at the same time to assist the memory. I have often looked in upon similar schools in Grand Cairo, where they are attached to the mosques, fountains, and watering places for animals. Every considerable village boasts of at least one *kuttab*, where the poorer children are instructed at a trifling expense, the *fikee*, or master, receiving about two cents from the parents of each pupil every Thursday, and a present of a Tarboosh and pair of shoes at the Ramazan.

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On my approaching the well-bearded pedagogue, one or two of his pupils appeared to be frightened, but the others, nowise daunted, and probably obeying their instructions, "to adore the Prophet and curse the dogs of unbelievers," saluted us with a few Arab phrases, not of a complimentary description. Strange are the contrasts produced by time! It was suggestive of curious thoughts to see the praises of Allah inculcated where the Bull Mnevis was once worshiped, and an unlettered *fikee* teaching rude Arab boys on the very spot where Moses studied the wisdom of the Egyptians, and Grecian philosophers repaired to drink at original fountains of knowledge.

The Koran was the only book employed in instruction. Schoolboys gathered in the marble mosques of Stamboul, and under the shady palm-trees of the Nile, alike receive their first and last lessons from its pages. How that book hath wrought itself into the soul-life of the Orient, and shaped the destiny of its inflexible nations! Too sacred in the estimation of the Moslem to be printed, to be opened with unwashed hands, to be held below the waist, to be touched or even to be spoken of by an unbeliever, unless with the idea of conversion, it is, when translated into the Occidental languages, heavy and wearisome beyond measure. But when chanted in the Arabic, for the Prophet forbade the reading of the Koran, the jingling alliteration and mellifluous flow of words are indescribably bewitching. The chief excellence of the Koran, in the estimation of the Moslems, lies, indeed, in the classic style and beauty of its language. Whole libraries are composed of richly-bound volumes of the sacred book. The old Moslem warriors carried it in the left hand, while they wielded the saber with the other. Califs and sultans have built up their political systems on its maxims. The faithful are fond of deriving omens from its pages, by opening them at hazard, and reading the first verse that meets the eye. They find in it a source of perennial delight. Many of them are able to repeat the holy volume from beginning to end, while its beautiful aphorisms make up much of their daily conversation. And when, in the lands of Islam, festive bands assemble together, no social entertainments are more highly prized than recitations from the Koran, given by persons



TOMB OF A MOSLEM SAINT.

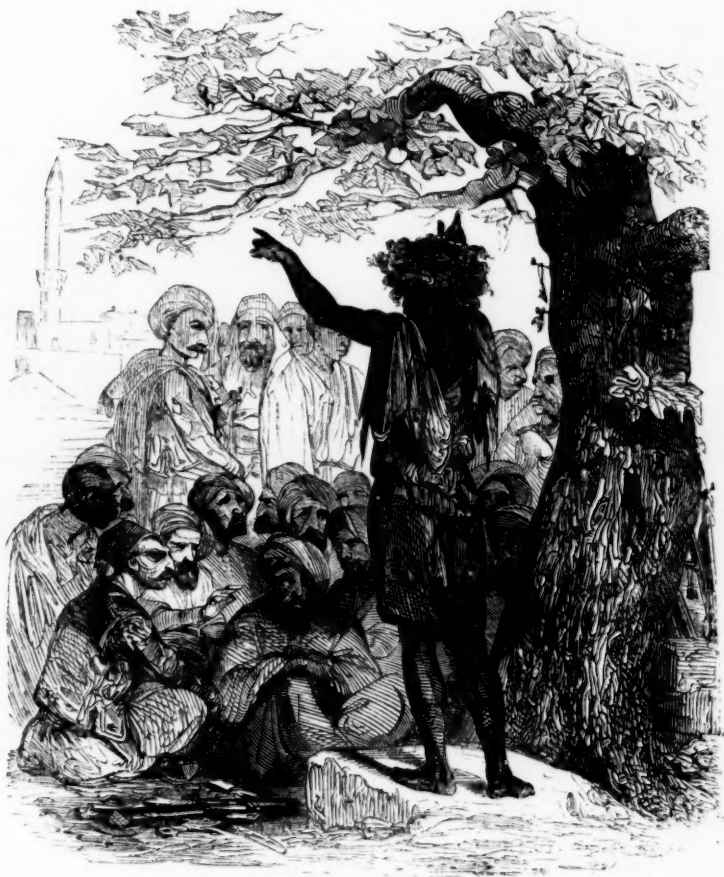
whose occupation it is to chant the verses of the Prophet. It is the Moslem's companion in the caravan and the camp, laboring or journeying, ever delighting him with its beautiful thoughts, ever consoling him with its sweet words of promise.

The ink of the learned is held by the Moslems to be equal in value to the blood of the martyrs, but the schoolmasters of Egypt are generally persons of very little learning. Lane relates an anecdote of a man, who could neither read nor write, succeeding to the office of schoolmaster in his neighborhood. Being able to recite the whole of the Koran, as is usually the case with Egyptian *fikees* of even the lowest class, he could hear the boys repeat their lessons; to write them he employed the *arcef*, or head boy in the school, pretending that his eyes were weak. A few days after he had taken upon himself this office a poor woman brought him a letter to read to her from a son who had gone on a pilgrimage. The *fikee* pretended to read it, but said nothing; and the woman inferring from his silence that the letter contained bad news, said to him, "Shall I shriek?" "Yes," he answered. "Shall I tear my clothes?" she continued. "Yes," he replied. So the poor woman returned

to her house, and with her assembled friends performed the lamentation and other ceremonies usual on the occasion of a death. Not many days after this her son arrived, and she asked him what he could mean by causing a letter to be written stating that he was dead. He explained the contents of the letter. Going to the schoolmaster, she begged him to inform her why he had told her to shriek and to tear her clothes, since the letter was to inform her that her son was well, and would soon reach home.

Not at all abashed, he replied, "God alone knows futurity! How could I know that your son would arrive in safety? It was better that you should think him dead than be led to expect to see him, and perhaps be disappointed." Some persons who were sitting with him praised his wisdom, exclaiming, "Truly our new *fikee* is a man of unusual judgment!" and for a little while he found he had raised his reputation by this blunder.

The consideration of an Egyptian wife in the eyes of her lord is proportioned to the number of children she bears him. Sterility is looked upon as a curse, and the childless wife is subject to the worst reproaches that the husband can heap upon



A MOSLEM SAINT AND HIS AUDIENCE.

her. Barrenness is a legitimate cause of divorce, but public opinion regards it as improper for a husband to repudiate a wife who has borne him a child, especially if the child be living. The birth of an infant is, therefore, an important event in an Egyptian family, especially if it be a male. Then the doors are thrown open, friends come in to congratulate the father and mother, the parents can hardly find words for their joy, and there is no end to the rejoicings and festivities. Is it a female? the father hangs his head, the mother is grieved, the friends keep away, all regard it as a sore infliction of Providence, and the less that is said about the unfortunate affair the better. One of the first duties to be performed on the birth of a child is to whisper into its right ear, "There is

but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." The father names the sons, the mother the daughters. The Moslem law prohibits the mother from weaning her child before the age of two years without the consent of the father, which, however, is usually given a few months earlier. The children of the middle and higher classes are dressed like adults, and confined to the harem until the sixth or seventh year, when circumcision takes place in case of males, and the latter also begin to receive the instructions of a private *fikee*. The children of the poor usually enjoy nakedness and unrestrained liberty in the pursuit of happiness. They are carried, not in the arms, but seated astride the shoulder. At the age of two or three years the boys have the head shaved, merely a tuft of

hair being left on the crown and a similar tuft on the forehead. When so fortunate as to receive a shred of clothing, it is twisted round the head so as to form a turban, or coquettishly hung over the face like a veil. Mothers are exceedingly indulgent to their children. The law compels them to nurse their own offspring, and should that duty, from necessity, devolve upon a female slave, she ever afterward enjoys a high degree of consideration in the family. One is witness of many strange things in the land of the Pharaohs, but I never saw an Egyptian mother airing an ugly dog in her arms, her cherub of an infant at the same time given over to a nurse trudging along behind. The children of the poorer class are filthy beyond description. It is a bad omen to keep them clean, while amulets and other agencies of superstition are employed to protect them from the *evil eye*. In the country they are set to light tasks at an early age, as driving the buffaloes turning the water-wheels and the like. Girls are rarely taught to read or write, and receive but little instruction in religion. After circumcision the father instructs his son in the manner of making the ablutions and prayers. The Prophet enjoins that male children be taught to pray at the age of seven years, and recommends the use of the rod if they are not proficient at the age of ten. Very few, however, pray before reaching maturity, and then, I am afraid, their prayers rarely ascend higher than their heads; for although the name of God is ever upon the lips of the Egyptians, there is actually but little love of God in their hearts.

Leaving Heliopolis, we rode to the border of the desert, and then turned toward Grand Cairo. The sun was already sinking over the Libyan desert. Returning again to the road between Cairo and Heliopolis, we reached, in a short time, the Kobbet el Ghoree, or tomb of El Ghoree, one of the last kings of Egypt, before the usurpation by the califs. In the neighborhood there was also the tomb of a Moslem saint, consisting of a small square, white-washed building, crowned with a cupola. Handsome mosques have been erected over the graves of the more celebrated saints, as that of El Hasan in Cairo. Saints of less note, or such as have acquired, by a life of sanctity or hypocrisy, the reputation of being *welces*, or devout

sheiks, are honored with tombs like the one to which I have alluded. These sanctuaries are the objects of superstitious veneration. Pilgrimages are made to them. Over the vault in which the corpse or relics of the deceased are deposited, (or are supposed to be deposited,) there is usually an oblong monument of wood or brick, covered with a silk cloth inscribed with words from the Koran. Most of the reputed saints of Egypt are either impostors in the dress of wandering dervishes, idiots, or lunatics. The latter are confined when dangerous. Idiots are regarded as especial favorites of Allah, whose minds are in heaven while their grosser parts mingle with ordinary mortals. It matters not what enormities the saintly *fool* may be guilty of; his soul, or reasoning faculties, being constantly and wholly absorbed in devotion, how are his passions to be controlled? I have several times seen Mussulman saints naked in the streets of Cairo, with long matted hair, and living upon alms that were frequently given without being asked. Some of them wear strings of beads, cover their heads with ragged turbans, and eat straw, or a mixture of chopped straw and broken glass.

Just before sunset we passed by the splendid dome of the mosque and mausoleum of the Melek Adel, and entered Cairo by the Bad el Mesr, or Gate of Victory.

SONG OF THE BIRD.

A MAID reclined beside a stream,
At close of summer day,
And half awake and half a dream,
She watched the ripples play;
She marked the water's fall and heave,
The deepening shadows throng,
And heard, as darkened down the eve,
The river's babbling song.
And thus it sung with thinking tongue,
That rippling, shadowy river—
Youth's brightest day will fade away
Forever and forever!

The twilight past, the moon at last
Rose brightly, o'er the night;
Each ripple gleams beneath her beams,
As wrought in silver light;
The heaving waters glide along,
But mingling with their voice,
The nightingale now pours his song,
And makes the shade rejoice.
And thus he sung with tuneful tongue,
That bird beside the river—
"When youth is gone, true love shine on
Forever and forever."

SCENES FROM COWPER'S "TASK."

THE POSTMAN.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder
bridge,

That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen
locks;

News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet, careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
And, having dropp'd the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's
cheeks

Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,



Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But O the important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jewel'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,

The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.

WINTER EVENING.

In such a world so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted; or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side;
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin

Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguish'd than ourselves; that
thus

We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathize with others suffering more.
Ill fares the traveler now, and he that stalks
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads, adhering close
To the clogg'd wheels; and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While every breath, by respiration strong
Forced downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, form'd to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and
teeth

Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
One hand secures his hat, save when with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.

O happy; and in my account denied
That sensibility of pain, with which
Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou!
Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd.
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vigorous pulse; and the unhealthful east
That breathes the spleen, and searches every
bone

Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
Thy days roll on exempt from household care;
Thy wagon is thy wife, and the poor beasts,
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah, treat them kindly! rude as thou appear'st,
Yet show that thou hast mercy! which the
great,

With needless hurry whirl'd from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show.

Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this,
And have a friend in every feeling heart.



Warm'd while it lasts, by labor, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad, and fed but sparsely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The few small embers left she nurses well;
And, while her infant race, with outspread
hands,
And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be warm'd.
The man feels least, as more inured than she
To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly moved by his severer toil;
Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs.
The taper soon extinguish'd, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end,
Just when the day declined; and the brown
loaf

Lodged on the shelf, half eaten without sauce
Of savory cheese, or butter, costlier still;
Sleep seems their only refuge: for, alas,

Where penury is felt the thought is chain'd,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few!

* * * * *

Pass where we may, through city or through
town,

Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,
Though lean and beggar'd, every twentieth pace
Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the styes
That law has licensed, as makes temperance
reel.

There sit, involved and lost in curling clouds
Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
The lackey, and the groom: the craftsman there
Takes a Lethæan leave of all his toil;
Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,
And he that kneads the dough; all loud alike,
All learn'd and all drunk! the fiddle screams
Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wail'd
Its wasted tones and harmony unheard:
Fierce the dispute, whate'er the theme; while
she,



Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,
Perch'd on the sign-post, holds with even hand
Her undecisive scales. In this she lays
A weight of ignorance; in that, of pride;
And smiles delighted with the eternal poise.
Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin sound,
The cheek distending oath, not to be praised
As ornamental, musical, polite,
Like those which modern senators employ,
Whose oath is rhetoric, and who swear for
fame!

Behold the schools in which plebeian minds,
Once simple, are initiated in arts,
Which some may practice with politer grace,
But none with readier skill! 'tis here they
learn

The road that leads from competence and peace
To indigence and rapine; till at last

Society, grown weary of the load,
Shakes her encumber'd lap, and casts them out.
But censure profits little: vain the attempt
To advertise in verse a public pest,
That, like the filth with which the peasant
feeds

His hungry acres, stinks, and is of use.
The excise is fatten'd with the rich result
Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks
Forever dribbling out their base contents,
Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
Drink, and be mad then; 'tis your country
bids!

Gloriously drunk, obey the important call!
Her cause demands the assistance of your
throats;

Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.





MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, PARIS.

A CHAPTER ON MINERALOGY.

THE Museum of Natural History at Paris is situated between the *Rue de Buffon* and the *Jardin des Plantes*. It lies precisely east and west, one of its sides being parallel with the street and the other looking toward the garden. It was built in 1833, under the ministry of M. Thiers, and is especially adapted to the purposes to which it is devoted. It contains not only mineralogical and geological, but also botanical specimens, an amphitheater for the court, and finally the museum's general library of natural history. The inorganic kingdom occupies the hall, or principal gallery, which extends almost the whole length of the edifice.

The principal entrance to the gallery is at its western extremity, toward the *Jardin*. A vestibule contains the first objects particularly noteworthy, among which is a numerous collection of minerals that formerly belonged to the Abbé Haüy, an old professor in the museum, and a devoted friend of mineralogical science. This collection was procured in London

in 1848, by a decree of the National Assembly, from the Duke of Buckingham.

Some of the arches in the vestibule are adorned with the paintings of Biard, representing views taken near the North Pole, with exciting scenes, a moose hunt, and a reindeer chase. The gallery is entered from the vestibule, and one is struck, on entering it, with the magnificent perspective which presents itself. Innumerable columns extend the whole length of the immense hall, and give it an appearance of grandeur. The well-arranged openings shed upon every part of the interior an abundance of light, which displays even the smallest of the objects there collected.

The fine paintings by Rémond are placed in the arches of the wall, at the two extremities east and west of the gallery. These paintings consist of picturesque sites, chosen especially to represent scenes in inorganic natural history, Swiss views, Puy-de-dome, Vesuvius, and Stromboli, between Naples and Sicily.

The hall is divided into three naves

one in the middle, which is the lower and principal gallery, and two lateral galleries, more elevated, on the north and the south. We will first notice the general divisions in the collection of the principal gallery, and then examine the more precious objects which the collection contains.

The study of the inorganic bodies, those which we are accustomed to reckon in the mineral kingdom, may be viewed in two aspects, according as it has for its object a knowledge of the composition and exterior characters of these bodies, and their distinction into species and individuals; this constitutes the science of Mineralogy, properly so called, and the objects that it investigates are called minerals; or, if it has for its object the more general knowledge of inorganic bodies, it refers to their general characters in their great associations, in their origin, in their relative age, in their distribution at the surface, and in the interior of the earth; in a word, it embraces the universal history of the planet; and in this second case it takes the name of Geology, and the elements which are the subjects of its consideration are denominated rocks, fossils, &c. The collections in the gallery set apart to the inorganic kingdom are classified according to these principles; but our attention will be confined to Mineralogy.

The minerals occupy the whole length of the lateral closets in the lower or principal gallery. They form a numerous series, which may be estimated at more than twenty-five thousand specimens. This series is remarkable for the size and value of the specimens, and for the great number of their varieties. It is one of the most ancient collections of the museum. It was partly formed at an epoch when the study of the natural curiosities of the inorganic kingdom was yet in its infancy, and was only cultivated by very few naturalists, of whom France probably contributed the most zealous and the most learned. The localities of minerals were as yet little explored, and the celebrity of the professors, or other superior *attachés* of the establishment, that of Buffon and Cuvier in particular, had drawn to Paris valuable specimens from all parts of the world. Donations of great value have at different times been sent to the mineralogical collection of the museum; one in 1772 by the King of Poland; one in 1784 by the Emperor Joseph II.;

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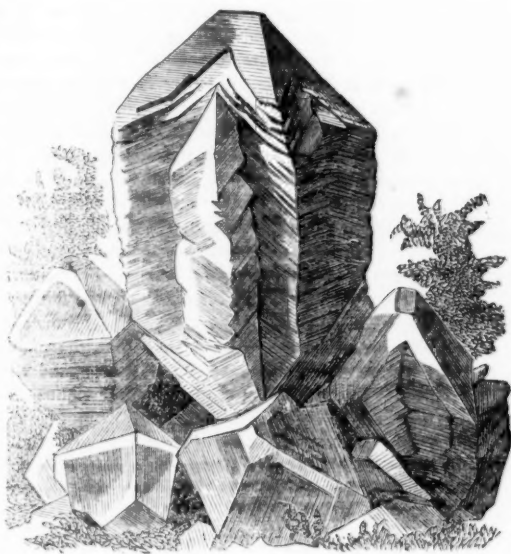
one about 1785 by Catherine II., the Empress of Russia; one in 1815 by the Emperor of Austria; and another in 1836 by the corps of engineers in the Russian mines, &c. To these must be added the specimens given by private individuals, or brought back by scientific expeditions at the expense of the state, those procured in various ways by the government, and finally those purchased annually by the special funds of the museum.

The mineralogical collection is decidedly the finest and one of the most complete in existence, whether as regards the number, the choice, or the size of the specimens, and visitors who are curious to see the riches and the marvelous productions of inorganic nature, or who may have in view the object of obtaining a more intimate knowledge of these productions and of their value, will find ample subjects for all this in the mineralogical and geological galleries of the museum. They are open three days of the week to students, and two other days to visitors; besides, public lectures are given there throughout each year by learned professors, on the different branches of the science. A rich library of natural history is also open every day in the week.

Nothing is more beautiful than a collection of minerals, which attract the attention by their colors, the polish of their faces, and the singularity of their forms. The topaz, the ruby, the emerald, the violet amethyst, the blood-red, the azure blue, the green, the yellow, and the glittering white, all the colors of the prism are multiplied by shades of infinite variety. Many of the minerals are formed of facets, and present sides as smooth and as well arranged as the most regular geometrical polyhedrons; they might readily be mistaken for the production of the human hand, aided by the most delicate means and the ablest artifice. Mineralogists call them crystals, but they are commonly known as crystalizations. Some other minerals take very different forms; those of spindles or elongated cones, as may be often seen in the interior of certain grottoes, at Antiparos, for example. These are known as stalactites or stalagmites. Here the mineral imitates, by the disposition of its parts, the ramifications of plants, mosses, and different vegetables. These forms are called arborizations, dendrites,

&c. There the hollow spheres have their walls composed of successive zones of different colors, and the interior is all carpeted with crystals. These are called geodes.

Among the minerals which glitter with a metallic luster, there may be seen bands of a peculiar nature and color traversing a mass of another color and composition. These are metallic veins or threads. Further on are some bodies, whose form and interior structure should place them among animate objects. They are enveloped in a stony crust, which has carefully preserved all the contour, or has penetrated into the interior, reproducing the primitive organization, even to the most minute details. These are found to be incrustations and petrifications. Near the preceding objects is a marble which has been polished to show the interior structure.



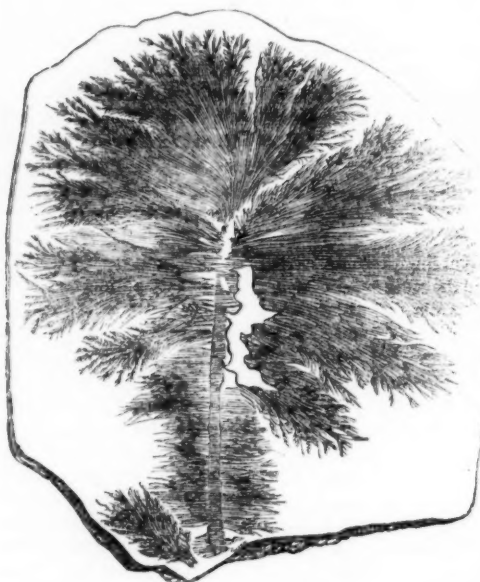
CRYSTALS OF ALUM.

It appears like a tower in ruins on an uneven ground and under a cloudy sky. The illusion is complete. This marble, which is peculiar to one locality of Tuscany, is known in the collections under the name of the ruiniform marble of Florence. In prolonging our investigations we shall observe still other curiosities.

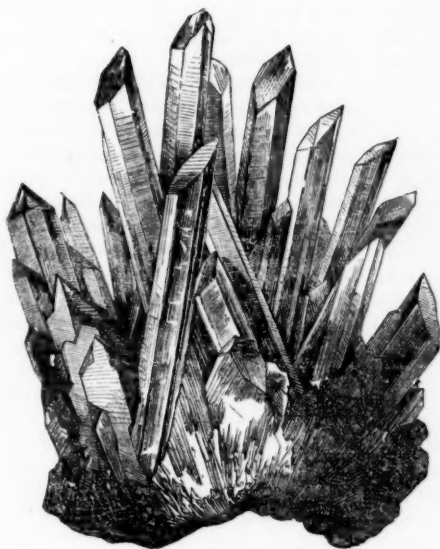
With regard to practical utility, and it is principally with this point in view that we ought to conduct the reader through these rich galleries, we shall divide the most valuable of the objects to be examined into three classes, viz., *Precious Stones*; *Building Stones*, or those used for architectural ornament; and, thirdly, the most curious specimens under the different points of view.

PRECIOUS STONES.

THE precious stones or gems are those that are sought for setting on account of their color, their transparency, their brilliancy, their



MINERAL ARBORIZATION.



CRYSTALS OF QUARTZ.

hardness, and various other characteristics. The diamond constitutes their type. They are all represented in the gallery; first, in the special series to which each one belongs, and then all together in two cases by themselves, one in the middle of the gallery, containing the specimens which furnished material for a special treatise on this subject by the Abbé of Haüy, and the other toward the eastern extremity of the gallery, upon the left. We will particularly examine the latter.

First, we cannot but admire a choice specimen, a *Sapphire*, (blue corundum, pure alumina,) one of the finest known, and possessing much value. On one side is a large *Oriental Topaz*, also of great value, and of the same composition as the former, but of a yellow color. In another part of the case may be seen a greenish *Beryl*. This precious stone is the same in composition as the emerald, which we shall soon meet, (silicate of glucine, &c.) *Green Aventurine*, of the same composition as quartz, or rock crystal; it presents little glittering

spangles in the interior; *Rock Crystal*, (quartz, pure silica,) differently varied or of fancy colors; the violet, otherwise called *amethyst*, the yellow or false topaz, *chatoyan*, or *cat's eye*; *Agates* of different varieties, of the same nature as the quartz; *Noble Opal*, otherwise called spotted opal, of a silicious nature, like quartz; the changing reflections seen in the interior of this stone make it a most desirable gem in jewelry; the ordinary *Topaz*, of the characteristic yellow color; chemically it is composed of silica, alumina, and fluor. It differs in its composition from the oriental topaz, which is also of a yellow color, and more valuable than the former.

Chrysolite, (peridot,) a fine, large, olive-green specimen; the peridot, or silicate of magnesia, is found principally among volcanic productions. *Oriental Amethyst* and *Oriental Ruby*; these kinds of precious stones are of the same composition as the sapphire; the names ruby and amethyst indicate their color. The fine stones called "oriental" are always related to



ONYX AGATE.

the corundum in their chemical nature, that is, the oxide of alumina; the epithet *Oriental* indicates the place of their most common production. These are the stones most generally sought, after the diamond.

The *Diamond*, or pure natural crystallized carbon; we may here see several varieties in the color of the diamond, a clear yellow, a marigold yellow, a light rose, a blackish gray, &c.; *Garnet*, (silicate of alumina, of lime, of iron, &c.,) two of the most important varieties, the Syrian violet, and the red or almandine; *Aigue Marine*, of a water green, or a pale blue; its composition is the same as that of the emerald; (silica, alumina, and glucine;) *Emerald*, characterized by its color, a magnificent green; *Spinel Ruby*, of the color of the oriental ruby just mentioned, but composed of alumina and magnesia; *Turquoise*, (phosphate of alumina and lime,) of a clear greenish blue.

After these precious stones, properly so called, which are used especially as jewels, we ought to speak of another kind of precious stones, which have less value, and are used only for objects of ornament, under the different forms of vases, cups, chalices, &c. These objects may be seen in different parts of the gallery, but mostly in the technological cases, which range along the north side, interspersed among the cases of the species. We shall find them in the following order:

Fluor Spar, much employed in England in a cut form. This is the substance of which the celebrated murrhine vases of antiquity were made. Those varieties with lively colors disposed in zigzag zones, or agreeably intermingled, are especially sought after for manufacturing vases, cups, and other fancy articles.

Agates are well known from their frequent use, whether in cheaper jewelry, in architectural ornament, or in making various common articles. There are distinct varieties of them, which are designated as cornelian, (red,) chalcedony, (milk white agate,) sardonyx, (clear yellow,) onyx, (successive zones of different colors,) arborized agate, frothy agate, &c. The onyx is particularly used for the figure in cameos; the subject is graven in relief, and reposes upon an agate bed of another color.

The ancient cameos are of great value, in addition to the special value of the

graving, the colors of the onyx in them being natural; while in the cameos of the present day the colors are almost always produced artificially.

The *Jade* comes to us principally from India and China, already wrought. It is of a clear, grayish green, very uniform, and very hard. The collection in the museum is very rich in jades of different forms.

Lapis Lazuli, of a very lively deep blue color; its characteristic is, that upon the blue groundwork of the mass there are usually scattered some yellow metallic spangles, which are sometimes taken for gold, but in reality they are only small grains of sulphate of iron. The lapis lazuli was formerly much employed in ornamental work, mostly in mosaics. At the present day this magnificent stone has become more rare, and has almost attained the value of a precious stone, properly so called. It is brought from Little Bucharia, Thibet, and several provinces of China.

Malachite, a very fine stone, much sought for in jewelry. It presents sinuous zones, circular figures, a diversity of green tints, and receives a fine polish. The finest varieties come from the mines of Prince Demidoff, in Siberia. There were some magnificent pieces of malachite in the grand exposition at London, consisting of parlor ornaments, mantlepieces, double doors, window casings, &c.

Anthracite, (coal,) sometimes cut and polished, of a fine black color.

Black Lignite, employed like the preceding mineral, but particularly in mourning goods, valued for its deep black color. The necklaces, bracelets, broaches, and other trinkets, coming from Ireland, which were in fashion some time since, are of black lignite.

BEWARE of misapplying Scripture. It is a thing easily done, but not so easily answered. I know not any one gap that hath let in more and more dangerous errors into the Church than this—that men take the word of the sacred text, fitted to particular occasions, and to the condition of the times wherein they were written, and then apply them to themselves and others, as they find them, without due respect had to the differences that may be between those times and cases and the present.—*Bishop Sanderson*.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SHADES.

A SMOKE WITH A GHOST.

IT was a boisterous night, and any sensible man would have been sound asleep an hour ago; but I still sat sipping the coffee wherewith I usually moisten my nightly pipe, and listening, while I gazed indolently at the blazing fire, to the bluster of the wind and rain against my window. "Terrible weather for the half clad," I said to myself, "and worse still for the houseless; but, if the idea be not too fantastical, how fares the poor naked disembodied spirit, walking the earth unsheltered even by a 'tenement of clay,' in such a wild commotion of elements?"

The question interested my fancy; and in the effort to discover its probable solution, I puffed away at my meerschau with a vigor that speedily involved me in a cloud of smoke-wreaths. Thus enshrouded, the idea of the visible world gradually faded from my mind, and I seemed almost able to identify myself with the mysterious beings whose fate I had perhaps presumptuously commiserated.

While I ruminated thus, the old eight-day clock on the staircase slowly struck twelve; and suddenly I became sensible of a slight chill, with a coincident dimness in the flame of my lamp. Taking the pipe from my mouth, I looked up; and was confounded and somewhat dismayed to meet the gaze of a pair of keen gray eyes, engaged in a critical examination of myself and my pursuits. Knowing that I was the only irregular member of the quiet family with whom I resided, I rubbed my eyes incredulously, but in vain; for as the smoke gradually rolled away, the form and features of my visitor were revealed with undeniable distinctness.

He was rather above the common height, and his spare limbs seemed full of vigor and elasticity, while an uncomfortable half smile played upon his very expressive face. I started to my feet in amazement; but the stranger, bowing courteously while he divested himself of his ample cloak, exclaimed:

"No ceremony, I beg! Pray keep your seat: this will do capitally for me." And he coolly drew a chair to the fire, and after depositing his hat and gloves on the floor, and unbuttoning his coat, sat down opposite me, stretching out his legs with the air of a man perfectly at home.

These proceedings indicated a determination on his part to make himself comfortable; but their effect upon me was decidedly the reverse. However, a peculiar shudder in the region of the spine warned me that I was no match for him; and I reseated myself as he commanded, completely subjugated by his easy assurance.

"The very thing!" said he, with a sparkle in his eye, as he drew toward him my open tobacco-pouch. "I always affected Oronoko." While he spoke, he drew from his breast pocket a small silver casket, from which he produced a beautiful ivory pipe, the bowl exquisitely carved into a Medusa's head, with its snaky locks twisted backward until they were entwined into a short stem. The casket, which he laid upon the table, bore upon its lid, finely executed in very low relief, the story of Orpheus and Eurydice.

Meanwhile, as I glanced rapidly at these details, the stranger charged his bowl with the deliberate science of a veteran smoker, and dexterously lit it with a blazing coal from the fire.

"Very well-flavored tobacco," said he, after inhaling half a dozen enormously-prolonged whiffs, with evident satisfaction, and puffing out the smoke in long straight jets right across the apartment. "But your pipe is out! pray resume it, or we shall not get along together. Allow me!" and, gripping a fresh coal with the tongs, he furnished me with a light.

Passively obeying him, I mechanically smoked on in silence, somewhat reassured by his conciliatory manner, though he assumed an air of patronage which considerably annoyed me. He fixed his singular gleaming eyes upon the fire, apparently yielding himself up to the enjoyment of the moment, while I seized the opportunity to steal a furtive glance at his features. All at once he seemed to recollect himself. Casting a piercing look upon me, and speaking in a deep, harsh voice, he said, abruptly,

"So you write about ghosts?"

I was so startled by the suddenness of this personal remark, that for a moment I was unable to frame a reply; but as he continued to gaze fixedly at me, with a somewhat sinister expression, as if rather enjoying my embarrassment, I at length stammered out:

"Yes, I—that is, I have attem—there was no intention—no disrespect—"

"Do not be alarmed," said he, smiling grimly; "your 'Uncle Jerry's Ghost' has given us no offense whatever."

"Us!" I repeated to myself; "then he is what I feared."

The stranger planted one foot upon the hob, tilted back his chair till I absurdly feared that he might come down with a crash, folded his arms across his chest, and puffing forth heavy volumes of dense smoke, seemed to contemplate with satisfaction the effect of his communication; while, notwithstanding the flattering assurance I had just received, I grew every moment more uneasy and embarrassed. At length he appeared satisfied with this tacit admission of his superiority, and endeavored to set me more at ease.

"Come, come," said he; "we waste precious time. I must be off soon, and I wanted a little friendly conversation with you. It is rare with us, now-a-days, to meet any sympathy or recognition among mankind; and although you may be mistaken in some points of our general character, you have shown so kindly a feeling toward us, that it has been thought right to let you know the gratification which anything you may write will occasion in our community. I chanced to be visiting in your neighborhood to-night, and volunteered to call upon you. But, my dear fellow, you seem disturbed!"

Yes; I certainly was disturbed. It was no light matter to be spending the small hours in such insubstantial society. And then there was such a contradictory air of comfort and reality about my visitor. It perplexed and confounded me. Substance or shadow, he certainly could smoke; for, though my puffs had become feeble and irregular, the room was filled with a thick, pungent vapor, that brought tears into my eyes. Then his pipe and his casket—they seemed solid enough. I longed to touch the latter, as it lay on the table, not six inches from my hand, but could not summon resolution to make the attempt. The stranger seemed to know what passed in my mind, and, as if to allay my fears, drew my attention to the workmanship of its lid.

"Not a bad specimen of Benvenuto Cellini," said he; "he has lost none of his skill since he joined us."

"It appears massive," I said, plucking up a desperate courage, and anxious to learn whether it possessed weight.

"It would seem very light in *your* hand," he replied.

"Then it has a certain gravity?"

"Certainly, to my sense; but you would not appreciate it. All the qualities of matter adjust themselves to our altered perceptions. Apparent lead is heavy, and apparent cork light, just as with you."

"Do you then possess no additional faculties or perceptions?" said I, forgetting my trepidation in the interest of the investigation.

"Decidedly. We penetrate substances at pleasure, and evoke appearances as we choose; so that each continues—that is, after undergoing due purgation—to enjoy to the utmost all blameless pleasures. Impure or sinful desires are unknown, and, therefore, ungratified, among us."

"But," I cried, with fervor, "are all ultimately thus fortunate? or are some hopelessly, eternally lost? Is there at last a haven for the erring and the weak, and a possibility of expiation or repentance for the sinful?"

A mournful yet serene expression passed into the stranger's face; and he seemed upon the point of answering my question. As I eagerly watched his lips, I trembled with anxiety; I felt that I was upon the verge of the eternal mystery, and hope and fear struggled for mastery within my heart. A change came across his features; his brows contracted into a frown, and he remained some moments lost in thought. At length he spoke; but in a subdued and altered voice:

"I must not answer you; perhaps I cannot. Yet it may well be that no attempt to conquer a temptation or to expiate a fault; no horror of evil, or yearning after good, can ever remain entirely without its proportionate reward. But you approach forbidden themes; and, but that your question had a nobler source than curiosity, it might have drawn upon you a heavier penalty than a vague reply. So now as you would reap hereafter; the wheat and the thistle alike pass through a thousand miracles ere the seed is developed into the perfect plant, yet each retains its original character."

I listened abashed and saddened while he spoke, astonished at the depth of feeling my imprudent question had developed beneath his abrupt and off-hand manner. I thought wistfully of all the doubts and fears which beset our human hearts in

certain solemn moments—doubts and fears destined, as I now knew, to remain forever undispelled save by death. Yet, without seeking to invade these deeper mysteries, how many less momentous questions were there which, despite my longing, I dared not propound to my visitor, after my rash attempt! He seemed to divine my thoughts, and to commiserate my inquietude, for he resumed:

"True, there are some points upon which your curiosity, since it springs from sympathy with a condition of humanity, may be partially gratified. You marvel that our people are so minutely informed of the fluctuating opinions of men as to have observed your unimportant production; but as we retain our harmless tastes, and are permitted to gratify them, it is not strange if some among us continue our acquaintance with mundane literature. Those who delight in such trifles may in a moment conjure up a fac-simile of whatever is published here, excepting always what is evil or false—an exception which occasions many modern books to appear almost blank to our eyes. However, we thus learned that we were not entirely forgotten; and although your article was invisible to us in several places, sufficient remained to convey to us a sense of human sympathy, which, without being essential to our happiness, yet has its charm for some of us."

This admission touched me in a vulnerable part. I began to regard my visitor in a new light, and thought him a very agreeable companion, when once he was understood. I bowed in acknowledgment of the honor, probably unique among mortals, of being approved by so judicious a nation; and, thus reassured, I ventured to seek the solution of an enigma which had frequently presented itself to my mind.

"If it is lawful to ask," said I, hesitatingly, "how can it be, seeing that tastes and inclinations equally blameless differ so widely among men; how can it be that, in a community such as yours, these various tastes or modes of happiness find each their several gratification? For instance, there are surely no populous cities, no moldering piles of architecture—nothing, in short, suggestive of mortal mutability or decay—in your Elysian fields; and yet these scenes, and more incongruous scenes than these, have been favorite haunts of many of our best men."

He smiled. "My friend," said he, re-

lighting his pipe, which he had suffered to go out during his graver discourse, "why will men persist in judging us by their own standard? What is to prevent us from creating with a wish the scene we choose to contemplate? If Milton, blind, and poor, and old, could forget his sufferings and infirmities, while he pictured heaven, and hell, and chaos, to his rapt imagination, think you his highest faculties are dimmed or impaired now that he is free from the environment of anxieties and frailties which clogged and hampered him while in the flesh? and is he now less able, think you, to reproduce the earthly scenes which may have impressed his memory! If he could paint for posterity, amid the besetting cares of age, that wondrous panorama in his 'Paradise Regained,' of the ancient empires and their storied cities, extending from the Indus to the Nile, and from Rome to Nineveh, cannot his unweary spirit as vividly reproduce them? And if Father Chaucer, living a life of turmoil in a half-savage age, could portray so freshly and lovingly the manners of his countrymen, are his geniality and tenderness diminished now that he has attained wider and deeper perceptions?"

I made a gesture of assent. But another inquiry hovered upon my lips, though I feared to pronounce it aloud.

"As to that matter," said the stranger, with the same singular intuition respecting my thoughts, "you can be only imperfectly satisfied. The nature and duration of our novitiate, and whether in some instances it is dispensed with entirely, or in others protracted to an almost infinite length, are mysteries too deep for mortal intelligence. Yet even imperfect faculties might suggest that to die while the heart is vibrating with pity and love, and the tongue vocal with wise and tender counsel, must be in some sort a passport to immediate bliss."

"As John Quincy Adams died!" I said, with a thrill of joy and consolation.

"As John Quincy Adams died," he repeated; "and as many have died whose virtues were, unfortunately for mankind, denied so wide a scope, and unadorned by such brilliant abilities. But we must speak no more of this."

He knocked out the ashes from his pipe upon the topmost bar of the grate, carefully replenished it from my pouch, lit it by his favorite process, and settled down into steady enjoyment of its fumes, as

though determined to discuss no more knotty points at *that* sitting. Meanwhile, totally oblivious of my former distrust, I felt my heart expand toward him, and cordially returned puff for puff from my humble meerschäum.

"Charles Lamb is our greatest smoker," at length he said, cheerfully; "and considering how resolutely he sacrificed it during life, he deserves his present unrestricted enjoyment of his favorite indulgence."

"Ah!" said I, "it must be a rare privilege to bear Elia company. His was a nature 'finely touched,' and as free from earthly alloy as might consist with mortality. He with his professed love for the 'sweet security of streets,' and sturdy Samuel Johnson, who delighted in the 'full tide of human existence,' at Charing Cross, were in my thoughts when I expressed a doubt concerning the diverse tasks of your nation."

"Yes, yes, they harmonize well enough on that point," replied the stranger, shifting a little in his seat, as though apprehensive of my recurrence to the themes he had just interdicted. "But what was that?" he exclaimed, springing suddenly from his chair, while an expression of anxiety—almost of terror—shot into his face. "It cannot be so late! yet I heard it distinctly enough. Friend," said he, turning sharply upon me, with a severe and reproachful air, and rapidly rehabilitating himself as he spoke, "do your neighbors keep poultry? and, above all, those hideous, unmusical Cochinchina brutes! It is galling enough to be warned off at a moment's notice even by an honest, bright-plumaged, clear-voiced native cock; but when the unwelcome summons issues in dull roud tones from the shapeless throats of such monsters as these, it is a deliberate insult to our entire race!"

I strove to deprecate his wrath, but in vain. "I must vanish!" said he, fiercely; "keep your seat: I can find a way out!" He stretched his right hand toward me, and my limbs at once became powerless. My arms fell by my side, my head dropped upon my breast, and I sank instantly into a profound stupor.

When I again became conscious, I was torpid with cold. The fire was extinct, the lamp almost burned out, and my cherished meerschäum lay shattered into fifty pieces upon the cheerless hearth.

LIFE IN A DROP OF WATER.

"Scientia obiter libata a Deo abducit,
Profundius hausta ad eum seducit."

BACON OF VERULAM.

THE sun is reflected in the ocean as in the water-drop, and in both are called into existence beings the most varied in size and form. We admire the myriads of creatures which inhabit the depths of the ocean, from the monstrous whale to the tiniest specimen of the finny tribe. Their checkered existence and efforts; their fighting, striving, and disporting; their pains and pleasures; their various and wonderful construction; the mode and manner of their subsistence, all fill us with wonder, and we are awe-inspired while contemplating the infinite and manifold capacity with which the creating Power has stored the depths of the waters. But if the size, the power, and the variety of the denizens of the deep excite our admiration, how much more do we find ourselves carried away by that feeling, while looking into the water-drop!

Clear and transparent it lies before us; vainly our eye endeavors to discover the least evidence of life, or the smallest creature, in that which seems in itself too small to contain any living object; the breath of our mouth is strong enough to agitate it, and a few rays of the sun are sufficient to convert it into vapor. But we place this drop of water between two clean squares of glass, beneath the microscope, and, lo! what life suddenly presents itself; we scarcely trust our senses. The little drop has expanded into a large plain; wonderful shapes rush backward and forward, drawing toward and repulsing each other, or resting placidly and rocking themselves, as if they were cradled on the waves of an extensive sea. These are no delusions; they are real living creatures, for they play with each other, they rush violently upon one another, they whirl round each other, they free and propel themselves, and run from one place in order to renew the same game with some other little creature, or madly they precipitate themselves upon one another, combat and struggle, until the one conquers and the other is subdued, or carelessly they swim, side by side, until playfulness or rapacity is awakened anew. One sees that these little creatures, which the sharpest eye cannot detect without the aid of the microscope, are susceptible of enjoy-

ment and pain ; in them lives an instinct which induces them to seek and enables them to find sustenance, which points out and leads them to avoid and to escape the enemy stronger than themselves. Here one tumbles about in mad career and drunken lust ; it stretches out its feelers, beats about with its tail, tears its fellows, and is as frolicsome as if perfectly happy. It is gay, cheerful, hops and dances, rocks and bends about upon the little waves of the water-drop.

There is another creature ; it does not swim about ; it remains upon the same spot, but it contracts itself convulsively, and then stretches itself palpitatingly out again. Who could not detect in these motions the throes of agony ? and so it is ; for only just now it has freed itself from the jaws of a stronger enemy. The utmost power has it exerted in order to get away, but he must have had a tight hold, severely wounded it, for only a few more throes, each becoming weaker and more faint, it draws itself together, stretches out its whole length once more, and sinks slowly to the bottom. It was a death struggle. It has expired.

On one spot a great creature lies, apparently quiet and indifferent. A smaller one passes carelessly by, and like a flash of lightning, the first dashes upon it. Vainly does the weaker seek to escape its more powerful enemy ; he has already caught it, embraces it ; the throes of the vanquished cease ; it has become a prey.

This is only a general glance at the life in a water-drop, but how *great* does even this already show the *small* ; how wondrously does everything shape itself within that, of which we had formerly not the least conception. These are creatures which nature nowhere presents to the eye upon an enlarged scale, so marvelous, odd, and also again so beautiful, so merry, and happy in their whole life and movements ; and although defective, and, in some respects, only one step removed from vegetable life, they are yet animated and possessed of will and power. It would be impossible here to give a description of all, or even of a great part of the ephemeral world in all its varied aspects, but we propose to take a nearer survey, of some few at least, in order to display the life which exists in a single drop of water taken from a pond.

Slowly and gracefully through the floods

of this small drop of water, comes glidingly, swimming along, the little swan animalcule, turning and twisting its long, pliant neck, swaying itself comfortably, and moving in every direction, sucking whatever nourishment or prey may present itself. This animalcule has its name from its likeness to the swan ; it carries its neck just as proudly and gracefully arched, only the head is wanting, for at the end there is a wide opening mouth, surrounded by innumerable beam-like lashes. The entire little creature is transparent, and it seems impossible that any species of nutriment could possibly pass through the thin throat, for even water seems too coarse a material for this small tube ; but scarcely does one of the variously formed monads, which exist in all waters, and of which many thousands could move and tumble freely about in the hollow of a poppy seed, approach its mouth, ere it gulps them down ; we see them gliding through the throat, and see the green, gray, or white monad laying in the little, but for this animalcule, great stomach. This monad is itself an animalcule, a living atom ; and possibly, a still smaller animalcule serves for its nourishment ; but the human eye has not yet penetrated thus far, possibly it may never do so ; for the Creator has hidden from the material vision of man the limits of his creating power, alike in the infinitely great as in the infinitesimally small.

Whirling along, comes swimming by the side of the swan animalcule, the *Bell*. Here nature has still retained a form out of the vegetable kingdom ; for the body of this animalcule is similar to the bell-shaped blossom of a May flower, fastened to a long stem ; this stem, through which passes a spiral-formed vein, a fine dark tube, is easily movable ; it closes itself, screw-like, together, and stretches itself out again : this is the tail of the bell animalcule ; at the end there is a little knot, and soon this knot becomes attached to the bottom, or to a blade of grass, or to a piece of wood, and the little animalcule is like a ship at anchor in a bay or harbor ; its tail extends and turns itself, and the body of the animalcule, the little bell, whose opening is at the top, begins to whirl itself round and round ; and this movement is so quick and powerful that it creates, even in the billows of the water-drop, a whirlpool, which keeps ever going round wilder and more violently ; it grows to a *Charybdis*, which

none of the little monads who are caught within it can escape; the whirlpool is too fierce, they get drawn into it, and find a grave in the jaws of the bell animalcule. The bell closes, the tail rolls together, but soon it stretches itself out again; the bell whirls, the whirlpool goes round, and in it many a quiet and thoughtless passing monad is drawn down. But the bell animalcule is also about meeting its punishment; again it whirls its bell violently, the tail breaks from the body, and the bell floats without control hither and thither on the waves of the water-drop; but it knows how to help itself; nature has provided for such a catastrophe in its creation. The bell sinks to the bottom, and soon the missing tail grows again, and if death even comes, nature has been so liberal in the creation of this little world—new life and new creatures arise so quickly out of those which have passed away, and so great is their number—that the death of one is less than a drop in the ocean, or a grain of sand in the desert of Sahara.

The lives of innumerable animalculæ pass away as a breath, but they rise into existence in equally infinite numbers. The animalculæ multiply in every variety of way, but the most curious is that of dividing, and out of the several parts new animalculæ are formed, which, in a few hours, again divide themselves into parts, forming new creatures; and this process of increase proceeds to infinity. Numbers alone are able in some measure to give an idea of this infinite increasing power. An animalcule requires for its parting process about five hours, after which time the new creatures stand then perfect, and these again require the same time for their increase. At this rate of increase one single animalcule would, by the process of separation, be increased to half a million in four days, and after a month it would be inconceivable where this innumerable quantity of animalculæ, who are singly imperceptible to the naked eye, can possibly be placed. But nature has limited even this vast increasing power, and she freely sacrifices millions, in order to preserve their species always in their proper quantities. What are, compared with these numbers, the quantities of herrings, sprats, and many other kinds of fish which crowd the seas in such mighty masses? They vanish into nothingness.

The chief among those animalculæ

which increase by means of separation is the *Weapon*, which has a species of dagger-like bristles at the back, and also a more pliable description, similarly formed, all round the mouth, which serve as feelers. Their movement is most peculiar, slow, almost floating; they proceed forward, then they shrink backward, and quickly return again, in order to proceed anew on their path. This animalcule pushes, when the parting process commences, at first a few little pieces from its side, then follow others, and soon the whole is divided into equal halves, which form themselves into new animalculæ, and, after a few hours, begin to separate themselves also.

One of the most interesting animalculæ which we discovered, with the aid of the microscope, in the water-drop, is the *Ship*—like a little glass ship which has lost in a storm its masts and sails, its ropes and riggings, does it proceed, quietly swimming through the little waves; it is clear and transparent, like an enchanted little craft—a delicate fairy palace; we see in both sides the ribs of the ship, which the carpenter has fitted into the keel; we see the deck, and in it the three holes, or light points, in which the masts were raised; it must have been a three-masted ship. But the ship's crew, the sailors, are wanting; nor is there a rudder which propels and regulates the vessel's course; the motive power which produces the progress of this tiny little craft is a mystery. Has nature in this curious animalcule copied the invention of man's hand? Was this little creature the minute model after which man has constructed the ships in which he crosses seas and oceans? Nature is always original in her creations; she had already created the same little animalcule for hundred thousands of years, if the hypothesis on which geologists base their calculations as to the time it takes to accomplish certain results be correct; we believe that these data are generally unreliable, and therefore we simply say, that these little creatures have existed from the beginning of the formation of some of the most important strata, which must have occupied a sufficiently long time in their formation to have been, at least, in existence antecedent to the first building of ships. These animalculæ are to be found in, and indeed form no inconsiderable part of all coal and chalk formations. But it

can, on the other hand, not be said, that the animalcule was the minute model after which man built, for ships were built before the microscope enabled man to discover the invisible world of the diminutive.

In the interior of this little glass ship, which consists of quartz, rock crystal, and flint, there is real life; a few small globules contained within it clearly indicate this. They die, pass away, but the crystal covering remains perfect for thousands of years.

Another peculiar animalcule is the *Sickle*, which resembles very much a Turkish crescent. Even in its ways, in its motions, has this finely-beaded animalcule, which, throughout its length, is constructed of little globules, regularly joining each other, and divided across the middle by a larger globule than the rest, like a row of pearls, something characteristic of the believers of the crescent; it exhibits the same fatal repose; it is equally absorbed in itself, for it can lay a long time at the bottom without motion; occasionally it raises its sickle, but exhausted it allows it to drop again immediately, and relapses into its former quiet state. On both ends of this animalcule there are a few red grains, sometimes more, at others less, which now keep moving, and then again remain motionless, whose signification is as yet undetermined.

Besides these various creatures which are grouped in the little world of a water-drop, which are so infinitely delicate and neat, and even beautifully formed, and of which each has, in its movements, and, it may almost be said, in its character, something original and independent, there are many more, larger and smaller; most of them, however, are only occasionally met with, and only few others have the grace and beauty in their appearance and motions which distinguish those we have mentioned. Among the larger species, we are struck first by the *Trumpet* and the *Bullet* animalculæ. The first is like a trumpet or cornucopia; in its interior there are numerous dark dots and a row of globules, like a string of beads; about its mouth are bristle-like threads. The bullet animalcule is round, covered as with a net, and also trimmed round with a fine row of hair; in the interior there are always to be seen several smaller bullets. But when we observe the whole closer,

we find that it is not a single creature, but a group of thousands of smaller double-trunked animalculæ, which combine in the formation of this greater animalcule, and thus form a numerous isolated family.

Repulsive, unpleasant creatures also present themselves in a drop of water, which affect us unpleasantly in their nature, their motions, and their form. Thus, there is a species of *Chameleon* among the animalculæ, which can expand and contract its body into the most various shapes; now it elongates itself, stretching its members in the most opposite directions, with a slow expanding motion; now it draws itself up in a heap, and when another animalcule approaches, it stretches out its arms, embraces, entwines it, and, as it were, envelops it, until it dies in its embrace.

We have not space in a periodical to follow out the life in a water-drop to its various specialities and curiosities, and it is impossible, under any circumstances, entirely to exhaust the subject. The more one looks into it, the greater the wonders which present themselves; the more nature discloses herself in her hitherto unknown powers, the more does she appear to us so wonderfully great in miniature.

The life in the water-drop which we have here exhibited is, indeed, not to be found in every water, but it is to be seen in ponds, swamps, and generally in all waters in which animal and fossil matter is in the act of decomposition; cooked, distilled, or rain-water, contain no animalculæ, but only a few days are required, if left in the open air, for the formation of living things within it; it begins to move, to live; but whence do they come? what produces these little animalculæ? Has the air conveyed to the water the matter necessary for their formation? It is possible.

How all this is accomplished man will, probably, never discover, but the lesson conveyed in the foregoing facts, rightly appreciated, opens a vast field of speculation, in exhibiting the infinity of the Creator's power; and yet, strange to say, the pride of many of those who occupy themselves in tracing the laws of nature leads them to overlook the Creator in creation, and the great design is lost sight of in the contemplation of minute laws and detailed process.

A FEARFUL NIGHT.

AN ADVENTURE IN AN ENGLISH RAILWAY CAR.

"COME down at once—Ellen is dying!" That was all they said—seven short words!

I read the telegraph paper again and again, before I could comprehend the full force of the message it bore. My eyes wandered over the regulations of the company, their tariff of prices, the conditions under which they undertook their functions, and at last reverting to the penciled lines, I roused myself from the stupor into which their receipt had thrown me, and understood their purport. Ellen Luttrell was dying. She was my cousin, my earliest playmate, my embodiment of all that was lovely, pure, and womanly. I have no sister, but had I been so blessed, I could not have loved her with a deeper affection than I bestowed on Ellen. My regard for her was utterly passionless, utterly indescribable. Love, in the common acceptation of the word, had never been mentioned between us; we confided to each other all our flirtations, all the caprices, annoyances, and jealousies which are the lot of young people. When I was first engaged to Lucy, I was not happy until Ellen could share my joy, could see the object of my choice, and in sweet sisterly tones could congratulate me upon it. It was my delight to see the affection springing up between my cousin and her whom I now call my wife—to hear their mutual praises of each other, and to think that, until some favored suitor should come to claim her for his own, Ellen would share our new home. This was not to be. Just before my marriage, my cousin went to Burgundy, on a visit to an old schoolfellow, whose husband, a sickly and consumptive man, was compelled to reside there for the benefit of his health. Her stay in France, which was to have occupied but a few weeks, extended over six months. I heard from her but twice during the interval, but upon the occasion of my marriage, she wrote a long and affectionate letter to Lucy, telling her that she was perfectly happy, and speaking in those mysterious terms which girls love to use, of a certain *Vicomte de Bodé*, who was paying her great attention. Two months after, Ellen suddenly returned home, accompanied by her brother, who had been dispatched to bring her back. There was a mystery con-

nected with her return which I could never fathom; her mother, indeed, wrote me a plaintive letter, lamenting the folly with which young girls usually throw away their affections, and hinting that even Ellen's good sense was not proof against womanly weakness, and that, had she not been recalled when she was, she would have been drawn into a marriage which, for reasons hereafter to be verbally explained to me, must have been an everlasting source of misery to her.

Within ten minutes after I received the telegraph message, I had thrown a few things into a carpet-bag, had a card stitched on to it with my name and address, (for I am old-fashioned enough always to direct my luggage in case of loss,) and at once started to catch the night mail-train; the platform was thronged; there were students, barristers, invalids, and all classes of individuals huddled together. Porters were pushing, rushing against stolid old gentlemen, crushing their feet with enormous, heavily-laden barrows, and crying, "by your leave," while the sufferers were claspings their mangled limbs in anguish. The post-office van, with its trim arrangement of sorting boxes, and its traveling-capped clerks, stood gaping to receive the flood of bags pouring into it from the shoulders of the guards; non-passengers were bidding adieu to their friends at the doors of the carriages; commercial gents, those knowing travelers, were settling themselves comfortably on the back seats of the cars; the old gentleman who is always late, was being rapidly hurried to his place; and the black-faced stoker was leaning forward, looking out for the signal of the station-master to go a head, when I sprang into a first-class compartment, and took the only vacant seat I found there.

Once started, I looked round upon my traveling companions, who were apparently of the usual stamp. There was a stout, red-faced, elderly, gentleman-farmer looking man, rather flushed after wine, and the exertion of cramming a fat little portmanteau (the corner of which still obstinately protruded) under the seat; there was a thin, pale-faced curate, with no whiskers, and no shirt collar, but with a long black coat, and a silk waistcoat buttoning round the throat, a mild, washed-out, limp, afternoon-service style of man, engaged in reading a little book with a brass cross on the back. There was a fidgety, pinched-

up old lady, with a face so wrinkled as to make one thankful she was a female, as by no earthly means could she have shaved it, who kept perpetually peering into a mottled-looking basket suggestive of sandwiches, under apprehension of having lost her ticket; and there was a young man apparently devoted to the stock-broking interest, stiff as to his all-rounder, checked as to his trousers, natty as to his boots, who kept alternately paring his nails, stroking his chin, whistling popular melodies in a subdued tone, and attempting to go to sleep. Finally, on the opposite side to me, and in the further corner, there was a large bundle, the only visible component parts of which were a large poncho cloak, a black beard, and a slouched, foreign-looking hat; but these parts were all so blended and huddled together, that after five minutes' sharp scrutiny it would have been difficult to tell what the bundle was.

I had arrived so late at the station, that I had not had time to provide myself with a book, or even, to render the journey more tedious, by the purchase of an evening paper; so that, after settling down in my seat, I had to content myself with a perusal of Bradshaw, with wondering whether anybody ever went to Ambergate, Flotten Episcopi, or Bolton-le-Moors, and what they did when they got there, and with musing upon Heal's bedsteads, which, according to the advertisement, could be sent free by post, and upon the dismayed gentleman who, in the wood-cut, cannot put up his umbrella, and is envious of the syphonia'd individual who finds "comfort in a storm." But this species of amusement, though undeniably exciting at first, palls on repetition, and I soon found myself letting the Bradshaw drop, and endeavoring to seek solace in sleep. To seek, but not to find. To me, sleep in a railway carriage is next to impossible. First, the lamp glares in my eyes, and when I try to cover them with my hat, the stiff rim grates over my nose, and scrubs me to desperation; then the cloth-covered sides of the carriage are rough to my face; my legs are cramped, and my feet, in opposition to the rest of my body, go to sleep, and are troubled with pins and needles; and so, after much tossing, and tumbling, and changing from side to side, I sit bolt upright, gazing at the lamp, and thinking over Ellen and the object of my journey, until we arrive at our first halting-place.

Here we lose the curate and the stock-broker, the flashing lamps of the latter's dog-cart being seen outside the station-yard. The old lady gets out too, under the impression that we are at Crewe, and is only induced to return after much assurance, and, in fact, bodily force on the part of a porter. She, I, the farmer, and the bundle, are left together again, and the train proceeds. And now, worn-out and utterly wearied, I fall asleep in good earnest, and sleep so soundly that I do not rouse till a prolonged "Hoi!" reverberates in my ears, and starting up, I find the lights of Crewe station flashing in my eyes, the farmer and the old lady gone, and a porter holding up my carpet-bag and talking through the carriage window. "A old lady has just left this carriage," says he, "have tuke a carpet-bag in mistake for her own, she thinks. Does any gent own this here?"

At these words, the bundle roused, picked itself up, and showed itself to be a young man with a bearded face, and a remarkably bright eye. He seemed about to speak; but I, half asleep, reclaimed my property, handed out the old lady's luggage, and, as the whistle announced our departure, sank back again in slumber.

I had slept, I suppose, for about three minutes, when I was aroused by a choking, suffocating sensation in my throat, and on opening my eyes, I saw the bearded countenance of the stranger within an inch of my face, his eyes flashing, his nostrils dilated, and his whole frame quivering with emotion; so that his hand, although twisted tightly in my neckcloth, trembled violently. Surprise for a second numbed my energies, but I soon recollected the practical teaching of my old instructor, the gallant Nobbler, and finding I could free myself by no other means, dealt him a blow with my left hand which sent him staggering to the other end of the carriage. He recovered himself in an instant, and rushed at me again; but this time I was on my guard, and as he advanced I seized his hands by the wrists, and being much the more powerful man, forced him into a seat, and kept him there, never for an instant relaxing my grip. "Let me go!" he hissed between his teeth, speaking in a foreign accent, "Let me go! Scoundrel! coward! release me!"

Had any other persons been present, they could not have failed to be amused at the

matter-of-fact tone of my remarks in contrast to the high-flown speech of the stranger.

"What the deuce do you mean, sir, by attacking an inoffensive man in this way?" said I; "what's your motive? You don't look like a thief."

"No," he screamed; "'tis you who are the thief, you who would steal from me all that I cherish in the world!"

"Why, I never set eyes on you before!" I exclaimed, getting bewildered, and not feeling quite certain whether I was awake or asleep.

"No, but I have heard of you," he replied; "heard of you too often. Tiens! did not you just acknowledge you were going to Boltons!"

"Well, what if I am?" I asked.

"You shall never reach your destination," and with a jerk he shook my hand from his neck, sprang at my face, and struck me with such force that I fell on my back on the floor of the carriage. In falling I dragged my adversary with me, but he was nimbler than I, and succeeded in planting his knee in my throat while he pinned my hands to my sides. Seeing me at his mercy, he gave a cry of triumph; then stooping over me, scanned my face with such a wild and searing glance that a glimmering of the truth for the first time flashed across me—the man was mad. I turned faint sick at the idea, and closed my eyes. "Aha!" shrieked the lunatic; "you pale, you tremble! You change color like a girl! You shall be yet another color before I leave you; your cheeks shall be blue, your eyes red. Entends tu, misérable?" And as he spoke he knelt with such force on my throat that I felt my eyes were starting from their sockets; I struggled convulsively, but the more I writhed the more tightly did he press me with his knee, until at length the anguish grew insupportable, and I fainted.

How long I remained insensible, I know not; it can have been but for a few minutes, however, and when I came to myself I found the refreshing night air blowing over my face, I saw the door of the carriage open, and felt the madman endeavoring to drag me to the aperture with the evident intention of throwing me out upon the line.

And now I felt that the crisis was at hand, and that it was but a question of time whether I could hold out until we

arrived at the station, or whether I should be murdered by the lunatic. We were both young men, and though, perhaps, I was naturally the more powerful, yet his position gave him great advantages, as I was still extended on my back, while he was stooping over me, and while my limbs were cramped he had free play for all his energies. On seeing me recovering from the swoon, he uttered a short, sharp cry, and, bending lower, twined his hands in my cravat. Now was my opportunity; his back was toward the door, his face so close to mine, that I could feel his breath upon my cheek. Gathering all my remaining strength together, I seized him by the ankles, and literally hurled him over my head on his face. He fell heavily, striking his head against the opposite door, and lay stunned and bleeding. In a second I was on my feet ready to grapple him, but as I rose the engine shrieked our approaching advent to the station, and almost before I could raise my fallen foe we ran in to Tamworth. The first person I saw on the platform was Ellen's brother, to whom, after hearing that she was out of danger, I, in a few words, narrated my adventure, and pointed out the stranger, who, still insensible, was supported by some of the porters.

"Let's have a look at the fellow!" said Fred Luttrell, an unsophisticated youth; but he no sooner had set eyes on the pallid face than he drew back, exclaiming, "Heavens! it's Bodé!"

And so it was; and by the aid of explanation I received afterward from Fred Luttrell, I was, in some measure, enabled to account for the attack made upon me. It appears that the Vicomte de Bodé had seen Ellen while in Burgundy, and fell desperately in love with her; but his addresses were utterly discouraged by her friends, for one reason alone, but that a most powerful one. His family were afflicted with hereditary insanity, and he himself had already on two occasions shown the taint. Of course it was impossible to declare to him the real reason of his rejection, and he was accordingly informed that Ellen's parents had long since pledged her hand to a connection of her own.

After her departure he grew moody and irritable, and it was judged advisable to have him watched; but he managed to elude the observation of his keepers, and to escape to England. Ellen's address

was well known to him; he was proceeding thither; and when he heard the very house mentioned by the porter at C—as the direction of my luggage, he doubtless, in his wandering mind, pictured me as his rival and supplanter.

My dear Ellen recovered, and so did the vicomte—that is to say, from my assault. As to his madness, it stood by him, poor creature, until he died.

AMERICA AS SEEN BY A FRENCHMAN.

WE have read in our time many ludicrous descriptions of our country, but the one given of the manners, customs, associations, and general living of Americans, by M. Ampère, the son of a well-known natural philosopher, who was, it was thought, a person in every way qualified to give an opinion upon the new social and political conditions that are daily developing themselves among the people of the United States, transcends, in ridicule, all we have ever met before. Poet, academician, and professor, as well as an experienced traveler, he could bring his studies of antiquity in Egypt, Greece, and Italy, of the middle ages in Spain, Scandinavia, and Germany, and of modern times in France and England, to bear upon the phenomena exhibited by the New World. Such was his tact, indeed, that no sooner had he set his foot on board the *Franklin*, than he found himself in an American atmosphere. "The first thing that I remarked," he says, "on board ship, where the greater number of passengers belonged to the United States, were incessant allusions to, and perpetual glorification of their country. America is the fixed idea of the Americans; the conviction of the superiority of their country is at the bottom of everything that they say; it is even found in the acknowledgment of what they are in want of. Thus every one hastens to warn me that I must not expect to find in a new society the refinements of the Old World: nothing can be more reasonable; but I find in this anxiety to inform me as to what I shall not meet with in the United States, the precautions of a sensitive patriotism, always mistrustful of the opinions of a stranger."

Entering the bay of New-York, which, notwithstanding the asseverations made to that effect, M. Ampère declares to

have no resemblance whatsoever to that of Naples—and landing upon its busy quays, our traveler found the drivers and inn-keepers to be by no means so obliging as "the gentlemen." One of the latter engaged a vehicle to convey him to Astor House for half a dollar; arrived there, the driver demanded a double fare. Upon referring the difficulty to those who received him at the hotel, they paid no attention to him or to his letter of introduction, but contented themselves with remitting a dollar to the coachman, with an indifference, he remarks, that would have been quite charming if the money had come out of their own pockets. Going on board the Boston packet, a colored attendant passed over his ticket to him, taking care not to touch his hand. This little incident suggested a first painful reflection upon the relation of the two races. On the other hand, on board the packet he asked for a glass of water. The waiter, a white man, without condescending to reply, and with a gesture of incomparable dignity, pointed to a glass on the table. A sharp, shrewd, and practiced observer like M. Ampère, detected at once a fact in American life which has not been put in the same light before. "There is," he says, "military precision carried into the habits of civil life. The servants who bring in the dishes keep the step; they place them on the table at a given signal, distribute the plates in a measured and methodical manner, and knives and forks set to work with all the trained regularity of soldiers grounding arms. Everything is done with the same punctuality, precision, and rapidity; no one has either any time or words to lose."

M. Ampère was at Boston at the time that a festival was held in honor of the opening of a railway between the United States and Canada. For the greatest number around him, he says, the basis of congratulation was associated with ideas of annexation; but Mr. Neilson, formerly a Canadian democrat, repudiated the idea in a public speech, declaring that an annexation brought about by so invasive a people would be the death of Canadian nationality. "As well," adds M. Ampère, "throw themselves into the gulf of the Niagara at once." At this festival there was a review, at which was a goodly display of coats of various colors and fashion—blue, gray, and red—Hungarian, Hus-

sar, and Polish. If, our traveler remarks, Boston contained as many regiments as it does uniforms, it would possess a formidable army, but every one is an officer, and chooses his own uniform. Mr. Fillmore presided on horseback, and policemen held the animal when the firing of guns disturbed its state of repose. It is not necessary in America, M. Ampère remarks, "que le pouvoir sache monter à cheval." The Americans, he adds, have a decided inclination for military affairs, and differ in that point greatly from the English. This manifest tendency may one day lead to a total change in the character and institutions of the American people. There was also a procession, which was most characterized by what the French call *réclame*, that is to say, that every one wanted to take a part in it, but always with the object of advertising or puffing himself or his goods. A dealer in bear's-grease promenaded a stuffed bear; there were vans with workshops in them, and agencies for domestics and nurses exhibited their human commodities. There was afterward a dinner, at which, according to a local journal, "a Mediterranean of human fraternity sat under a firmament of flags." M. Ampère returned, he says, to his hotel, exclaiming to himself, "Le roi s'amuse."

At Buffalo, the driver called the Frenchman "my friend." This was the essence of politeness compared with the style of another of the fraternity, who, entering a hotel in pursuit of his fare—the Prince Bernard of Saxe Weimar—called out, "Where is the man who starts this evening? I am the gentleman that has to convey him." Alluding to the praiseworthy respect with which the fair sex is treated in America, open in some cases to abuse, our traveler says he has seen three hundred gentlemen waiting for a lady, who often, although not a "lady," allowed herself to be waited for before they could take their seats at table. He elsewhere saw an American go and bring in an old peasant from among some emigrant passengers, so that he might claim a first and upper seat at the table by having "a lady in charge." At Detroit, M. Ampère went to see a picture, much spoken of, as from the easel of an American artist. It was, indeed, proclaimed to be a *chef-d'œuvre*; nothing, he was told, among ancient or modern paintings in Europe, could bear

comparison with it; yet he declares it to have been quite an ordinary easel-piece. At Buffalo, where he had to sleep on a table, he was aroused by the waiter throwing a napkin on his stomach, with a "Come, comrade, it is time to get up."

A grandiloquent description of the pig-killing season at Cincinnati, in periods of Ciceronian length, reminded our academician of Dante's description of the endless files of pilgrims going and coming from St. Peter's to the Bridge of Hadrian during the solemnity of the Jubilee. "Great numbers," he adds, "however, always arouse the faculties of wonder and imagination, whether of years, distances, or individuals, even if those individuals be pigs; and the porcine industry of the 'Queen of the West' is a really astounding fact." Contemplating these new cities in the West, Cincinnati and Columbus, M. Ampère is led to remark that the Americans, who have been successful in sculpture, fail in architecture. Artistic inferiority shows itself mainly in this point, where new types are wanted for new circumstances. The American taste inclines to the Gothic, not only in churches, but in custom-houses, banks, and colleges. Their classic architecture does not come up to the Bourse or the Madeleine, nor do they succeed in Gothic like the English, who sometimes attain considerable perfection; and when they wish to strike out something new they fall into the incongruous. At Columbus there is a brick edifice with a great hexagonal tower, a crowd of turrets, doors, and windows of white marble; this castellated building is a school of medicine! The only descriptions of buildings that deserve serious attention in America are the great works of public utility, particularly its aqueducts and reservoirs, as in the instance of the High Bridge at New-York. These are magnificent undertakings, to be admired even after having seen the analogous works of the Romans.

In the midst of his long dissertations on the literature of the United States, of whose living representatives M. Ampère speaks in most favorable yet discriminating terms, our academician is every moment put out by what he calls *l'incurie Américaine*—"American carelessness." If he walked in Broadway, it was always at the risk of his life: great excavations to pass over by narrow and insecure

planks, open cellars, and neither lamps nor rails; or new and old edifices tumbling down into the street. The *Courier des Etats Unis*, a French paper published in New-York, is, according to our traveler, the only organ of publicity that has the courage to denounce this state of things. Scarcely a day passes at New-York without a fire; and what is supposed to be the main cause? The acquisition of the insurance money! The post-office service is very inadequately performed. Mistakes, our author heard from several persons, were very common; and he himself experienced the fact. The police is also not equal to the task of keeping the heterogeneous population of a great city like New-York in order. In the evening, some of the quarters are infested with those terrible bandits called rowdies, who not only delight in robbery, but also in assassination. While M. Ampère was in New-York, these wretches went into a Frenchman's house and killed him, out of the mere caprice of unbridled ferocity.

Remarking upon the progress of the fine arts in the United States, M. Ampère says, the principle insisted upon by the Americans, that they must wait for society to establish itself, and that the development of the fine arts will come with time, is a wrong one; it is not, he says, the maturity, but the youth of nations that is favorable to imagination. But to found a good school, part of the money of the New-York Art Union should be invested in examples of the old masters, and not frittered away on mediocre and even bad paintings. At Columbia College M. Ampère met a professor who did not make a secret of his antipathy to the democratic side of American institutions. The statutes of the college embrace an admirable course of study, but the young American is so anxious to make money, that he can only devote four years to accomplishing that which is supposed to include integral calculus, and the methods of Newton, Laplace, and Lagrange!

Coming down the Bowery, one of those myriad of colonels without regiments who adorn American society, said to M. Ampère, "You see this street; it divides the society of New-York into two classes: those who have not made their fortunes live to the east of the Bowery, those who have made their fortunes go to the West."

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"And if misfortunes come?" "O, well, they go back to the East!" This is an especially free and independent country, with democratic presidents, democratic diplomatists, and democratic institutions!

The Americans, always inclined to be jealous of Europe, compare the Hudson to the Rhine. A young traveler remarked, in a tone of triumph, of the same river: "The pages of our history are pure; we have no feudal castles!" "As far as I am concerned," says M. Ampère, "I only asked him to allow me to love at least what remained of feudal times—its ruins." One of the innumerable inconsistencies of democracy is witnessed at the military school at West Point, which is conducted on the system of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, but a nomination to which is only obtained by favor; whereas, at the great military school of France, all candidates are admitted to compete upon a footing of perfect equality—a much more democratic system in the best sense of the word.

The practical money-getting turn of mind of the Americans, our academician remarks, is adverse to metaphysical or purely philosophical speculation, yet there exists at Concord a little knot of thinkers, or dreamers, of whom Emerson is the center. But, as he further remarks, the philosophy of Emerson, advocating contempt for the past, excess of confidence in the present, and above all things self-reliance, is only the tendencies and excesses of the American character embodied in a so-called philosophical system. While at the same time the Americans are professedly so religious, our academician tells us that the "*Philosophie Positive*" of M. Comte, which arrives at the negation of all religion under a serious and scientific form, is much read in America, and obtains greater credit there than in France. The idea of a positive philosophy, he intimates, was agreeable to an eminently positive people, and a narrow, limited system was congenial to minds characterized by firmness rather than by comprehensiveness.

M. Ampère describes the excesses of democracy as never made more manifest than upon the occasion of the arrival of Kossuth in the United States. He was proclaimed to be the future liberator of Europe. One preacher, he states, declared his coming to be the second advent

of Christ! The papers propounded that the time had come for the United States to interfere in the affairs of Europe, and to support the democratic principle. One spoke of sending a fleet into the Adriatic to attack Austria, by taking Fiume; and another into the Baltic to bombard Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. Another proposed to declare war simultaneously with England and France. A charming young person said that she had always wished to see a hero! Lola Montes alone declared him to be a humbug. Two of a trade never agree. The populace shouted out, "Hungary!" but said to themselves, "Canada and Havana!"

Religion, even in its toleration, presents as many inconsistencies in the states as does democracy. Religious toleration, which could not be found in Episcopal Virginia or Puritanical New-England, originated with the Quakers of Pennsylvania, a sect notoriously intolerant in the Old World. Roger Williams, who first inculcated that the state should not interfere with creeds, would not himself join in prayer with his own family because he did not deem them to be regenerated. An Irish Catholic, Lord Baltimore, advocated religious liberty in Maryland, which was rewarded by the Protestants excluding his co-religionists from the state. The vagaries of religion may also be said to have attained their extreme development in the United States in Mormonism. The Mormons resemble the Jews in having the same antipathy for the rest of mankind, the same indefatigable activity in pursuit of wealth, and the same union among themselves. M. Ampère remarks upon Mormonism, that there is no doubt that that which assisted it in its progress in the United States, is the idea that America ought to have her own religion and her own revelation, and ought even upon that point to detach herself from the Old World, so as to be indebted to her in no one thing. The book of the Mormons has, he adds, been manifestly written for Americans. The theory which makes reason the gift of the majority is placed in the mouth of one of the chiefs of the predestined tribe: "It is not usual that the voice of the people should desire anything contrary to that which is good; but it often happens that the minority wants that which it is not proper to concede. That is why you will make it a law to

conduct your affairs according to the will of the people."

It is easily seen by this how much the Mormons, whatever may be the difference of their ideas upon other matters, are imbued with the American doctrine of the infallibility of numbers, and the presumed error of the minority; a doctrine which has few inconveniences, M. Ampère says, where the people are so enlightened as in the United States, but which must everywhere have the result of elevating force into the place of right.

M. Ampère is exceedingly sensitive about our industrial exhibitions, and in a rather testy vein—which we will not find fault with, seeing that we are so extravagantly ambitious—says:

"The triumph of Mr. Hobbes, the victory gained by the yacht *America* at the regatta off the Isle of Wight, and the success of the reaping-machine, are three subjects upon which the American press is never tired of dilating. To these three industrial exploits must be added the superiority in speed which has enabled the American steamers to effect the passage from Europe to America in less time than the English boats. These are like so many grand warlike exploits. They are the Arcole, Marengo, Austerlitz, and Wagram of the United States. The national pride is perfectly intoxicated by such successes. The English honor themselves by the courtesy with which they accepted the defeat. When the *America* beat their yachts off the Isle of Wight, the queen congratulated the conquerors. The conquered applauded their victors. I have heard Americans admit that in case of defeat they would not have done as much."

At Washington there are two things essential for the traveler: one is to visit the Senate, another to attend a levée of the president. At the first, M. Ampère witnessed the violence of democracy personified by Mr. Foote; at the second he had—*his pocket picked!* Upon another occasion our academician attended a discussion on the subject of a compromise between the North and the South on the question of the Fugitive Slave Law. Here he heard Houston and Foote, parliamentary antagonists a few days previously, now unanimous in their sentiments, in which they were also followed by the "inveterate enemy of England"—General Cass. M. Ampère was most struck by the manners and appearance of Mr. Douglas, whom he describes as "*petit, noir, trapu, sa parole est pleine de nerf, son action simple et forte.*" No small amusement has since been created by this

passage having been publicly expounded, as implying that the short, squat, and dark senator in question was a negro!

The alarming perspective suggested by a brief delay at Washington, and which alternates with more agreeable details regarding the Smithsonian Institution, the Patent Office, the Observatory, Messrs. Henry, Maury, and Bache, men of scientific fame in both worlds, were soon exchanged for the bustle of railway and boat, and the glorious inconveniences of wending the way through rain and mud, in search of a house where the tickets were exchanged, without even a sign-post, still less a living person to indicate the place. As to the omnibus at the end of the journey, it had to be felt for. Near Wilmington the train traversed a river by a viaduct, with great intervals open beneath the wagons, and no parapet at the side. The effect, our traveler says, was *peu rassurant*.

Charleston, with its commerce in cotton, suggested new trains of thought. What would become of the population of the great manufacturing towns in England if no cotton arrived at Liverpool? That which will maintain peace between England and America more than all the societies united to that effect, M. Ampère remarks, will be a certain number of bales of cotton!

If it was not for a day's journey to be performed in a carriage near Montgomery, the whole distance between Quebec and New-Orleans could now be performed by rail or steamboat. M. Ampère, who appears to have been constitutionally chilly, actually complained of the climate of Alabama: "America," he says, "is a rigorous climate: it has preserved the native roughness of countries that have not been softened by an ancient cultivation; the land has not yet been warmed by the breath of man!" On board the same boat on the Alabama was one of those dogs used for hunting fugitive slaves. He was not a little disgusted at seeing the people caress it, and call it "a good dog." The Southerners, he says, will work with negroes, but will not eat with them. Politics were freely discussed on board, and one of the leading speakers had his coat out at the elbows.

The first thing that struck our traveler on arriving at New-Orleans was an advertisement for the sale of lands and

slaves: one of the slaves was designated as an idiot. "Sell an idiot!" he exclaims. At the great hotel, which, with its cupola, is one of the leading features of the city, the rooms have no bells; their place is occupied by an electro-magnetic apparatus. A tradition of France still existed in the same city: the cookery was infinitely better than elsewhere. Other reminiscences of France soon also presented themselves; the ladies dressed and even looked French.

The Mississippi, M. Ampère chronicles, on his way to Havana, is one of the most respectable masses of water in the universe. When its valley shall be as well peopled as England, it will contain a population equal to two thirds of that of the whole world, and New-Orleans will probably be the greatest city ever seen under the sun. The Gulf of Mexico is itself only an expansion of the Mississippi; no wonder, then, that the Americans anticipate their future union by such an expansion with the great rivers of South America!

The charms of climate and the beauties of art and nature in Havana were tempered by the dread of yellow fever. A motley, incoherent population, badly governed and over-taxed, deducted equally from the relief otherwise afforded to the selfishness and pride of the United States, by the gayety, elegance, and grace of a Spanish town, and the polish of the Old World ingrafted on a race with tropical blood in its veins.

As to Mexico, still worse governed than Cuba, it presented to our academician, in modern life, ranchos, convents, churches—monks, gamblers, and bandits—barbarity in civilization; in ancient life, hieroglyphic paintings of the Aztecs, colossal statues resembling petrified monsters, and other monstrous combinations of Mexican art. There were also pyramids, more particularly the great Cholula; and M. Ampère, who is well qualified to give an opinion, says, that except in point of form, he thinks there is no analogy to establish between the pyramids of Egypt and the Mexican pyramids. The first, he says, were decidedly funereal; the latter had simply a religious object.

Finally, Cuba, Mexico, and Canada, our academician tells us, are destined, sooner or later, to form part of the United States, and such may be the case.

A TALK AMONG THE TREES.

"WHY did the Fir creak so, when the Daisy said that Winter was cruel, and hated the flowers?" asked the Lime-tree.

"Because he was angry," replied the Ash; "when he is angry he makes that creaking noise. Have you never heard it before? The Wind cries out to us trees when he comes storming through the forest, 'Bow yourselves!' but the Fir says, 'Stand firm!' and when all the trees in the wood are frightened, and bow before the Wind, the Fir alone remains straight and stiff. But he shakes his head disapprovingly, and creaks because he is so angry."

"But what has that to do with Winter and the Daisy?" asked the Lime.

"Just ask him about it—just ask him!" said the chattering Poplar; "you will hear what he has to say. Do you like sharp answers?"

But the Lime's curiosity was not to be damped, and who can wonder at it? If you had to stand on the same spot from one year's end to another, you would not be willing to let a good story escape you, for fear of receiving a sharp answer. If an answer be too sharp, we shake it off, and the trees do the same. The Lime was prudent, however, and planned a suitable beginning:

"Fir-tree," she said, "how is it that you always wear the same dress in summer and in winter, in hot weather and in cold?"

"Because I am not vain, and am not always wanting something new," replied the Fir.

"Now you've got it. How do you like it?" said the Poplar.

But the Fir was wrong; that was not the true reason; for, after all, he could do nothing contrary to his nature. But men act no better; they too call their peculiarities virtues. He who has no taste for dress, abuses the vain. There are even people who find fault with poetry, because they themselves have no poetic feeling, and they are still further wrong than the Fir. The Lime was very nearly being offended with the answer she had received, and almost made up her mind not to pursue the conversation any further, but she was far too inquisitive for that, and a good thing too; for, in the first place, sulking does no good; and, secondly, she would never have heard the history of Winter,

nor we either, for the matter of that. So after the Lime had muttered something to herself, she turned to her cross neighbor and said:

"You might tell us something about Winter; you know him, and it is even said that you like him. All the rest of us know nothing about him, for we are asleep when he comes; but you stay awake, and can talk to him the whole long time."

The Fir was silent for a time. The other trees listened attentively, wondering what would be the end of this affair. The Willow only whispering to the Lime:

"Well, you are courageous to venture to speak to him!"

At last the Fir replied:

"Let me alone, and if you really want to know anything about Winter, stay awake. Those who are anxious to learn must not sleep their time away."

The conversation would certainly have ended here, had not the Oak interfered. He was very much respected among the trees of the forest, for he was the eldest and the strongest. Who knows if the former quality alone would have procured him respect, had it not been accompanied by the latter?

"Fir," he said, "you seem a cross fellow enough; but you are not so bad as you appear; you always put the worst side foremost. I know you better, for I saw you when you were scarcely a year old, and had only one green shoot. Why are you so rude to your companions? Has not one soil given us birth? Do not our roots intermingle underground and our branches above? Do we not brave dangers in company which we could never withstand singly? It is not wise to isolate one's self, and particularly not for such trifles. Because the others dress in broad leaves, and you in pointed ones, because your bark is not quite so smooth as that of the Beech, will you withdraw yourself from their society, and look bad-tempered, which you really are not? You will never do that, I am sure; tell your companions what they want to know. Be merry with them in these happy days, for you are obliged to hold by them in time of trouble."

This was serious language, and the Fir took it to heart; many another could do the same. He thought better of the matter, and commenced his narration:

"You wish to hear something about Winter, do you? Well, listen, then. But

first: lay aside the prejudice you have against him, for I know well enough that you dislike him. Do not think that I am partial because he is my friend; I only speak the truth because I know him. But to the point. When God had made the world, when the flowers bloomed on the meadows, and the trees flourished in the woods, he called the Seasons to him, and said: 'Behold the world I have created, how beautiful it is! I now deliver it over to your charge; divide the flowers and trees among you, but cherish and protect them too.' Then the Seasons rejoiced greatly, and abandoned themselves to pleasure in company with the children of nature. This lasted but a short time, however; discord soon showed itself among them. Spring, saucy and fickle, could not agree with Winter, who is deliberate and prudent; enthusiastic Summer thought Autumn provokingly phlegmatic; Autumn found fault with Spring for over-indulging the flowers; in short, the quarrel became more and more violent, and the poor flowers and trees fared the worse for it. At last Autumn said: "Things can no longer continue in this way; we cannot agree together, so let us make a division." And they did so. The Seasons divided the earth among them. Winter set up his abode at the two poles; Summer wound himself round the middle of the earth; and Spring and Autumn established themselves between these two. You will hear afterward that this division was not always strictly adhered to, but it is still pretty nearly so, and Winter still occupies his old house.

"How do you know that?" asked the Lime.

"My cousin, who once paid him a visit, told me."

"Don't believe him; he is cheating us," whispered the Poplar to her neighbor.

"How could your cousin visit him?" asked the Lime.

"That came about in this way," answered the Fir: "Bold, adventurous men once came here to fetch timber with which to build a ship. My cousin, a straight and tall fir-tree, stood proudly among the other trees of the forest. They felled him as soon as they saw him, made him into a mast, and then they went to sea. The sailors wrapped a large sheet round my cousin, and said, 'Hold fast!' They also placed a long, gay streamer on his

lofty head. My cousin was in capital spirits during the journey, and did his duty bravely; when the wind came blustering and tried to rob him of the sheet, he held it tight and fast, and did not even bend. This made the sailors respect him more than any piece of timber in the ship. The voyage was toward the north, and they sailed and sailed until they came to Winter's palace, which is built in a grand but simple style. Winter came out when the ship knocked at the door, and was surprised enough to see such an unusual visitor. He remembered, though, that he was not always received in the kindest way when he paid a visit, and did not, therefore, feel obliged to show any hospitality, but shook his head till the white flakes flew thick around him. But he became good-tempered as soon as he saw my cousin, for he is remarkably fond of us fir-trees. He was quite chatty, and inquired particularly after each of his brothers; and when the mast had told him all that he wished to know, he himself began to relate the most wonderful tales. The story I am now telling you is one of them. He could find no end to his tales, and was so happy in the recollections of old times which he thus brought to mind, that he would not let the ship leave him, but clasped it tightly in his arms. My cousin was pleased enough at this, for he was enjoying himself famously; but the better he was satisfied, the more did the crew suffer. He overheard them talking together one morning. The steersman said, 'Our wood is all burned, our provisions will soon be finished, and if the ice does not shortly open, we shall die miserably: let us cut down the mast, and burn it; it will last us a little time at any rate.'

"When my cousin heard this, he begged Winter to set the ship free. Winter granted his request, and thus did to save his favorite what he would never have done for the sailors; he broke up the ice, and the ship and crew reached home in safety."

"That was a good thing," exclaimed the trees.

"But now let me return to my story," continued the Fir. "So the earth was divided, and each of the Seasons had his own kingdom. It would most likely always have remained so, had not Spring, with his love of change, occasioned an alteration. He did not like to be constantly in the same place; he, therefore, called the Sea-

sons together, and made the following proposal: 'Let us make another division,' he said; 'as the whole earth belongs to us all four, we need not each be limited to one part. We will each have a fixed time during which to reign alone.' 'I shall be satisfied,' exclaimed Summer; 'but then I must keep the middle of the world for my own share.' 'And I will not give up my poles,' said Winter. The spendthrift Spring was inclined to find fault with nothing, so that he could only attain his purpose; and Autumn hoped to indemnify himself in some other way. So the contract was signed, and Spring was just about to enter upon his reign, when prudent Winter said: 'But to prevent the beauties of the earth from being appropriated by one of us alone, we must make a division of them too.' 'Very well,' replied Spring; 'then I shall take the buds.' 'And I the flowers,' cried Summer. 'I choose the fruits,' exclaimed covetous Autumn, 'and Winter can have the leaves of the trees.' To this Winter made no objection, and this second contract was also signed. Spring now began his reign. He called forth the buds on trees and plants with his kisses, and was everywhere welcomed with smiles. When the buds began to open, when leaves and flowers shone in a thousand varied hues, Summer ascended the throne of the earth. But the new arrangements were soon infringed upon. Autumn, who was always intent upon forwarding his interests, had made a special contract with Summer, by virtue of which he was to have part of the flowers, in exchange for some fruits which he made over to Summer; but it is said that he took good care of himself, and has kept the best. It was now his turn to govern alone. He began by busily gathering in the fruits, to which he had an undoubted right. But in the meantime something had occurred through which poor Winter again suffered loss. You remember that, according to the division they had made, the leaves fell to Winter's share. But in the passionate time of love, when the leaves hung thickly above, and the flowers shone in the grass, coquettishly displaying their myriad colors, a warm liking had arisen between them. As is often the case, this love first showed itself in playful tricks. When the sun shone down warm and bright upon the flowers, the leaves of the trees put themselves in the way so as to intercept the

rays from reaching them, and then they all at once flew to one side, so that the sun shone suddenly in the faces of the flowers, and dazzled them. The flowers winked and blinked, and the leaves laughed up above them among the twigs. Or again, when a shower fell, the leaves caught the drops and saved them; then, when the flowers thought that all was over, they poured them quickly down, making the pretty flowers start and shake themselves. But what was at first playful teasing, was soon an office of love; for the sun became hotter and hotter, and the poor delicate flowers would have been scorched and withered, had not the leaves acted as a shield to protect them from the fiery arrows of the burning sunbeams. Their tricks and jokes no longer sufficed them now that they really loved, and they sought a means of communication. But how was this to be brought about? The leaves hung high, and the flowers grew on the green grass. Love is inventive and not easily puzzled. Leaves and flowers soon found a messenger to carry backward and forward their vows and sighs. The Ivy, who had his origin among the flowers, and then wound himself like a long green garland up, up to the leaves of the trees, with one shining leaf close upon another, and each one the conductor of loving vows—a silent chain of love. Who does not recognize this calling at the first glance? Who does not feel the breath of secret sighs of young and passionate love issuing from these evergreen leaves? And the flowers and leaves were contented with this means of communication. But the reign of Autumn drew near its end, and he stretched out his hand to pluck the last flowers of the plain. The leaves became pale with longing, and begged earnestly that Autumn would but once allow them to descend to the dying loved ones. And Autumn allowed it, although he had no right to do so, and interfered thus in the province of Winter; for to Winter alone belonged the rule over the leaves. Autumn shook the trees, and the freed leaves fluttered down unto the earth. And now began a passionate life of love. Autumn was diverted by it, and began to play a wild, exciting melody; the leaves wheeled and circled round the flowers, till the latter, tired and weary, sank their heads to rest. When Autumn played his last wild measure, the leaves, too, laid themselves down to their eternal rest. Then

Winter came, and found wood and plain bleak and bare. Nothing green was to be seen excepting we poor Fir-trees, for no flower had found us worthy of its love. The Ivy, it is true, wound himself in long wreaths from tree to tree, as if he would build an arch of triumph for Winter; and from bough to bough, as if he would hide the treachery of the leaves, and give the trees another ornament in the place of their withered and scattered foliage. Winter was moved at this. He beat down the few leaves, which, against their will, had remained hanging upon the branches, and chased them away over snow and ice; but he said to the bright Ivy-leaves, 'I will preserve you to fill the loving office you have taken upon yourselves; continue to be the messengers of love; carry silent greetings from flower to leaf, from Autumn to Spring; throw an eternal bridge from season to season; your calling is to embrace and to unite; you—the eternally green remembrancers of wood and plain—to you is given to soften even the severity of Winter.' Thus did Winter speak to the Ivy. But we Fir-trees were his favorites, and he prepared us an honor which none of you will ever enjoy."

"What may that be?" asked the other trees, in an offended tone.

"Winter is the season of the affections," continued the Fir; "therefore the affectionate disposition of the Ivy pleased him so much, and therefore he honored it so greatly. Man knows Winter's warm heart, for at no time of the year does he feel himself more drawn toward his brethren than in winter. He brings holy, loving, and mysterious Christmas with him, too, and that kindest of beings the Christmas Spirit. Men say that the Christmas Spirit is the love of parents and friends; but that is a mistake. When he exercises his magic influence, he takes all men captive to his will. The mother's head is busy day and night in the beginning of Winter, but only because the Christmas Spirit is constantly whispering in her ear. Whoever goes out at Christmas to make purchases brings home more than he meant, and dips far more deeply into his purse than he intended. You must not think that the beautiful things are so tempting to him. O no; it is the Christmas Spirit, who is everywhere beckoning, and whispering, and moving the heart, till the hand be once and again widely opened, until he has prepared every-

thing for the greatest Christmas pleasure. We Fir-trees know all about that, for we always stand in the midst of it all; we are the Christmas trees, and the good Christmas Spirit plants us in the middle of every Christmas feast. Nowhere do we fail, neither in the hut nor in the castle. We are hung with gold and silver, we bear shining fruit, and the children clap their hands at the sight of us; for however beautiful all the rest may be, the Christmas tree, enveloped in its peculiar and magic charm, is always the most beautiful. Perhaps the reason why all children are so fond of the Christmas tree is, because it is itself like a good and promising child. Hope's green branches are hung with every kind of brilliant image; it stands there rich and golden, mysterious and unexplained. But the brilliant figures fall off; the gold was tinsel; the hopes fade; the riddle is solved; the wonder ceases with the last spangle that is taken from the tree, and nothing but a withered fir-tree remains. So it is with the child: one after the other the golden dreams pass away; one mystery after the other, in which he had been enveloped, is cleared up; and O how different is life to the ideal of it which was formed in the mind of the child!"

"Your glory is over then, when all the tinsel is fallen off, is it?" asked the Aspen.

"Then the tree is put on to the fire," said the Fir, "and many an exciting tale does he hear men tell to one another as they sit looking at the glowing embers. He listens attentively; but when anything which does not please him is said, he crackles so that the sparks fly out, and the people round the fire start. And although the golden apples are all eaten, the children still look sadly from their corner while the fir-tree is being burned. I will, one day, tell you a tale that a Christmas tree heard when it was on the fire; for men can tell beautiful stories, too."

"Yes; some other time."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.—There is nothing in this world which is so remarkable as the character of parents; nothing so intimate and so endearing as the true relation of husband and wife; nothing so tender as that of children; nothing so lovely as those of brethren and sisters. The little circle is made one by a single interest, and by a singular union of affection.

THE ISLE CALLED PATMOS.

HISTORY scarcely names it. Geography mentions it but little more. Religion alone lingers on its shores, and numbers it among her sacred places. A sentence will suffice to describe it.

Conceive of a bleak and barren rock in the Ægean Sea, about sixty miles southwest from Ephesus; of volcanic formation and jagged outline; seven or eight miles long, and from one to three broad; without inhabitants, except convicts; almost bare of trees; with a few vines and shrubs in here and there a nook; presenting on every side a cheerless and desolate aspect, and you have the Patmos of the Apocalypse. It plainly was no paradise. It was just such a spot as Domitian might well choose for his victims. It was admirably fitted for an imperial penitentiary.

The modern Patmos is somewhat changed from the ancient Patmos. It has historical renown. It has the prestige of sacredness. Its naked rocks have gathered more and deeper soil in the flow of centuries. It is less a desert waste. It has its port, with, perhaps, four thousand people; its church and holy grotto; its monastery and monks; its library, containing a thousand volumes, and its fortifications. Its natural features, however, are much the same; and despite labor and religion, it is yet sterile and uninviting.

To this then dismal place the Roman tyrant banished John. Would you know his crime? He was a disciple of Christ. He believed in the word of God. He bore witness to the Christian truth. This conflicted with the religion of the empire. It frowned upon the iniquities of the great and noble as well as of the vulgar. If it prevailed, it would revolutionize society and the state, and demolish the Pantheon. It must be put down. The chosen instrument was, not truth and reason, but force. John said to the hopeless nations, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son to be a Prince and a Saviour!" "Audacious fellow!" cried the dominant powers, "be still!" "Off with him to the mines!" commanded the emperor. The lictors seized him, bound him, hurried him to the ship. In a few hours, with favoring wind, they would reach the island. "There," perhaps they thought, as they cast him ashore; "there let him perish, and his hated superstition

with him!" Vain hope! Truth is mightier than brute force. It may die, or seem to die, under violence, or in prison, or at the stake, but it will live again and triumph. Those desperate men who saw the dead Christ in the grave, and rolled that huge stone against its door, and sealed it with the great seal, how they exulted! In their view the deed was done; the Nazarene had run his course. His very name, if not forgotten, would be henceforth the synonym of infamy. Poor fools! That death was the womb of life. Out of it came invincible strength and eternal triumph. He that was dead lives again, ascends to heaven, sits at the right hand of God! The blood of martyrs has been the seed of the Church. John had done much for the Christian cause, but it was needful that he should do more. He must, therefore, be fitted for it. He had spoken to that age with all the wisdom and fervor of an apostle; but he must also speak to the future ages, and with that wondrous elevation and magnificence which stamps him greatest as well as the last of the prophets. In order to this his pure spirit must be still more ennobled and refined. He must go again into the furnace. It was prepared for him in Patmos, certainly by the edict of Domitian; but above this, by the will of God.

Victorinus, who flourished A. D. 270, says he was condemned to the mines. This testimony has been doubted, because it is not probable there were mines in Patmos. But the word may just as well be rendered quarries. In all likelihood this was the meaning of Victorinus. And who need doubt there were quarries in Patmos? The Ægean Islands abounded with them. Patmos could have been little else. Admit this thought, and the exile of the apostle has an element of new and deeper interest. He had labored long and suffered much for Christ. In extreme age now, he doubtless thought the rough blasts of life were all blown. A few days more, and he should go home. Heaven was waiting for him—the crown of life was ready. Alas! instead of heaven, behold him in dismal Patmos! Instead of glory, see him toiling in the quarries! What wonder if at such reverse the venerable old man wept! How natural if his dejection become fixed and deep! Blessed be God, the dark to-night issues in the bright to-morrow! Deep grief is often the pre-

cursor of holy and ecstatic joy. In the gloom of Patmos John saw the visions of God. It was the grand point in his life. There centered in it the bliss and glory of ages. He will look back to it, from his place before the throne, with unspeakable gratitude. The memory of it will impel him to nobler songs. He entered that furnace cast down. He came out of it strong and shining as an angel, and gave to the Church the grand and divine Apocalypse.

A GREEK CONVENT.

MEGASPILI is a Greek convent in Achaia, close to the confines of Arcadia. Passing through the Arcadian town of Kalawryta, which lies in a fine plain, we arrived at the base of the snow-covered hill of Kyllene. We rode along the banks of the rushing Buraikos, in a hollow between two high bare hills. Suddenly the path makes a steep ascent out of the valley, then turns round a corner, and we have before us a cluster of buildings lying close to high and rugged walls of rock, seeming partly as if built into the hollows like swallows' nests. The edges of the rocks hang threateningly over the roofs. This is Megaspili, the largest and richest convent in Greece, containing nearly two hundred monks.

The name Megaspili means, in Greek, a great cavern. This cavern, in which the church and part of the convent is now built, is evidently the site of the original temple mentioned by the old Greek traveler Pausanias, who visited Greece in the second century, and describes this cavern as the spot where, according to old tradition, the most ancient Greek seer, Melampus, cured the daughters of Prætus of their madness, by mystical sacrifices and expiations. We have here a proof of what is to be found all over Greece, that Christian worshippers love best to settle themselves in places solemnly consecrated to religious rites in old heathen times. The present convent was built in 1510; the original foundation, however, goes back to the time of Simon and Theodorus, who found here an image of the Virgin, said to be the work of the apostle Luke!

It was on the afternoon of the 1st of May that we rode through the lonely, deeply inclosed valley, finely illumined by the sun's rays, and approached the convent.

Never shall I forget the scene which now burst on us. The mild warmth of the sun had allured the monks out of their gloomy cells, and they were sitting in the shady entrance of the convent court. They were chiefly venerable old men, with long, flowing white beards, their gray hairs covered with a black cap. They wore a long under-garment of blue, reaching to the feet, confined round the loins by a blue or red shawl; over this was an upper garment, shorter, but also of blue, cut in the same form, and trimmed round the edges with black fur.

These Greek convents exercise hospitality after the manner of the hospices on the Swiss Alps; and on departure, the traveler deposits some small alms in the convent coffers. Having good introductions from Athens, we were made doubly welcome. We had scarcely time to change our dress and take our seats at table, when we were subjected to an endless round of questions as to who we were, whence we came, and what religion we belonged to; for these were the subjects which chiefly awakened the curiosity of the solitary monks. On their side, the questions were most animated; but our answers were somewhat tedious, for our knowledge of the language was imperfect, and we had frequently to make use of our guide as an interpreter. The greatest enjoyment I had was in studying the remarkable physiognomies of those patriarchal figures; and I could not help thinking of Lessing, the Dusseldorf artist, who might have found here models for his pictures of the history of Huss. I happened to pull my eye-glass out of my pocket, an article that none of these monks had ever seen before. My traveling companions wore spectacles, which did not in the least interest the monks, many of whom themselves wore them; but my glass was a marvel to them, and they wished to inspect it more closely. The prior took his spectacles from his eyes, and tried the glass; the rest of the monks followed his example, and it circulated from hand to hand, or rather from eye to eye, some of them having scarcely patience to wait till it came to their turn. And even after the charm of novelty had worn off, a few of them still kept coming to me, and requesting to be allowed another trial of this wonderful instrument.

As evening approached, we quitted the shady courts of the convent, and enjoyed

the cool free air under the shadow of some plane-trees, from which we had a charming view of dark cypresses and rugged rocky cliffs, the light-brown color of which contrasted finely with the white convent-walls. The monks went on questioning us, and it was natural that, after having heard we were Protestants, the conversation should turn on religion. One of them especially, made it evident that he was bent on making converts. He went on with great zeal, inveighing against Catholicism and the pope, and said, that we Protestants, who also hated the pope, must therefore agree with the Greek Church, and ought to join it, for the Greek was the orthodox Church. I began in sport to play the zealous Lutheran, and replied that the case was exactly the contrary: that we Protestants were of the true evangelical faith, for we believed nothing that was not in the Bible, and had been taught by Christ and his apostles. But this only irritated him, and the proselytizing monk gave me pretty plainly to understand, that we Protestants were nothing better than heretics, and were beyond the pale of salvation. When I continued to press him, and inquired into the fundamental dogmas of his Church, he became miserably embarrassed, and had nothing to say but that the Greek Church was neither Protestant nor Catholic, but held the true faith as established by the general council. This answer did not surprise me, for I knew that these monks could scarcely either read or write, very different from the high cultivation to be met with in Italy, at least in all the larger convents.

In the evening, we took a walk with some of the monks in the vicinity of the convent. The church-yard, with its little chapel, lies in the still and peaceful bosom of the green valley. From this spot, one of the monks pointed with evident pride to the highest point of the surrounding rocks, crowned by a small fort, on which a cannon presented its threatening mouth. The monks of Megaspili conducted themselves with great bravery in the Greek Liberation War. Ibrahim Pacha made several attempts, in 1825 and 1826, to seize on their convent; but he was always successfully resisted. The Turks have, however, exercised no religious oppression in Greece. On Mount Athos there are still at the present day twenty Greek convents under Turkish rule, all on a magnificent scale;

and the toleration of these convents by the Turks is the more astonishing, it being well known to them that they form the central point for Russian party intrigues.

After this walk, we inspected the church and the other buildings. The church is very simple: in the interior, unsightly. It contains no pictures, for the miserable daubs which cover the walls are not worthy of the name. The only remarkable object is one already mentioned—an old and much discolored wax-figure of the Virgin and Child, an ancient Byzantine work, but revered here as that of St. Luke, and the discovery of which, according to tradition, gave origin and importance to the convent. There are only three works of the kind said to be by St. Luke, all belonging to the Greek Church: this one in Megaspili; another in the convent of Keety, in the Isle of Cyprus; and a third at Mount Malas, in Trebizond. The monks kissed the figure with pious rapture, and even our dragoman, who in other religious matters we regarded as a sly rationalist, could scarcely be satisfied with kissing and worshiping this figure, to which the whole of Greek Christendom makes continual pilgrimage.

From the church we were taken into the wine-cellar, the sight of which convinced us that the pious monks know well how to season the intervals between fasting and praying. Tun was piled on tun, and immense tuns too. Not that the largest of them was quite so large as the celebrated Heidelberg tun, but neither was it, like it, a mere spectacle for exhibition, but an article in daily use. We tasted the wine, and found it sour; but I very much doubt whether the rogues gave us their best.

On our return from this subterranean apartment, we passed the door of a room which they said was the library. On my expressing a desire to see it, they hesitated, and presently one of them said that the key was lost. I smiled, and thought how very significant it was that the key of the library should be lost, and not that of the wine-cellar. It afterward appeared that I had done the good monks injustice, for it was told me in Athens they are always very mysterious about their library, which is said to contain many rare works; among others, a German translation of the Bible by Luther, which the great reformer sent

to the monks of Megaspili, with a dedication by his own hand, for he long cherished the hope of enlisting the Greek Church on his side in his struggle against the papacy.

I shall never forget the afternoon spent in this convent. I felt as if suddenly transported into Italy out of desolate, uncultivated Greece. The beautiful and carefully tended cypresses contributed to foster this delusion; but it did not last long. Where are to be found here those signs of the refined culture of the arts of the middle ages, which render so attractive even the smallest Italian convent? These swallows' nests, piled above each other like boxes, are picturesque enough; but where, in this confused jumble, are the charming models of Roman architecture? And these gardens down there, winding up the mountains like an amphitheater, and which the monks take a truly idyllic pleasure in planting out—they please us doubly, because they remind us of home and of the fresh green we have so long been deprived of; but he who has once seen the artistic splendor of an Italian convent garden, with its rose-trees and splashing fountains, looks in vain for the renewal of such pleasing impressions here. Where, too, are the shady piazzas, with their fine frescoes, which have made the Italian masters so renowned? Here, if anywhere, we may learn what a misfortune it has been to Greece, that throughout the middle ages down to the latest times, it was cut off from European culture. The Italian convents do not suit the present times, but we reverence them for the mighty past, when, by their means, the arts and sciences were preserved, and instruction imparted to the people. But as for these Greek convents, the past and the present are equally gloomy. Where is their art? where their science? where their efforts to diffuse education? The monks know nothing, learn nothing, give no instruction to the young, who have nothing for it but to become monks themselves; the country is poor, depopulated, entirely without active energy. Here, in this charming spot, dwell two hundred idlers, who deprive the country of their labors, and live on the sweat of the poor man's brow.

These considerations forced themselves on me in spite of my efforts to banish them, that I might not willfully disturb present enjoyment. At night, we had an

excellent supper with two of the monks. The beds were especially comfortable for us weary travelers. Next morning, in magnificent weather, we rode off and returned to the world again. The monks were in church, and we heard a long way off the sound of their nasal singing at matins.

[For the National Magazine.]

TO THE DANDELION.

"Dear common flower! that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold:
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and full of pride uphold—
High-hearted buccaners, o'erjoyed that they
An El Dorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ampler round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be."
LOWELL'S ADDRESS TO THE DANDELION.

No gardener's pride!
Not valued for imaginary charms;
No rarity from foreign countries brought,
Thou dost abide
By lowly waysides, gem luxuriant farms,
And in still quiet places should'st be sought.

Beside the streams
That purr along to music of their own,
In silent nooks, and velvet-tufted lanes,
Where pleasant dreams
Steal o'er the soul that loves to be alone,
Thou bloomest, bless'd by dews and early rains.

An humble flower!
So meek and lowly, modest embalm'd,
With golden petals nestling mid the green,
An unseen power
Thou hast, that oft my soul hath sweetly
charm'd,
When mid life's brightest hours shades
stole between.

Thy golden crown
The brightest ornament of genial spring,
By richest, poorest, ever will be bless'd;
Thy seeds of down
In mid-air o'er the landscape wandering,
Are emblems fair of spirits seeking rest.

The humblest weed
That lifts its head above the fragrant sod,
And runs its course and crumbles into dust,
If we would heed,
Would sweetly speak the wisdom of our God,
And teach us lessons, holy, pure, and just.

Then lift thy head,
And ever smile, fair flower, of beauty rare;
And cheer the hearts of all who love thy
face.

'Tis often said,
That what we think indeed is truly fair,
And thou in poetry shalt find a place.

W. R. LAWRENCE.

AN ELEPHANT RIDE.

I NEVER had "an adventure" but once, and now I mean to relate it. It occurred during the prosecution of the first Burmese war, when I was left on sick-report, much to my disgust, at Rangoon, while my regiment, for I was then a British officer, was with the grand army in advance.

Everybody knows now, what nobody knew then, the extreme disadvantage we were under at commencing the war during the most unpropitious season of the year, when the country near Rangoon is almost entirely under water. The flat coast and mangrove-shores become a fertile hotbed for miasma, every green and exuberant pool a hall of revelry for fever and pestilence. But at the time I speak of, in September, the water, or most of it, had disappeared, leaving behind all the quick and luxuriant growth of vegetation that so soon invests the neighborhood with the beauty derivable from the richest shades of color on tree, and shrub, and leaf. From the town, with its wooden stockade, for two miles, up to the low range of hills on which glows and glitters the stupendous Shoe Dagon pagoda, the whole way appeared but an extensive series of rich, unwall'd fields, gardens of fruit and vegetables, copses of bananas, and ponds of almost invisible water, over which nature had woven a carpet of deceptive verdure.

Rangoon was no longer the wretched seat of disease, comparative famine, and desolation, which it had been a few months back. The natives had flocked back in numbers; the houses were rebuilt; the shops began to be refilled by Chinese; while the adjoining country was once more peopled, and even the deserted *keowms*, or monasteries, began to resume their look of cheerful habitation; for there is no class of the Burmese more cheerful and courteous than the priests. I was convalescent, and my medical friend—how frequently it happens that the physician really becomes the friend!—approved of my taking a little relaxation by rambles in the country near the stockade, for it still might be unsafe to extend them into the interior. It was decided that we were to go together to witness the funeral obsequies of a *phongi*, or priest, of great reputed learning, whose death, happening when the war was at its hottest, had been looked upon by the Burmese as a public calamity. It is a sight

seldom seen by Europeans, and great preparations had been made for the ceremony. The body had, as is usual, undergone the process of embalming, after which it is covered by a layer of melted wax, to prevent injury from atmospheric action. This is in turn overlaid with sheets of leaf-gold, and in this state it awaits the final pyrotechnic display which constitutes the funeral.

The day arrived, and with it my friend, who had been fortunate enough to obtain an elephant—one of three whose services for the procession had been granted by the commissariat for the grand ceremony. The ground chosen was within half a mile of the outer stockade, a plain of some extent, slanting down seaward, and overlooked by a dismantled pagoda, better known as the White House picket, having formed a strong fortified position of the enemy until it fell into our hands, when it became one of our outposts. When we reached the scene of display, immense crowds had already assembled, the procession round Rangoon being over, and the final rite about to begin. On an elevated stage of wood and bamboo, gaudily decorated with emblematic devices in gold-leaf, stood the coffin, by no means of a lugubrious appearance, for it was likewise overlaid with gilding. As we approached, somewhat delayed by the unusually restless temper of our elephant, which the *mahout*, or driver, ascribed to discomposure at the sight of so many people, the coffin was being removed from the stage to a very high vehicle or car, on which also a platform was erected. A moving mass of Burmese, bearing flags, banners, images of deities, and mythic blazons, surrounded the car; boys and girls danced and chanted as the coffin was deposited; and as we drew still nearer, we discovered that the strange images which were affixed to the car were stuck over with all manner of pyrotechnics—rockets, &c. A large assemblage of *phongis* stood by, while a few golden *tees*, or umbrellas, declared the presence of influential chiefs. There were not many of the fair sex; but a score or two of elderly women, in yellow raiment, were pointed out as belonging to a sacerdotal sisterhood—Buddhist nuns. Directly behind the coffin was a cannon ready loaded, and leveled with precision; while in front, the space was clear of the crowd, to prevent accidents.

Meanwhile our elephant's fretfulness seemed to increase, nor could all the efforts of the mahout control it. In fact, we were afterward informed that this man was a stranger to the animal, whose accustomed conductor was sick in hospital.

At last there was a signal, the blare of a most discordant horn, and then the cannon was fired, the rockets, the fireworks let off, with a roar and a blaze, and a shout of multitudinous voices, that not only shook the whole space, but terrified the already excited elephant into perfect fury. With a velocity that nearly shook me from the pile of cushions and rope-work which fortunately supplied the place of a howdah, the animal dashed forward right among the crowd, piercing the smoke that burst from oil, petroleum, and wood, till, almost choked by the fumes, he as suddenly turned his back upon the whole, and, trumpeting loudly—surest evidence of elephantine rage—rushed on, I knew not whither. Nevertheless, I had seen the discharge of the cannon; and amid flames and flashes of fire, that in darkness and at night might have made an impressive spectacle, I witnessed the coffin literally blown up into the skies, while the acclamations of the populace sounded like thunder.

When I had self-possession to look at my own situation, I found that, though the mahout retained his seat on the neck of the elephant, the hinder half of our cushions had given way, and with them the worthy doctor had disappeared. I had enough to do to hold fast by the ropes; the mahout seemed to have resigned every attempt to regulate the creature, and we were advancing at a pace little short of a run up a woody track, that, leading from the stockade, promised to land us in the uninhabited jungle beyond the Shoe Dagon, whose glittering proportions, seen above the trees, loomed mystically on the left. But as we proceeded, the path narrowed, and the trees were of a larger size; and still, from time to time, the elephant, trumpeting, crashed among them—here rending away a branch, and there forcing himself through underwood, amid which I expected every moment to be hurled like a cast-off caparison. We had probably advanced more than a mile at this reckless pace, when, an enormous tree coming in our way, the animal checked his speed for a minute; the next, turning upward his

trunk, and suddenly seizing the mahout, as a squirrel seizes a straw, he swung him with a wrench up into a tree, the amazed wretch howling with terror as he found himself fixed among the boughs. I could hardly help laughing, regardless of the fact that the same fate might be allotted to me. But no! the elephant, with a strange sound, that from a mouse would have been a squeak, continued his progress at a slower rate. I then discovered, as I thought, the cause of its anger: that tender part under or beside the ear, to which the mahout is wont to apply the goad which acts as spur, was raw and sore, the blood running from it down the poor creature's neck. The mahout, a stranger to the animal, in ignorance, perhaps, of the wound, if he had not indeed made it, had cruelly and unwisely used the goad, thereby irritating his charge to madness.

The poor creature now appeared perfectly tranquil; and presently the soil grew wet and boggy, and he tried cautiously to steer clear of the softest places, browsing the tender branches of some shrubs near us. I was considering the expedience of dismounting, and of endeavoring to find my way to the Shoe Dagon, now invisible, for we were at the bottom of a dell, and, I believed, approaching a creek which I knew ran in the direction we were taking; nor was it long ere the powerful and peculiar smell that saluted us assured me I was right. From it, I was certain that we were close to a little hamlet famous for the produce of that most offensive Burmese condiment, *gnapee* or *balichong*. Some of my readers may not know that this is a sort of paste, forming an essential article of diet at every Burman's meal, where it is consumed with everything: with rice, as if it were jam; with meat, as if it were mustard, only in larger proportions; and with fish, as if it were anchovy-sauce. Let me briefly add, that it is nothing but putrefied fish or prawns, which are in this state dried in an oven, and then pounded in a mortar with garlic, onions, spices, and a little salt; it is then put into a jar, and hot vinegar poured over it. After remaining for some time untouched, to let the acid penetrate and thoroughly saturate the *compote*, the jar is hermetically sealed and set aside for some weeks—the longer the better. Wonderfully potent is the smell, and I have

no doubt the taste is more so, but I wanted courage to give it a trial.

However, the strong effluvium of the gnapee was welcome to me as the "gardens of Gûl in their bloom," for I knew that I was sure of finding at the creek some friendly ally of Pegu, or perhaps some of the Burmese flocking back to find safety under the conquering English, and who would conduct me to the stockade by a shorter track than any I could discover. But I had yet to wait a while, for as I was preparing to slip off the elephant's back, the capricious animal trotted quickly on till, reaching an enormous cotton-tree, whose large showy scarlet and white blossoms had attracted him, he again stopped, and began to feed on them. Not long, however. A peculiar noise in the lofty tree beneath which we were placed, drew my attention upward—a crumpling and crushing of foliage, which startled the animal as well as myself. It did not resemble that which is made by a bird or a squirrel, and seemed to seek rather than to fly us. My first impression was that a man was in the branches; for monkeys I had not heard of in Ava. I am short of sight, but as I gazed intently, I became conscious of the proximity of a most unwelcome neighbor. I beheld a monstrous serpent right above me; its tail coiled and knotted about a branch of the tree; its gray, and green, and yellow-spotted skin and fiery eyes staring down into mine, while his huge head, wavering to and fro, chilled me with horror; and in another instant the elephant also became cognizant of its presence, for it absolutely shivered as it stood, giving forth a sound so distinctly different from either the trumpeting of anger or the gigantic bass-squeak of satisfaction, (so to speak,) as proved that the modulations of the creature's voice were so many forms of expression given to it, as speech to man, by that Wisdom which allots to everything that lives its own peculiar language. In another instant, the serpent, releasing its hold of the tree, swung itself with unimaginable velocity on the elephant's back, behind me. I felt the horrible reptile, as it weltered on the pack-saddle against which I leaned, and expected every moment to find myself within its coils. But at the touch of the serpent, mindless of marsh or bog, the elephant gave so sudden a spring that, weakened and paralyzed by terror, I lost

my hold of the fastenings by which I had hitherto kept my position, and before one could count three, found myself lying on a couch of the softest mud in all Burmah. When I was able to look about me, and saw that no hideous length of reptile was near, while the elephant's hasty steps as he crushed over the track we had so lately come by, led me to hope he had carried away the unacceptable visitor, I was heartily thankful to have had a landing-place so safe. The mud was not of any depth, and though I carried its colors on every stitch about me, I extricated myself without difficulty, and, crawling quite to the other side of the jungle, far from the snake-haunted cotton-tree, sat quietly down, feeling an unusual sickness creep over me: in plain terms, I fainted.

I do not suppose this state of things continued very long; but I have no doubt that my recovery was accelerated by the powerful odor—more conducive to restoration from syncope than burned feathers—exhaled from the persons of the three natives by whom I found myself supported. They were worthy men of Pegu, concoctors of gnapee, of which they carried huge jars for the Rangoon market; and the aroma of which might well have induced a stench-hating Bedouin, had he been within a *fursung* of it, to stuff his nostrils with the cotton of expulsion. Truly, I was thankful to have their ready assistance in my return to the stockade; and, faint and athirst, welcomed with no common relish the ripe bananas and cool water with which they liberally supplied me.

At my quarters, I found the worthy doctor preparing to set forth on a search for me; and in great alarm, as, shortly before I appeared, the refractory elephant had returned quietly to the stockade. The doctor, like myself, had fallen without injury; but of the inexperienced mahout we heard nothing; and the elephant made no revelations of the manner by which he got rid of his serpent-rider.

THE FEAR OF GOD.—They that fear God least have the greatest reason to fear him.—A fear of departing from God is a good means to keep us from departing from him.—The more we fear God, the less we shall fear men.—They that will not fear God in prosperity, will be afraid of him in adversity.

A SCENE AT RONNEBURG.

DURING the period of Count Zinzendorf's banishment in the Wetteran (on account of his religious principles) it was his custom to assemble the inhabitants of the numerous villages surrounding Ronneburg every Sabbath day for worship. "The field is white to the harvest," said Zinzendorf, as he watched the people coming up out of the valleys—men and women, old and young.

One of the guests, who appeared Sunday by Sunday, particularly attracted the count's attention. He was a young man, apparently about twenty-two years of age, small and slightly made, and very well dressed, who was always first at the place. With his companion, an old gray-headed man, upon whom he bestowed much attention, he had, from the commencement of the Sabbath services, placed himself upon a wall, from whence both congregation and minister could be well overlooked, and during the singing of the hymns his full, rich voice might be distinguished from the rest of the assembled multitude.

There was something in the expression of the young man which the count termed, "The mark of the soul," a look of peace, and desire for communion with the Lord.

Zinzendorf had frequently attempted to show kindness to the strangers, but had never succeeded in reaching them. With marked bashfulness, the young man kept out of his way, and never appeared except during service; but this shyness only increased the desire of the count to make his acquaintance. On the present occasion, about dinner-time, he wandered among the groups of Sunday guests scattered around. He soon discovered the old man under the shade of a tree, who, having finished his simple meal, was sitting with folded hands, gazing into the rich valley below, watered by a peaceful stream, and clothed with corn-fields waving in the warm mid-day wind.

"Where is your companion, my father?" said the count, addressing him. "Why are you alone? I never saw you so before." "At your grace's service," replied the old man; "my young companion is with an old Hebrew called Rabbi Abraham. God only knows wherefore they meet; the elder seeks the younger, and the younger the elder, and they eat together from the same loaf, although one

is a believing Christian, and the other an unbelieving Jew." "And who is the young man?" asked the count. "Is he a near relation?" "O, if he were," cried the aged man, in a mournful tone, "I should yet have pleasures which passed away long ago. I have a son, but he has left me, and I am alone in my old age; but, no, not alone; the Lord my light is with me, and his rod and his staff they comfort me, and *will* comfort me till my hour of death comes. But concerning my young friend, I can tell you nothing except that he occupies himself with clerical studies, and is truly spiritually-minded. He belongs to my people, as brother under the cross, and is our learned master. The noble youth has no home about here; he leads a wandering, I should say an exiled life, similar to that of your grace."

"And how did you find him?" again asked the count. "Very easily, your grace; as the boy and I had the same father, the Lord brought us together. I must tell you that my name is Philip Dorr, and I live below in the village of Himback; my cottage stands on the outskirts of the village, and from thence springs the best brook in the place. It was eight weeks ago yesterday, since I was sitting in the evening before my door, gazing into the fields beyond, and reflecting upon my advancing years, when the young gentleman came up, tired and dusty, and, stopping at my stream, begged a vessel to drink out of it. I took a small bowl from the kitchen, having no glass in the house, and, as I filled it and reached it to the stranger, it came into my mind to try his spirit, whether he was of God, and I said, 'There, sir, drink; the water of this stream is wholesome and greatly prized, yet whosoever drinks of this water will thirst again, "but," says our Lord, "whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."' 'True,' said he, looking at me, 'the Lord's word is the stream from whence flows everlasting life.' 'Now,' said I, 'if you are of this mind, come in here, for evening is approaching; a morsel of bread have I got for those who believe in the Lord.' He gave me his hand, and we turned into the house. Since that day he has taken shelter with me every Saturday evening, and leads me here for the preaching on the Sabbath. Farther know I nothing of him; nothing more must you ask.

He is now with the old Hebrew; if you will do me a favor, fetch him away; I do not willingly see him go there."

The count proceeded to the familiar dwelling of the rabbi; the door was partially unclosed; an unusual voice impelled him to stand still and listen. The stranger was conversing with the rabbi in Hebrew. The old man, ready and full of fire, as he pronounced the accents of his mother tongue, the younger, uncertain, often corrected by the elder, but never misunderstood. Never had the Hebrew tongue sounded so harmonious to the count; it fell as music from the aged mouth, in the rising and falling tones of the hymn of Moses: "Thy word shall distill as the dew, as the rain upon the grass, and as drops upon the herb. Then will I praise the name of our Lord, and give to our God the praise." The count entered with a loud step. Before a small table, covered with a snowy cloth, at a spare meal, sat the rabbi and his guest. The latter rose, with great timidity in his manner, but the Jew remained seated, with his cap on, saying, "Be welcome, Lord Count, but pardon me for observing the customs of my fathers; welcome are you to partake of our scanty meal. Do not despise the coarse food of a poor Jew; so eat bread with us," at the same time reaching him with one hand the black bread, and with the other the great salt-cellar.

"I accept your invitation as heartily as it was given," replied the count, cutting a slice from the loaf; "but, Rabbi Abraham, how is it with your great liberality; is it never abused?"

"Never, Lord Count," said the Jew, in reply; "and never shall I weary of giving so long as I have somewhat to give. Thus have I learned from my youth from my teacher, Rabbi Ben Joel, whom may the God of Paradise bless. It must be fully thirty years ago since I was dining here one Sabbath day with my people. A stranger of wild appearance came to the door, asking alms, to whom I said, 'Friend, my religion forbids my taking money into my hand to-day, but, if you are hungry, sit down and eat with us what God has provided.' He placed himself at the table in silence, and ate and drank like a hungry man, from time to time listening cautiously at the door, but he spake not a word. When he had fin-

ished, I said to him, 'Friend, if you are satisfied, return thanks to the Lord; I will, with my friends, thank Him for food and drink.' I stood up, the stranger also, and I thanked the God of Israel, when he, with speedy acknowledgments, went away. He had not been gone long, and I was considering how I should make my way through the wood, when a highwayman appeared, seized hold of me, and, with fierce words, struck me to the ground. I begged my life, but the robber, enraged at finding so few valuables about me, threatened me with his knife. I begged a moment for prayer, which he granted. While I was upon my knees, committing soul and body to the Lord, who orders my days, a second appeared, who, looking at me, raised me from the ground, saying, 'Do you not know me, Rabbi Abraham?' I did not know him. 'He who fed me a short time ago, when I was hungry, shall not die,' said he, and, putting a dollar into my hand, disappeared with his companion into a thicket."

The count listened attentively to the old man's story, but, as soon as it was concluded, fixed his eyes on the countenance of the youthful guest in whom he felt so greatly interested. The three remained together till Rabbi Abraham had returned thanks, when Zinzendorf took the young man out with him; and, as they wandered together under the shade of the trees, their hearts were opened to each other, and a deep affection sprung up from that day.

And who was the young stranger? It was John Kaspar Horst, afterward preacher in Sindheim, a man full of ardent love to the Saviour, and one whose memory, still living, is blessed.

LIFE is a succession of shower-baths. Some shiver and tremble, look round for a means of escape, and feel the first misery of the shock, and then in fear give way, and shiver, and look, and at last leave the scene of their trial, chilled and comfortless, and uninigorated: and others rouse up their energies to face the seeming suffering, and after the first alarm is over, find that they have attained a lasting good at the expense of a momentary evil; for good that must be, which, at whatever price, strengthens our powers of self-command, and gives us moral courage.—*Margaret Percival.*

[For the National Magazine.]

REVIEWS EXTRAORDINARY—N^o V.

BY ONE OF OUR STATED CONTRIBUTORS.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. A. AUGUSTUS WAGTAIL, D.D., WITH A PORTRAIT ON BRASS. TWO VOLUMES FOST OCTAVO, HOT PRESSED, AND BOUND IN CALF.

IF a man may write his own memoirs, and have them published before his death, there seems no good reason why they may not be reviewed before being printed. Again, if it be true, as Sanconi-athon has it, that "Whatever is *is*," so it will follow, to speak learnedly, that *in posse* may with great propriety be substituted for the more matter-of-fact *in esse*. This being admitted, as, indeed, it will be useless to deny it, we proceed to give the reader some account of the volumes named at the head of this article, with critical observations and comments of our own.

And first, as to the general question touching the propriety of autobiographies, let it be observed that every man knows, or ought to know, better than any one else, the struggles of his early life—his fears, his hopes, his subsequent labors, and the effects of those labors. Who, then, so well qualified as he to write his life?

Then, again, men love to read about themselves.

"'Tis a pleasant thing to see one's name in print; A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

So strong is this desire, that they will even read caricatures of their persons and slanderous attacks on their character. How much more, then, a well-polished or even a well-varnished biography? The publication of a man's life in his own time, affords him the opportunity of gratifying this laudable desire.

The profits, we may remark further, which arise from the sale of a man's life, he needs, if ever, while he is alive. The price of the copyright, even should it be five or ten thousand dollars, can do him no good when he is in the grave. So, also, if his life is criticised unjustly by reviewers, he is where he can defend himself. It is not every Johnson that has a Boswell; nor, we say it modestly, does every Wagtail fall into the hands of an admirer of the Dagger correspondent. Besides, the autobiographer has illustrious examples as precedents. Goethe published his own life, and called it *Poetry and Truth*. Heinrich Stil-

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ling, who married many wives, wrote and published his life, and called it *Stilling*. The great seedsman of America, as fond of Scotch and Yankee lasses, as of the rose and the violet, has written and published his eventful life, and called it, euphoniously, *Laurie Todd*. The prince of showmen has recently written and published the Life of *Phineas Taylor Barnum*, or rather a part of his life. Whether the remainder will ever be given to the public is at present doubtful.

It can scarcely be a question, then, whether a man has a right to peddle his own life. If he knows it is truthful, and of moral and religious tendency; and still further, if he has paid the printer, he has the same right to sell his autobiography that the grocer has to sell his sugar, or the mercer his silks and satins.

The only question now remaining is one of taste. But as the tastes of no two persons are yet exactly alike, and as the approximation is very slow, it must be a long while before that question can be fully settled. It cannot, therefore, be of any practical concernment to the present generation.

Thus much on what the learned John Howe would call the clearing of the subject.

The early life of DR. WAGTAIL was very much like the early life of other great men. In the nursery he exhibited some of those traits which distinguished him in after life. The first fifteen chapters of the autobiography may be supposed to give a minute detail of the incidents of his youthful days. The reader as he peruses the volume will find this whole account deeply interesting. He will see the sensibilities, the intellect, and the will, gradually, though somewhat precariously, developing themselves. He will be furnished, too, with additional proof of the truthfulness of the saying of the poet, that "the boy is father of the man." And this narrative, though the author had no such thought, goes far toward settling the question, which has so long divided the philosophical schools, namely, Whether the chicken is in the egg or the egg in the chicken.

There is nothing very remarkable in the manner by which our author came in possession of his double Christian name. He was originally called Tony, in honor of his progenitor, but when his capacious mind began to expand, and young ambi-

tion plumed her glossy wing within his soul, he added, with becoming modesty, the indefinite article, and became Antony. This satisfied him for a while, but in his seventeenth year, finding that almost all his associates had two, and some of them three, and even four Christian names, it is not wonderful that the aspirations within should blossom and bring forth its fruit in the imperial name Augustus. Fashion, too, when the young man's whiskers began to develop themselves, induced him to adopt the latest style. He was successively Tony, Antony, Antony A., Antony Augustus, and finally, in the beauty of euphonistic concatenation and æsthetic elegance, A. Augustus, which we are not sure will not again be altered before the sculptor receives orders for an inscription which shall mark his final resting place.

It were tedious to dwell upon the school-boy days of the little A. Augustus, and unnecessary to trace the development of his intellectual powers as he progressed toward manhood. Let us plunge at once *in medias res*, and introduce him to the reader, a full-grown clergyman, in a delightful village known as Hard Scrabble. Let us give, in his own words, a brief account of the manner in which he enlarged his congregations. There is, in the account, so much of meekness and humility, characteristics which ever distinguished the doctor, that it commends itself even to the most modest, timid, and self-abased of the clerical profession. He says:

"On entering upon my ministerial duties, I found the congregations very small. Circumstances, which I need not mention, had tended to make them so. It seemed like a waste of strength for me to preach my sermons to so few. I, therefore, set myself to divine some way to increase the number of my hearers. I thought if I could once get before the people more prominently, it would enable me to do a greater amount of good. Finally I hit upon the following plan, of which I claim to be the original inventor. In both our village papers, *The Saturday Evening Gad-Fly* and the *Hard Scrabble Flag of the American Union*, appeared the following announcement:

"The Rev. A. AUGUSTUS WAGTAIL will, by particular request, deliver a Series of Discourses on the most important subjects. The public are invited to attend. The first sermon of the series, being a satisfactory solution of the mystery involved in the names of Gog and Magog, may be expected to-morrow morning; followed, in the evening, by an exposition of the birth, parentage, and family connections of Melchisedek. Services commence in the morning at half past ten, and in the evening at early candle-light."

"The announcement brought out quite a number of persons; and they were just that class of hearers, too, I perceived, that needed

the Gospel. In two or three weeks my congregation was about the same size it formerly was. I then prepared another notice for the *Gad-Fly*, and the printer "lead" it, so that it appeared as editorial. It was on this wise:

"The Rev. A. AUGUSTUS WAGTAIL, we are happy to learn, will preach to-morrow on subjects of rare importance to this community. We advise those of our citizens who have not heard this eloquent divine to avail themselves of this opportunity to do so. To those who have heard him, the simple announcement that he is to preach special sermons is sufficient."

"This kind notice from the editor helped my congregation for some two or three Sabbaths. When the interest died away I caused weekly notices to be inserted every Saturday. Thus, to give a specimen:

"The Rev. A. AUGUSTUS WAGTAIL will preach to-morrow morning, on 'The Lord's Hired Razor'; in the evening, on 'Ephraim is a cake not turned.'"

"Here is another:

"Subject of the Rev. Mr. Wagtail's discourse to-morrow morning—THE RAM AND THE GOAT OF DANIEL. In the evening the WITCH OF ENDOR."

"The church, after such announcements, was generally full in the morning; and in the evening it was frequently necessary to place benches in the aisles. By these efforts I got before the public, and had a larger field of hearts to work upon. Some of the more staid people kept away, but their places were filled with others. I had an audience that I could move. I never saw a congregation anywhere, or under any performance, more ready to be brought down than the Hard Scrabble congregation. To God be all the glory!"—Vol. i, pp. 400-402.

The above extract shows how indefatigable was this eminent young divine in building up his congregations, and in doing good in his ministrations. His example is worthy of the consideration of all clergymen, young ministers especially.

The propriety of his course has, however, been questioned by a few ministers and laymen. But why should it be? If God has given to one of his ministers some especial gifts for the edification of his Church, and the multitude not in the Church, how are they to be profited by these gifts if they are not apprised when and where they may avail themselves of them? Besides, there is Scriptural authority. "No man when he hath lighted a candle putteth it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light to all that are in the house." This must settle the question to the satisfaction of all reasonable men. As, however, we wish to make a complete defense, we may advert to the argument from analogy. The clam-man cries his clams, the scissors grinder rings his bell, and the fisherman blows his horn. Why not, then, should

the preaching man publish his appointments, and give notice of the subjects he intends to discuss? Indeed, the argument cumulates in the ratio and to the extent of man's value above that of the bivalves and the finny race.

We cannot, in the brief space allowed us, follow Dr. Wagtail in his long and eventful career. We must confine ourselves to a few of the many striking passages in the life of this extraordinary man.

He was a rising star, and had made himself notorious when the Woolwich College went into operation. The faculty and corporation of that institution had resolved to confer, at their first commencement, honorary degrees upon seven of the most distinguished professional men in the country. They fixed upon the number seven, because Rome and Constantinople were built on seven hills, and because Noah was commanded to take into the ark with him of clean things "sevens," and because, also, it is said in the Proverbs, "Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her 'seven pillars.'"

Among the number selected was Mr. Wagtail; but younger colleges see sooner than the older ones who are worthy of honorary titles. They are more generous. However, we do not wish to be understood as finding fault with the course pursued by the older institutions. Their liberality, in this respect, if not so excessive, is, nevertheless, quite satisfactory.

The Woolwich College could not have conferred a degree upon any one that would more highly appreciate it than did Rev. A. Augustus Wagtail. He felt that it was his duty—a matter of honor on his part—to accept the title, and meekly wear his honors. He immediately, therefore, purchased a new door-plate, and had engraved thereon

REV. A. AUGUSTUS WAGTAIL, D. D.

In his autobiography the doctor, as may well be supposed, goes extensively into the reasons which led him to the constant use of this title. He devotes nearly fifty pages of the second volume to the subject. It will be sufficient for our purpose briefly to state some of his principal reasons, and refer the reader to the doctor himself for their amplification.

1. As the Woolwich College had honored him in conferring the title, it was

proper that he should honor the college by using it. Herein, it is clear, he has Albert Barnes on the hip, and, if we mistake not, the former editor of *THE NATIONAL*.

2. His view of Christian morals would not allow him, even in his signature and address, to appear what he was not. This is very striking. Hence he always signed himself A. Augustus Wagtail, D. D.

3. The euphonious argument. There is something in *Dr. Wagtail* very agreeable to the ear. This argument is well fortified by Grecian authorities.

4. The utilitarian, or American argument. This, as the reader will anticipate, is a powerful one, and is most ably handled by the doctor.

The above arguments, as they are drawn out in full in the autobiography, show very clearly that Dr. Cox looked only on the surface of things; he was comparatively young when he wrote his famous article on Honorary Degrees. The "semi-lunar fardels," as he rather sneeringly calls D. duplicated at the end of a man's name, Dr. Wagtail proves to be exceedingly significant. And when they have been conferred by a learned and pious faculty and corporation, having the fear of God before their eyes, they are not an appendage to the name, but an essential part of it. The argument is entirely conclusive. It is satisfactory even to Samuel Hanson Cox, who now practically illustrates the folly of his juvenile objection, made when the grapes were sour, and must lead to a higher appreciation of the value of the title by those honored sons of the Church, who have been, and who may be, selected by our colleges as the recipients of their favors, and whose learning and pious zeal entitle them to such distinguished consideration.

We have referred to the course pursued by Dr. Wagtail to bring himself more fully before the people that he might do more good. The same motives actuated him in all his subsequent life. If he desired ease, it was only that he might recruit his wasted energies. If he desired fame, it was only that he might be more extensively useful. If he courted the rich, it was to do them good; if he introduced himself to the great, it was that he and they might be mutually benefited; and, if he was disputatious, it was because he felt he was set for the defense of the truth. Every effectual door he en-

tered, and those that were not effectual he sought, nevertheless, to enter, at whatever cost of self-respect. He says:

"I early joined the Masonic fraternity. I thought it would open a door of usefulness to me. I should likely be elected chaplain. It would bring me into connection with persons outside of my Church. Some of them would come and hear me preach because I was a brother Mason. I should be called upon to attend the funerals of Masons, and to deliver orations on public occasions. Thus I should be better known, and, consequently, be in a position where I could accomplish a greater amount of good. I may say, also, in this connection, though it is out of chronological order, that I joined the Odd Fellows, the Rechabites, the Sons of Temperance, the Brothers of Temperance, the Templars, and the League. Were it not unconstitutional, I should have become a Daughter of Temperance. In all these societies I have been greatly honored by my brethren. In most instances they remitted the fees altogether, and in others passed me through all the degrees at half price. Besides, I have been elected chaplain, master, grand master, worthy, noble, grand patriarch, worthy patriarch, grand, worthy patriarch, &c. All these offices and associations have tended to the fuller development of my character, and have materially furthered me in the great purposes of my life."—Vol. ii, pp. 35, 36.

Some persons have been unkind enough to intimate that Dr. Wagtail joined these societies to advance selfish ends. The above extract should put that suspicion to rest.

Another subject of much interest to the ministry is brought before us in this autobiography. It is well known that Dr. Wagtail was very fond of the weed. He chewed and smoked every day, Sundays and fast days not excepted. On the latter subject he remarks:

"I took to smoking in the early part of my ministry. I have always, however, been a moderate smoker. Taking the time altogether, I have not expended more than a dollar a week for pipes, tobacco, and cigars. I am aware of the objections to ministers smoking. But I do not think they are well taken. What is more becoming in a young minister than a pipe or cigar? And is it not still more becoming in an old minister? I have found great comfort in smoking, and I am well satisfied that it is a good thing for ministers to smoke."—Vol. ii, pp. 104, 105.

The subject here presented is one of so great importance, especially to the ministry, that it will be well to consider it in its length and breadth. And we do this, not merely to defend the views of our author, and the habits of many popular clergymen, but, also, to correct the notions

which a portion of the Church entertain respecting smoking ministers. These heterodox notions have been engendered and fostered, to some extent, by the periodical press. The *Christian Advocate*, conservative as it is, not long since contained an article on the "Smoking Disciple." The writer was evidently prejudiced against tobacco. The little Sunday-school paper, when under the editorial charge of Dr. Kidder, seemed to be affected by the anti-tobacco mania. Some while ago it contained two articles, illustrated with wood-cuts, designed, as we must think, to reflect on Nicotian ministers. One of these cuts was supposed to be meant for a portrait of a most venerable presiding elder! The pages of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, also, by some hallucination on the part of the acting editor, was permitted to be the vehicle of a "Meditation on Tobacco," an article evincing, indeed, very extensive historical research and vast antiquarian knowledge; but so obnoxious to the charge of speaking evil of dignitaries, whom it is our duty to esteem very highly in love for their work's sake, if we can, that its author deserves to be rebuked. And we do hereby, in the name, and for the sake of the ministry, rebuke him!

We must not be understood as undertaking to defend chewing or smoking in the abstract. Everything depends upon circumstances; the *quomodo* is as important as the *quid*. We are no advocates for those who soil their shirt-bosoms with the yellow saliva. We do not even argue in favor of incrustations on the corners of the mouth, at least during the hour devoted to divine service. So with regard to smoking, if a man takes his cigar between his thumb and fore-finger, and holds it perpendicularly, and spits often, and looks round, and rolls his eyes like a dying calf, we have no objection, if his manner is not esteemed æsthetical, provided the thing itself is not treated in style denunciatory.

If, again, he puffs and blows like a wheezing locomotive, or the exhaust-pipe of a high-pressure engine, his smoking may be no accomplishment. But, on the other hand, when a man, an ordained minister more especially, draws the smoke into his mouth slowly, and without effort, gradually filling up every cavity thereof, and slightly distending or rounding the cheeks; when, with a graceful curve of

the arm, he brings his hand to his mouth, and takes the cigar between the first and second fingers, and holds it horizontally, while the ball, or lower part of the palm of the hand, rests upon his knee, or a desk, or the top of the back of a neighboring chair; when he throws his chin a little forward, and expels the smoke from his mouth in beautiful rings—ah! then you have a picture to be gazed at, one that it requires an effort of the imagination to suppose even Paul himself equaled when on his way to answer the Macedonian cry, Come over and help us. The smoke so expelled from the mouth rises like incense from the altar. The Dutchman who painted John, with a short pipe in his mouth, in the Isle of Patmos, when he was in the spirit on the Lord's day, may have been guilty of an anachronism, but it was the embodiment of a very expressive idea, and one which, happily for us, we may see exemplified every Sunday in our own neighborhoods; that is, so far as the pipe is concerned.

Now, as a young minister should always do well what he undertakes, or, as the Methodist Discipline expresses it, make out what he takes in hand, let him see to it that he does his chewing gracefully, and his smoking in a way that shall bring no reproach upon his sacred calling.

It would derogate from our well-known impartiality as a reviewer did we find no fault with the volumes under consideration. We proceed, therefore, to say that there is one manifest and unpardonable omission. The autobiography has no preface! Whoever heard before of a clergyman publishing a book about himself, or about anybody else, without a preface, or an introduction, or at least introductory remarks by a brother clergyman? This is a sad blunder, Dr. Wagtail! Was there no bishop, nor editor, nor professor, who would gladly have availed himself of the opportunity to secure co-immortality with yourself when it might be had so cheaply, by prefixing with his name a few irrelevant remarks to your incomparable volumes? We cannot believe it. Indeed, we know better, and when your second edition is called for by a hungry public, just call on us for an introduction to a high dignitary who will gratefully remedy this defect, and whose name upon the title page will be all the remuneration he asks for.

But, on the other hand, the good doctor has followed the fashion of the age, and given us his own portrait engraved on brass. There he is, true to the life! an embodiment of all that firmness, all that expression, all that strength for which he was so noted. The lines in the cheek, the muscle at the corner of the mouth, that nether lip, eloquent of the quid within, that Grecian nose, a very little depressed in the middle, and slightly turned up at the end, that bold forehead, those knowing and benignant eyes, those acute ears, all as they were. And perception, too, just as fully developed as in the living subject. The student in phrenology and physian-drology could not fail to discover at once the true sources of that wonderful knowledge which he possessed of men, and things, and places. Even his hair is all the thrixinologist could desire in proof of the truthfulness of his science. Yes, there he is, all radiant with physical, intellectual, and moral beauty, and, to appearance, as instinct with life as when, in the pulpit, he addressed the multitudes that waited upon his ministry; or, as when, meekly wrapping his cloak around him, he retired from the gaze and applause of his admiring friends.

And, to conclude, for our space is exhausted, the effect produced upon us by Dr. Wagtail's picture, has entirely removed all our prejudice against the practice of inserting the portraits of authors in their works. And here we express the hope that all our publishers will hereafter give us the portraits of all the authors whose works they publish, whether such authors are old or young, homely or handsome; or, whether their works shall consist of biography, poetry, fugitive productions, single sermons, discussions, or scientific treatises.

I HAVE observed one ingredient, somewhat necessary in a man's composition toward happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire; a certain respect for the follies of mankind; for there are so many fools whom the opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will quarrel with the disposal of things which is allotted to himself.—*Mackenzie's Man of Feeling.*

FIERY METEORS AND SHOOTING STARS.

WHENCE come these stones and metallic masses? In ancient times they were denominated sun-stones, and were supposed to fall from that luminary; but as there was never any ground for this supposition, and as we now know that the King of Day is ninety-six millions of miles away from us, we need say no more about this hypothesis.

Leurery imagined that they were due to lightning tearing up the ground and converting soil into compact masses, but this fancy we may summarily dismiss.

Another theory was, that they had been projected from volcanoes on the earth, and being carried into regions where the earth's attraction was small, they had remained long in the upper atmosphere, and had traveled far before descending to the earth. To this there are several most serious objections, especially that the meteoric stones are of a totally different character to the lavas actually thrown out of volcanoes. Some have supposed that these meteoric masses were formed in the atmosphere itself like hail; and they have made large use of the words electricity, magnetism, and diamagnetism. But there is this difference between the two, that hail is made of water, of which there is an abundant supply in the clouds, and the physical forces by which the water is formed into solid masses of a considerable size are well known; whereas the meteoric stones are composed of iron, silica, &c., which do not exist in the atmosphere; and even if they did, we are absolutely unacquainted with any means by which they could be at once consolidated into masses of many pounds weight.

In quest of the origin of meteoric stones we have thus traveled from the earth to the atmosphere, but we find no possible source there: we must proceed further on our adventurous search, and see whether in the extra-terrestrial spaces we can find something which shall account for these strange visitors; and, indeed, they seem very independent of our earth; they fall unceremoniously on every part of it alike, and appear quite indifferent to fair weather or foul, thunder-storms or bright sunshine.

Yet if they be actually extra-mundane, what a tale do they tell of the unity of creation! No element has been found in

them which does not occur in the earth, and a third of our recognized elements have been detected there. The laws of chemical combination and of crystallization, too, are the same; for the olivine of these masses, and the iron pyrites, are identical in composition and in form with terrestrial minerals; and yet there is something unearthly about them, too. Why that deficiency of oxygen which, though it admits of the oxidation of silicon or magnesium, has allowed the iron and nickel to remain in the metallic state? Verily, had they been formed in the atmosphere, that great storehouse of oxygen, this had never been the case; and then the phosphorus and sulphur are also unoxidized, while the mineral Schreibersite, so general in them, occurs not on the surface of our planet.

Yes, they are assuredly no children of the earth or of the air. But was Olbers right when, speculating on the great fall at Sienna, he threw out the idea that they might be fugitives from the moon? This lunar hypothesis has been supported by Laplace, and other distinguished philosophers, and still finds a powerful advocate in Professor Lawrence Smith, of Louisville. The idea is, that these masses may have been projected from lunar volcanoes; that they flew into a part of space where the earth's attraction was greater than that of the moon, and thus they either revolve for a while around the larger sphere, or fall at once upon its surface. An initial velocity of eight thousand feet per second would be sufficient for this, and such a velocity is easily conceivable when the prodigious size of the moon's volcanoes is taken into account. At the time, also, of the prevalence of this theory, it was believed that some of these volcanoes were active, but now it is generally considered that the bright spots seen on the dark portion of the moon are only the sun's rays impinging on the summits of very high mountains. The moon, indeed, seems to be given up to death-like quiet.

Though this lunar theory may satisfy many of the requirements of the problem, there are some circumstances about the fall of these meteoric masses which it seems inadequate to explain: the very oblique direction in which they almost always strike the earth, the extreme rapidity of their descent, and certain peculiarities of the fire-ball; for we must not rest satisfied with observing only those fire-balls

from which stones have been known to descend. Hundreds have been noticed, from which we have no record of projected matter having been found; but there is nothing improbable in that; if a fire-ball of no remarkable brilliancy shoot down toward us in broad daylight, it will be scarcely distinguishable from some errant wreath of cloud, and will attract no attention, while the stone descending will just at that time stand the best chance of being seen and secured. If, on the other hand, our fire-ball wend its way earthward during the night, it cannot fail to be remarked by any observer; but the stone being dark, will not be seen in its fall. Nor is the fact that the very large majority of fire-balls have been described without any notice of falling masses, any disproof of the theory that they are small phenomena of the same type as the fire-balls of Laigle or Weston. For let it be remembered, that a fiery meteor in the sky could scarcely escape notice from some parties over the large area from which it would be visible, while the stone would be more likely to fall into some sea, lake, or river, than upon dry land; and even supposing it reached terra firma, it might be on some uninhabited or rarely-traversed region, or in a wood. Or let us grant that it did fall within the precincts of men, unless actually observed to strike the earth, it might remain undiscovered or undetected. If it fell in a field, it would just make a sudden visit to the rabbits or moles in their subterranean abodes; if it fell into the streets of a city, it would be attributed to some mischievous fellow who had no fear of the police.

We believe, then, that these fire-balls, which are frequently observed, are intimately connected with meteoric stones. We doubt altogether their reputed size; five hundred, one thousand, even two thousand six hundred feet in diameter; believing that an incandescent body seen at a distance is most illusory in its apparent dimensions. Let us inquire a little further about these fire-balls. Mr. Cameron, of Belfast, Ireland, writes:

"On the evening of June 22, (1851,) when in my parlor, I observed a large ball of a whitish red appearing northwest from where I was, and I think about one mile from me, and about half a mile from the surface of the earth; it seemed at first enveloped in a cloud or haze; but upon emerging it showed about the size of the full moon, traveling slowly from west, and taking

an easterly direction. After having traveled about a hundred yards, it began to throw out small ball-like comets in every direction, and the balls had a greater velocity than the main body, and preceded it for a short distance; and before each ball exploded it became scarlet red, and threw out small shocks of matter; and after the ball had traveled four hundred or five hundred yards, it then appeared to be totally exhausted, and, as it were, dissolved without showing any remnant of matter. After this, the whole length that the large ball traveled had the appearance as if the space were filled with a reddish white matter, and remained so for seven minutes, and then began to get disordered and irregular, and in three minutes got spread or flattened, and ultimately dispersed, apparently by contrary currents of air."

Yet, what constitutes a fire-ball? How shall we discriminate between it and other luminous meteors, which we find described in any of the published lists, as "Half apparent diameter of Moon," or, perhaps, "About size of *Venus*," "Brighter than a *Lyra*," or, "Like a star of the third magnitude?" Size, of course, tells us nothing, for even the Weston fiery cloud seen at a great distance would have appeared but as a speck of light; indeed, there is every reason to consider, as identical in character and origin, those fire-balls which have showered hot stones upon the earth, those celestial fireworks which take their course in the upper sky and vanish, leaving a train of light behind them, and those "shooting stars," which suddenly appear among their more quiet brethren, run a short and rapid course, and disappear.

Many lists of these luminous meteors have been drawn out. Besides that of the British Association, by Professor Baden Powell, from which the preceding narratives have been taken, there is that of Chasles, from A. D. 583 to A. D. 1123; that of Chladni, continued first by Von Hoff, then by Kämtz, and latterly by George Von Boguslawski; and those of Coulvier Gravier, Biot, and others whose names may not be interesting. These lists are quite voluminous; but what do they teach us about these strange wanderers?

1st. That they frequently come in showers. Ancient historians tell us of "a rain of fire," "and of the stars falling from heaven as thick as hail," and in modern times such displays have not been rare. The most wonderful was seen on the night of the 12th of November, 1833, over the whole of North America, when an observer in Boston calculated that three

hundred thousand fell during seven hours. The first appearance is described as that of a magnificent shower of sky-rockets, and the subsequent meteors were sometimes simple luminous lines, but at other times bodies of notable size darting across the sky, and occasionally also remaining in view for half an hour or more.

2d. That these showers are periodic. The most brilliant spectacles were seen for several consecutive years about the 12th of November. There is another period, about the 10th of August, which has been remarked in perhaps thirty different years. In 1784 and 1785 showers occurred on July 27th. What is also significant is, that no remarkable displays have been observed in recent times in January or February, and scarcely any during the spring months; yet in the eighth century, the great period for such fiery rain seems to have been in February.

3d. That these showers proceed from some common direction: thus, in the November phenomena, meteors proceeded usually from the constellation *Leo*. It has been noticed that this direction has frequently been the opposite of that in which the earth was moving; but stars are often seen to shoot on the same evening in every conceivable manner.

4th. That these luminous meteors are frequently very high above the earth. If two or more observers at different places notice the same meteor, and remark the stars which it appears to traverse in its passage, it is a very simple matter to determine where it was. In this way, a fire-ball that was seen over England last December, was determined to be fifty miles high when it exploded; but the shooting stars have been observed at ninety, one hundred and forty, and even four hundred and sixty miles above us.

5th. That the rapidity of their passage is very great. According to the independent observations of Brandes and Quetelet, it varies from ten to thirty-six miles per second, which is a speed analogous to that of the earth in her orbit, namely, nineteen miles per second. Wartmann, of Geneva, has deduced very different numbers from his observations. In fact, he assigns five hundred and fifty miles above the surface of the earth as the *average* height of shooting stars, and two hundred and twenty miles per second as their *average* speed. These numbers are astounding, and are

certainly incompatible with the previous computations.

6th. The course of these meteors is generally downward toward the earth, but sometimes they actually rise away from it; neither do they always travel in regular curves, but sometimes bend or make sharp turns in their passage.

From the annual periodicity of these showers, Chladni was led to throw out what has been designated the cosmical theory. It supposes that, besides the recognized planets of respectable dimensions, there are innumerable smaller bodies revolving round the sun, and that the earth occasionally crosses their paths, when, as they enter our atmosphere, they become luminous from the heat evolved by the violent compression of the air. If the attraction of the earth be sufficiently great, or if their direction necessitate it, they strike the earth, frequently suffering combustion, or splitting into fragments as they pass through the denser air. The theory supposes, also, that these pieces of planet-dust sometimes fly round the sun in groups of considerable number, and that the orbit of one of these groups cuts that of the earth on November 12; that of another, on August 10, &c.

This cosmical theory offers a satisfactory explanation of the principal phenomena, yet it is attended with one or two difficulties. It has received not a little support recently from the discovery of so many new planets, most of them being little worlds not larger than an English county. We believe that the solar system does include these masses of iron and olivine, and that in their course round the central luminary, they frequently become ignited in our atmosphere, and sometimes impinge upon the earth.

We refrain, however, from any expression of opinion upon the conjectures that they are the fragments of a planet that once occupied the vacant place between *Mars* and *Jupiter*; or that they fill up the space near the sun in countless multitudes, thus producing the strange luminosity often seen at sunrise or sunset, called the zodiacal light; or that they are constantly wending their way to the great center of the solar system, and by their ceaseless falling produce that heat and light which, transmitted to us, start a thousand actions among the inanimate masses or the animated beings of our globe.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

A FEW days after our arrival in Cape Town we left it, to fulfill our promised visit to a friend, whom a five years' residence in South Africa had almost naturalized. A drive of four or five miles over a well-made road shaded by trees, and bordered by villas, gardens, and vineyards, brought us to our destination, a quaint Dutch country-house, with its lofty gables rising in every imaginable and unimaginable part; their grotesque carvings looking grimly down on the astonished stranger, as he emerges from the dark oak plantation and tamarisk hedges that screen the old house from the road.

Within were large rambling rooms, opening one out of another in the most inconvenient manner possible, with small rooms squeezed in between, as if to fill up the corners and still further convert the larger rooms into ante-chambers. It was scantily furnished, too, despite the large rent that was paid for it; but it had a charm greater than mirrors or gilding could bestow, in the delicious coolness of its dim rooms, and the pleasant "soughing" of the night wind in the trees that surrounded it, as we sat on the gabled stoop at evening.

The garden was our resort by day, where we used to sit beneath the impenetrable shelter of the fig-trees. But for their greenness, and that of the jasmine bowers, covered with silver stars, the bright clusters of the scarlet geranium, and the broad blossoms of the passion flower, the garden would at that season have been an arid wilderness. But the (to us) novel hedge of prickly pear, with crimson tufted blossoms and huge, quaintly shaped leaves, was beautiful.

Behind the house rose wave after wave of grassy swells, reaching to the silver trees, round Table Mountain. We climbed them sufficiently high to obtain a beautiful panoramic view of the surrounding country, and, despite the unfavorable season, a fair and fertile scene it was; with orchards glowing with fruit, and wide-spreading vineyards of the deepest green, and gardens where fig-trees and myrtles hid their barrenness of aught else. Here and there were scattered hamlets, and white or yellow villas, or old Dutch houses; while winding hither and thither, like dark serpents, were tree-sheltered

roads; and speeding on to Table Bay was the silver thread of the Salt River, the only water visible in that wide landscape, to which a back-ground was formed on every side by nearer and more distant hills.

Behind was Table Mountain, looking all the loftier and more rugged on nearer view. It is astonishing how few there are, who have ever stood on its summit; during our residence at the Cape we never met with one by whom the exploit had even been attempted; and this is the more extraordinary from the number of adventurous, climbing, frolic-loving midshipmen that are always coming up on leave from Simon's Bay.

From the old Dutch house we made excursions to Wynburg and Simon's Bay. The former is celebrated as being the "quarter" of the wealthiest of the many Anglo-Indians who visit the Cape in quest of health; but though many of its large tree-embowered houses are said to be furnished with Oriental luxury, it showed no outward difference to any of the other villages around it, save by the greater number of slippered Hindoos that shuffled along its paths, and of muslin-enveloped, many-ringed ayahs sauntering beneath the trees.

From thence we went to Simon's Town, the naval station. Round the bay, like a succession of white terraces, with gardens in front, stretches the principal street of the town, reaching almost to the battery on the southern point, where a flag is hoisted to give notice of a ship entering False Bay. Beyond the town all is as wild, and drear, and barren as if it was a scene in the northern Highlands, instead of a land of perpetual summer. On every side are precipitous hills, clad with heaths, which are, however, of great variety and beauty, and deliciously scented, arid sand-hills, and broad, sandy flats; and towering above all is the sharp-coned summit of Simon's Berg, with its ruff of snowy clouds, and rugged sides scantily clothed with sugar bushes. But when night falls, and the moon rises, it seems as if a magician had waved his wand over the spot; for it suddenly changes to one of the loveliest and most fairy-like scenes imaginable. Almost as beautiful as moonlit snow, but milder and softer, as if a silver mist covered all things. Most probably this is occasioned by the sparkling parti-

cles of the sand reflecting the rays of the moon, as they come pouring down through the clear South African atmosphere.

Simon's and False Bay also yield great quantities of fish, and of a description so superior as to be celebrated all over the Cape district. Many of them are known by the somewhat whimsical names of Scotsmen, Hottentots, Romans, &c. The Romans are the most highly esteemed, but we could not endure them, for even after they are dressed they smell overpoweringly of sea-weed. There is also a small, beautifully-tinted fish, very numerous in the bay, that is one of the most virulent animal poisons I ever heard of; so rapid are its effects, that if a sailor eats of it on board of ship, ere a boat can be drawn alongside to send for medical aid, he is dead.

Two months after our first landing we were again afloat. This new voyage was not more than five hundred miles, a little matter to those who had lately come five thousand. But its roughness more than compensated for its brevity; for we had to round the stormy Cape with its heavy seas, and the yet heavier swells that roll round L'Agullias, that most southerly African point that in storm and calm has wrought destruction to so many noble vessels; and the shores of which we were soon to see from our ship's deck whitened by the tents of those who were watching for the washed-up portions of a large East Indiaman's cargo, though we were too distant to see the rows of fresh-heaped graves containing those who had been her passengers.

On the eleventh day we were speeding on our course with a fair wind, and four days after we entered Algoa Bay, an expanse of water greater than that of Table Bay, and anchored opposite Port Elizabeth, the maritime town of second importance in the colony.

But Port Elizabeth has one truly beautiful possession, though one that newly-arrived voyagers would be thankful it was without, in its magnificent surf, which beats in mimic thunder along the whole shore, varying in force according to the weather, but never silent. Algoa Bay is fifteen miles wide across its entrance, and is open to the South Atlantic Ocean, the swell of whose broad expanse of waters comes rolling into the bay, and, rushing upon the sands in huge crested

billows, rarely less than four or five feet deep, dash themselves down with a hollow roar, and retreat in murmuring foam.

Once landed in Port Elizabeth, there was little to attract the eye of the stranger, save the crowds of wagons, with long strings of oxen, conveying loads, (I little thought they were used for conveying passengers also,) and the changed character of the colored population. A few Malays and Afrianders are still to be met with; but the great mass of dark-skinned humanity consists of variously-mingled offshoots from the aboriginal Hottentot, who, it is said, is now rarely to be seen. But they are called Hottentots, and the Hottentot type is strong among them, for they are exceedingly under-sized, with earth-brown skins, flat, monkey-like features, and obliquely-set eyes, that nevertheless shine out with great intelligence and good nature. Nature gives their heads no other covering than a few tufts of wool; and both sexes wear a red kerchief folded over their heads, with great advantage to their appearance. They have no peculiar mode of dress, but are ragged or respectably-clad according to their fortunes.

There are few races that have not some good gift, and the Hottentots generally are possessed of a most exquisite ear for music, and a clear and flexible voice in singing, though their speaking voice is not remarkable; and wherever a band is playing, Hottentot children may be seen dancing beautifully.

This musical taste is shared by the Fingoes, a gentle and inoffensive race, long held in slavery by the Kaffirs, who had conquered them in war, and who applied to them the significant term, "Kaffirs' dogs." A party of them had established themselves near Port Elizabeth, and they were daily to be seen in the town, their slight, erect forms wrapped in sheepskins, and carrying burdens on their heads. And night-black as she is, there is something almost classic in the appearance of a Fingo girl with a water-jar upon her head, so exquisitely molded are the hand and arm that steady her burden, and the feet and ankles that appear beneath her sheepskin kaross. The features also are agreeable, and greatly superior to those of the colored races generally.

The morning after our arrival they came to tell us that there were whales in

the bay, and we went out on the stoop to see them. There were five speeding round the bay as if they were swimming a race; one was so near that through the telescope we could even distinguish its eyes. In a few minutes no less than eight whale-boats were out in pursuit, four from a fishery near the opening of the bay, the others from a whaler lying in the roadstead.

The fish were going so fast that they were already far ahead; and it was only by the most strenuous efforts that the boatmen could hope to come up with them. I never saw boats dash on as they did; but their progress was nothing to be compared to that of one which, when a whale was struck, was dragged along by the rope attached to the harpoon in the suffering creature's side, with a velocity that sent clouds of spray from her bows, and often threatened to engulf her.

Then followed a long struggle, which we, and dozens of others, to whom the scene could have been no novelty, watched from the shore. Many times the huge fish returned to the surface, and was received with lances, until it dashed down into its native element again, almost dragging the boat with it; but at length the poor animal bellowed in its agony, a sign the fishers know; and they stood aloof till his "flurry" was over, and he lay dead on the surface.

In the meantime the other whales were scattered about, some tossing and rolling in uncouth sport, others throwing aloft arching jets of foam that sparkled in the sunbeams. At length one of them was harpooned by another boat, and a repetition of the former scene went on, until, by a sudden stroke of his tail, the whale dashed the slight boat in pieces, and the men were left struggling in the water. The other boats hastened to their rescue; but one of the men was missing. The poor fellow had got entangled in their harpoon rope, and was dragged out to sea by the infuriated whale. It was a terrible death! The whale-fishers are all white men, and this one left a widow and children.

Though it was not yet twelve o'clock, the whalers were obliged to anchor their prize, and leave it; for the southeast wind began to blow so strongly, that they would have been unable to make way against it. Soon it became evident that a

gale was setting in; for huge blue billows, with foaming crests, came rolling into the bay, and the vessels at anchor lowered their upper masts in preparation. Still they pitched heavily among the wild waters; sometimes only their bows, at others their sterns, being visible from the shore, with which all communication had already ceased, from the tremendous surf that was now breaking upon it; and over all, the sun shone brightly down from a fair summer sky.

As the day wore on, a vessel parted one anchor; the ships in Algoa Bay are all moored by two; and then the beach was lined with anxious spectators, in momentary expectation that she would snap the other cable. She hoisted a signal of distress, but it was impossible to render her any assistance; but still she held on. Just at dusk the bows of a beautiful little schooner turned slowly off from the wind. They loosened her sails, and tried to make her tack across the bay; but to no purpose. She drifted rapidly in to the land, and in five minutes had grounded on the rocks, with the sea washing over her decks, and in five more was lying on her side in the surf, which was breaking and dashing over her.

It was a scene never to be forgotten; the red glare of the fires lighted on the shore, for night falls suddenly in those latitudes, the crowding people, the wreck dashing against the rocks, the blinding spray, and the poor, half-drowned mariners making their way, with much danger, to the shore, by means of a rope; but all were saved.

I never saw so fearful a scene before; but I have seen many such since, in the course of my different visits to Port Elizabeth. And once I witnessed one far worse, when the gale increased to a hurricane; and we could see, through the driving clouds of rain, the vessels that were expected every moment to sink at their anchors. There were three vessels in the bay, and that evening they were all wrecked.

IN HEAVEN all God's servants will be abundantly satisfied with his dealings and dispensations with them; and shall see how all conduced, like so many winds, to bring them to their haven; and how even the roughest blasts helped to bring them homeward.

A VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND.

ON entering by the Damascus Gate, we rode along narrow streets—the street of St. Stephen, the street of the Holy Sepulcher, and Patriarch-street—to the quarters which were to be our home during our stay in the Holy City. The round stones, with which the streets are paved, are worn so smooth, that it was with great difficulty our horses could keep their feet.

What is the spot whither you first bend your steps on arriving in Jerusalem? Of course, the Garden of Gethsemane—the Mount of Olives.

After a few hours' rest, we set out for the most deeply interesting place in the world. Our road lay along the *Via Dolorosa*. In passing, our dragoman pointed out to us the house of the Rich Man, the house of St. Veronica, the Church of the Flagellation, with the "impression" on the wall! the different stations where Christ rested on his way to Calvary; the spot where "Simon a Cyrenian, coming out of the country," was compelled to bear his cross; and the arch of the *Ecce Homo*! whence Pilate, exclaiming, "Behold the man!" gave up Christ to the multitude, that they might crucify Him.

Mounting the roof of the Seraglio, or governor's residence, which stands, probably, on part of the site of the Tower Antonia, a fine panorama of the city opened before us; and, from this nearest point that Christians are permitted to approach, we gained a view of the whole Harem inclosure, the site of the ancient Temple. The Mosque of Omar was in front of us, and we could leisurely contemplate its form and architecture. The Mosque El Aksa rose conspicuously just beyond. The inclosure is ornamented with cypress-trees, which wave to and fro in the wind. As you gaze in silent thought upon the scene around, it seems gradually to lose its modern aspect: you see "the beautiful city" spring up, and are ready to cry out, "What manner of stones, and what build-ings are here!"

We just looked, in passing, at the ruined Church of St. Anne, and at the Pool of Bethesda, the bottom of which is now covered with heaps of rubbish; but we did not linger, for we were anxious to get to Gethsemane. As we went out by the St. Stephen's Gate, the Valley of Jehoshaphat lay spread at our feet; and right opposite

rose the Mount of Olives, with Gethsemane at its base.

Descending a steep, zigzag path to the course of the Kedron, we went over the brook, where is still "a garden," into which we entered. Part of it, where eight aged olive-trees grow, has been inclosed by a high wall. The low, rude wall, described by former travelers, was found insufficient for its protection; and, some three or four years ago, this higher one was built. Gethsemane is still a lonely and secluded spot—one which invites profound and sacred meditation. Here we read the passages in the Evangelists relating to the agony of the Saviour: Matt. xxvi, 36-49: "Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane," &c. Mark xiv, 32-42: "And they came to a place, which was named Gethsemane," &c. Luke xxii, 39-46: "And he came out, and went, as he was wont, to the Mount of Olives," &c.

It may well be believed that the eight old trees within this inclosure, have sprung from the roots of the very olives which overshadowed the Saviour, when, "being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground." How it annihilates the intervening space of time to stand on this holy ground! Your mental eye sees the Saviour taking the bitter cup; and your heart, beating with emotion, says, "It was *my* sin which caused the sweat-drop on his brow! Jesus loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*!" Our solemn rejoicing in the garden was the same, though intenser in degree, that we had often experienced when there in thought before. Yet there were *peculiar* and hallowed emotions, such as may only be experienced by those who tread Gethsemane's soil. Before we left the garden, all three of us knelt down beside one of the olive-trees, and each prayed aloud. Whatever other hour of our lives may be forgotten by us, *that hour* will ever be remembered.

We were shown the tomb of the Virgin, the place where St. Cyril "sweated blood," and that where the proto-martyr suffered. But as to these and some other particulars named above, we put no faith at all in them; knowing that the monks can find any and every sacred spot without the least difficulty.

Next let us go to the Church of the Holy

Sepulcher, said to be erected on or over Calvary, and to contain within it the cavity of rock in which the cross was fixed, the stone of unction, and the tomb of the Saviour. Much has been written upon this subject, which is indeed a wide one. It is generally believed, and especially by the missionaries resident in Jerusalem, (to whose judgment some deference should be paid,) that the site of Calvary was not here, but just outside St. Stephen's Gate, on the left of the path which crosses the Kedron.

1. Calvary is acknowledged, on all hands, to have been *outside* the walls. "For the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city." (John xix, 20.) "Wherefore Jesus also . . . suffered without the gate." (Heb. xiii, 12.) But the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher must have been *within*. We know that the Pool of Hezekiah was *within*; (2 Chron. xxxii, 30;) and the wall could not have been so constructed as to include this pool and exclude the site in question.

2. The people having been exasperated against Christ, it seems probable that, when Pilate delivered him into their hands, they would lead him forth by the nearest gate. Now St. Stephen's was the nearest to "the Judgment Hall."

3. The place we incline to mark as identical with Calvary is on Moriah, *the Mount of Sacrifice*; whereas the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is on Zion. To the former Abraham had to come, three days' journey, to offer up Isaac. This was the mount that God would "tell him of." Here, within the Temple inclosure, were offered, also, the innumerable sacrifices of the Jewish law, all of which pointed to their great Antitype. Is it not reasonable to suppose, that that one great Oblation for sins would be presented upon this same Mount of Sacrifice, and not upon Zion?

4. Women were *afar off* beholding. (Matt. xxvii, 55.) There is no point "afar off," whence you can gain a good view of the site of the Holy Sepulcher; but the site beyond St. Stephen's Gate may be distinctly seen from the declivity of the Mount of Olives, which is right opposite, and on which, it is generally supposed, the women were standing.

5. It is a generally received opinion that Calvary is a *mount*. The expression does not occur in Scripture; yet you hear

it from almost every one. It seems reasonable to suppose that an opinion so universal has some foundation. Now the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher (taken generally) is a level; but the one outside St. Stephen's Gate is a summit, whence the ground slopes rapidly down to the brook Kedron.

There is this difference, however, between those who hold the former opinion, and those who hold the latter: the monks say, "This is *the very spot*," and assume to point out the very hole in the rock in which the cross was fixed; whereas the advocates of the latter opinion content themselves with holding it most probable that *somewhere* upon the elevated ground, just outside St. Stephen's Gate, Christ suffered for our sins. God has wisely chosen that the precise spot should be concealed, lest men should make it an object of veneration, and so transfer to it the worship due to himself alone. Thus, of old, he concealed the resting-place of Moses, who in his prophetic character was a type of Christ, "no man" knowing "of his sepulcher unto this day," (Deut. xxxiv, 6,) lest it should be to the children of Israel an occasion of idolatry and sin.

We explored the Church of the Holy Sepulcher with conflicting feelings. Many pilgrims have been, doubtless, led hither by the pure love they bore to the Saviour; but more, it is to be feared, in the hope of gaining heaven by a pilgrimage to a revered shrine. The Greek, Roman Catholic, Armenian, Syrian, and Coptic Churches have each a chapel within these sacred precincts.

The day after our arrival, we had the pleasure of an interview with Dr. Gobat, bishop of Jerusalem. This English bishopric, it is well known, was founded in 1841. The appointment is alternately with the crowns of England and Prussia, the metropolitan archbishop of the Anglican Church having, however, the power of veto in regard to those nominated by the King of Prussia. Dr. Michael Solomon Alexander was appointed the first English bishop, and was consecrated at Lambeth in November, 1841. Since his death, in November, 1845, the present dignitary has occupied this very important position. His jurisdiction extends over English clergy and congregations in Palestine, Syria, Chaldaea, Egypt, and Abyssinia. We were also introduced to the

Rev. Mr. Nicolayson, who has been missionary in Jerusalem for about twenty-seven years; to Mr. Calman, manager of the English hospital for Jews; and to Mr. Graham, lay-agent of the "London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews."

In company with Mr. Calman, we paid a visit to the excavation, lately discovered, by which a great part of Jerusalem (from near the Damascus Gate to Mount Moriah) is completely undermined. We had provided ourselves with chisel and hammer, some Palmer's candles, and a large water-melon: the last, to refresh us in the midst of our explorations. The entrance (two hundred yards east of the Damascus Gate) is exceedingly narrow, allowing just only room to get in. One after another we managed, worm-like, to wriggle through. The extent of this excavation quite astonished us. For three hours we wandered about through immense halls, quarried out of the solid rock—marks of exquisite chiseling, as if executed but the other day, on every side of us. Hungry jackals, which have claimed this for their habitation, were occasionally to be seen, hastening away as we approached. Here and there were remains of human skeletons. At one part, some broken pieces of pottery drew our attention to a circular basin in the solid rock, worn smooth on all sides by the constant trickling of drops of moisture, and filled to the brim with water clear as crystal. These broken pieces are remains of drinking-vessels, used, perhaps, by workmen who obtained hence the material which was to form the walls of Solomon's Temple. My own mind inclines to the belief, that here the stones were "made ready" before they were "brought thither:" "so that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building." (1 Kings vi, 7.) The appearance of the stone is marbly, and often sparkling. Where the surface of the rock has been exposed to the action of water, exquisitely beautiful stalactites have been formed. In many parts, immense square pillars have been left standing as supports, the surrounding masses having been cut away. Have we not, then, a solution of the question, Whence was the stone obtained for building the first Temple?

Leaving these subterranean corridors, we repaired to the Tombs of the Kings,

about half a mile north of the Damascus Gate, and on the right of the road to Nablous. Over the entrance is a finely-sculptured entablature, on which you can distinctly trace the well-elaborated forms of foliage, flowers, and fruit. You descend on the left of the portico, by a path cut in the rock, into a room (about eight yards square) hewn out of the solid limestone. From this chamber you pass into six more, at the sides of which are niches, hollowed out of the rock, where the sarcophagi rest. The doors of these chambers consisted of huge slabs of stone, about six inches thick, one of which still remains.

On the Friday morning, I attended the early Hebrew service in the Protestant church, which commenced at six o'clock. About fifty were present. Mr. Nicolayson read the Liturgy. We were all furnished with Hebrew prayer-books, and repeated the responses in that language—of all languages, surely the most beautiful and musical.

Every one has heard of the Jews' Place of Wailing. On Friday afternoon, at three o'clock, we went, accompanied by Mr. Calman, to this mournfully interesting spot. On our way thither, we saw, built into more modern walls, some of the finest specimens of Saracenic architecture to be found in Jerusalem. On arriving at the remnant of the old wall, (composed of immense blocks of stone, beveled at the edges, and wrought with great care,) we found several aged men, whose silvery locks and bending frames at once told the purpose for which they had come to Jerusalem—to die in the city of their fathers. Squat upon the ground in front of the wall, they were turning over and reading well-thumbed pages of Hebrew books. Several women, also, veiled in white, were close to the wall, kissing its stones, breathing prayers through its crevices, and uttering heart-piercing threnodies. One poor woman, in particular, attracted our attention, as at intervals she gave utterance to loud bursts of grief, the tears meanwhile streaming down her cheeks. It is here that the Jews sing their plaintive and affecting laments for Zion:

"Lord, build! Lord, build! build thy temple speedily;

In our days, speedily, speedily:

The great God, the mighty God, the glorious God, shall build his temple speedily;

Lord, build! Lord, build! build thy temple speedily," &c.

Near this Place of Wailing, as we stood in the valley of Tyropœon, now overgrown with the prickly pear, we saw, under the southwestern wall of the Harem inclosure, not far from the Mosque El Aksa, the spring of the arch of the old bridge, which formerly united Mount Moriah to Mount Zion. Walking upon the top of the wall, we made the circuit of Mount Zion, passed the Zion Gate, and then pursued our way through the city to the Pool of Hezekiah, which we saw from the banking-office of Mr. Bergheim, a believing Israelite, and one of the fruits of the mission to the Jews.

Thence we made our way out, by the Jaffa Gate, to see the lower Pool of Gihon; then, tracing "the conduit of the upper pool, in the highway of the Fuller's Field," (Isai. vii, 3,) we at length reached "the upper pool," with the dimensions of which we were not a little astonished. Its walls are almost perfect; its length, about three hundred feet; its breadth, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and eighteen feet; its depth, eighteen or twenty feet. The basin was about one third filled with water.

Mr. Graham had made us promise to take tea with him, at his residence half way up the Mount of Olives, an old Arab watch-tower, which he has had comfortably fitted up. So we sallied forth at sunset, and spent the evening most agreeably; principally in looking over numerous photographs of the city and its environs, which Mr. Graham had lately taken. One representing the Mosque of Omar, and the interior of the Harem, was more than commonly interesting. He had taken it only the Thursday but one before, having then gained admittance along with Sir Moses Montefiore, to whom a firman had been granted by the sultan. The time that Sir Moses spent in examining the Mosque, Mr. Graham had employed in plying his beautiful art.

We had given direction that our horses should meet us about six o'clock. Mr. Benoni Gobat, the bishop's son, joined our party; and, with Mr. Graham at our head, we set out for our morning's ride about Jerusalem. Mounting first of all to the topmost ridge of the Mount of Olives, we gained a most magnificent prospect, embracing, on the one hand, the mountains of Moab, the plain of the Jordan, and glimpses of the Dead Sea; and the Holy City, with its "hilly bulwarks," on the

other. Proceeding by the eastern declivity of the mount, we visited Bethany, "the town of Mary and her sister Martha," (John xi, 1,) whither the Saviour so frequently resorted, and where he spent the evenings of that most memorable week before his crucifixion. We descended into a cave, said to be the cave of Lazarus; and, of course, were shown the house of Simon, where Christ was a guest. Returning to Jerusalem by the southeastern peak of Olivet, we gained that view of the city which burst upon the eyes of the Saviour when he "wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." (Luke xix, 41, 42.) Passing Gethsemane, we could see the Valley of Jehoshaphat all the way down to En-rogel. Right in front of us, about the middle of the eastern wall of the Harem, was "the Golden Gate," an archway of Roman construction, by which Christ entered the city in triumph, but which is now walled up.

Along the valley we pursued our course, staying to look at the tomb of Absalom and that of Zechariah, the cave of St. James, and the sepulchral slabs, with Hebrew inscriptions rudely chiseled, which crowd in thousands upon the slope facing the southeast corner of the city wall. This place has been chosen, because here, in the popular belief, the great assize of the last day will be opened. By two flights of stone steps we descended to the well of Siloam, (now called the "Fountain of the Virgin,") and tasted of the waters that "go softly," (Isai. viii, 6;) then, leaving the overhanging village of Siloam on our left, and passing a wide-spreading mulberry-tree, said to mark the place where Isaiah was sawn asunder by command of Manasseh, made our way to En-rogel. Here our horses were supplied with water from the well of Nehemiah, drawn up in skin-vessels. It was at En-rogel that Jonathan and Abimaaz stayed, (2 Sam. xvii, 17,) when Absalom took possession of the city, in order that they might carry tidings to David; and it was in the same secluded place that Adonijah's ambitious aspirings after the throne of Judah were suddenly checked by the shout, carried on the breeze, and echoed by the mountains, "God save King Solomon!" (1 Kings i, 9-31.)

Ascending the "high places of Tophet,"

we made our way up the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, passing Aceldama, "the potter's field," in which strangers are buried to this day. We re-entered Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate, taking a view, in passing, of the Diocesan School, established by the bishop in 1847.

With deep and solemn feeling had we long looked forward to our "first day of the week" in Jerusalem; and we hailed, both with heart and voice, its happy dawning. It was no small privilege, truly, to spend that day in the city where Jesus taught, and where he died; in the city where the Christian Sabbath was first celebrated. (John xx, 26.) With the first light of morning we sang,

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;"

At half past ten o'clock we repaired to the Protestant church, a neat Gothic edifice adjoining the consulate.

"With a remnant of God's people did we worship at his shrine,
And own'd the hand that succor'd us to be the Hand Divine."

As the westering sun was tinting the domes of the city with golden hues, and the shadows were beginning to creep up the sides of the deep valleys, we walked along the Valley of Jehoshaphat. A calm stillness rested on all around. We lingered beside the tomb of Absalom, the base of which is surrounded by loose stones, such as the Jews are still in the habit of casting at it as they pass, to show their abhorrence of the rebel whose name it bears. (2 Sam. xviii, 18.) On our way home, we saw the houses of the lepers, miserable hovels, just inside the walls, apart from the houses of the city.

Before leaving Jerusalem, we made an effort to get some phylacteries. Accompanied by Mr. Calman, I pursued my way, through narrow streets, to the Jews' Quarter. We approached a dwelling which shelters several families, each occupying a room; and climbed to the very top, by several ladder-staircases, before we reached the apartment occupied by the person of whom we were in quest. His wife and three little children were beside the bed at the further corner of the room, while the phylactery-maker himself was pursuing his handicraft just within the door, in front of a small window. The whole room was a picture of filth and wretchedness. Mr. Calman carried on

the negotiations for a couple of these wares. The Jew was just concluding a bargain for sixty piasters, when all at once he asked if I were a Christian. Learning that I was, he began to make serious objections to selling them to me. Mr. Calman assured him, that, though I was not a Jew according to the flesh, yet I was a Jew "inwardly." (Rom. ii, 29.) His wife, meanwhile, went out of the room, muttering something to herself; and the husband at once followed her. He soon returned, quite under the power of female influence, and declared that he would not sell them for five hundred piasters. Mr. Calman then begged that they might be sold to him, as he was a born Jew. The man said he would go and consult with some others about it; and soon brought in two rabbis, who for ten minutes held a consultation whether I should be allowed to have a pair of phylacteries or not. At last they concluded that I should not have them on any account whatever; and so we had to return, after nearly an hour's useless labor. But Mr. Calman succeeded, afterward, in procuring some old phylacteries, which had been worn hundreds of times in the synagogues, and which, on that account, we esteemed the more valuable. They consist of strips of parchment, folded up in a small leathern box. One is worn on the forehead, the leathern straps, by which it is attached, tied in a knot at the back of the head, and then passed forward to fall over the breast. This contains Exod. xiii, 1-10, and 11-16. The other is worn on the left arm, and contains Deut. vi, 4-9, and xi, 13-21. This latter is put on with a good deal of ceremony. The long straps are first twisted seven times round the arm, Psalm cxlv, 16, being meanwhile repeated: "Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." There are just seven Hebrew words in the verse, one of which is repeated at each twist. The straps are next twisted round the first three fingers, severally, the clauses of Hosea ii, 19, being repeated in like succession:

1. "I will betroth thee unto me forever."
2. "I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness."
3. "I will betroth thee unto me in mercies."



LISBON AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1755.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

EARTHQUAKES, volcanic eruptions, the production and submersion of islands, the issue of gases, such as sulphurous and carbonic acid, from fissures in the earth, hot springs, eruptions of warm mud, the increase of temperature at increasing depths, the origin of mountain chains, such as the Andes, the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Himalaya, the alternate elevation and submersion of vast continents, the variations of the configuration of the land, and the distribution of the waters on the surface of the globe, all these so apparently different phenomena, it has been the triumph of science to trace to a common origin, the reaction of the matter confined within the earth against its external shell.

It is our present purpose briefly to explain the physical conditions out of which these stupendous phenomena arise, and to describe the circumstances attending them.

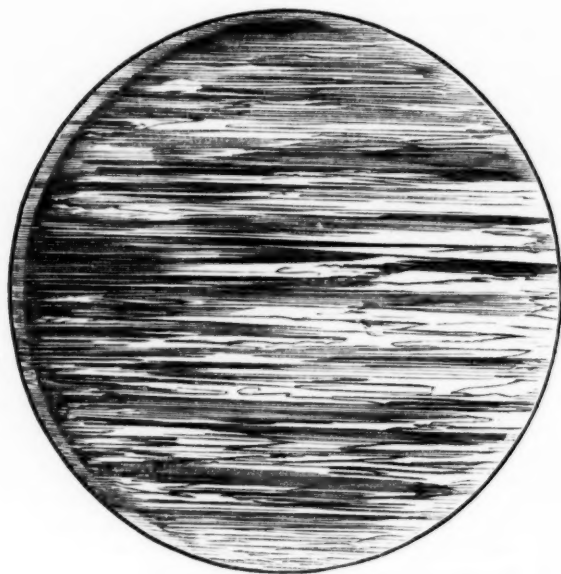
When it is considered that the actual distance of the surface from the center, or the length of the terrestrial radius, is more than twenty millions of feet, and that the utmost depth to which we have been able to descend in boring or mining operations

has not much exceeded two thousand feet, that is, the ten thousandth part of the entire radius, it will be apparent that the data supplied by so scanty a range of observation must be very limited. Less direct sources of observation, though not less certain and precise, have, however, been opened by the researches of geologists, who have shown that the crust of the earth fractured by eruptions produced by forces acting from the interior outward has been exposed to view, so that the condition of the external shell, to the depth of about forty thousand feet, or the five hundredth part of the entire distance from the surface to the center, can be ascertained.

Extended and general thermometric observations made in mines and other deep excavations, and on the temperature of water rising in Artesian wells, prove that in descending to greater and greater depths into the crust of the earth, there is a constant and regular increase of temperature at the rate of about one thermometric degree for every fifty feet of depth, or, what is nearly the same, an increase at the rate of 100° per mile.

Now supposing this law of increase to continue without interruption downward, it would follow that at the depth of forty miles, or the hundredth part of the distance from the surface to the center, a temperature of 4000° prevails. It is certain that no part of the matter composing the crust of the earth could remain solid at such a temperature, being higher than those at which the most refractory bodies are fused. Whatever be the exact rate at which the temperature is augmented in descending, it is beyond all doubt that at a depth of thirty or forty miles it must be such as to reduce to the state of an incan-

descent liquid the most refractory bodies which enter into the composition of the earth. This liquid fire must extend to the very center of the globe, and from the well-understood properties of fluidity, it may be considered certain that a uniform temperature is maintained throughout the liquid mass thus inclosed within the solid spheroidal shell. We are then to regard the earth as a spherical shell of solid matter filled with liquid fire. The thickness of this shell being in the proportion to its diameter just stated, it will be represented by the black circle surrounding the figure which we here give.



If the egg of a fowl or an ostrich be imagined to represent the earth, its shell would be much too thick to represent its solid crust!

It is no rhetorical exaggeration, then, to affirm that the globe we live on is a stupendous but very thin bomb-shell charged with liquid fire! If such be the case, it may naturally be asked how it happens that so thin a crust, supported on so mobile a fluid, can maintain that general state of stability and equilibrium which characterizes the surface of the earth, so that it is referred to in times ancient and modern as the type of all that is most solid and durable? To this it may be answered,

that many phenomena with which mankind in certain localities is only too familiar, and which are known to all by authentic cotemporary reports and historical records, prove that this imputed stability cannot be admitted without most serious qualifications and exceptions. Not a year passes that earthquakes are not reported in various parts of the earth. Not a century passes that these terrible phenomena are not occasionally developed with such an energy and extent that vast tracts of country are laid waste, cities and towns destroyed, and thousands of human beings buried beneath their ruins. Volcanic eruptions are permanent indications of subter-

anean agencies, modifying more or less the surface. Torrents of lava and clouds of ashes ejected from them cover surrounding regions, and sometimes entomb entire cities. The solid bottom of the ocean is occasionally heaved upward by a force from below, so as to form new islands, which sometimes subsiding, are again submerged. These and countless other phenomena show that the crust of the globe is not so solid and unchangeable as it is generally assumed to be.

The fluid fire, like the waters of the ocean, is subject to undulation. If its undulations be so limited in their play that the materials of which the terrestrial shell is formed, have sufficient elasticity to yield to their pressure without being fractured, they will produce on the exterior surface of that shell corresponding undulations, by which all bodies placed upon its surface must be affected, as a floating body is by the waves of the ocean. If the height of the waves of the subterranean fluid be greater than the elasticity of the solid shell which confines them can bear, that shell must be fractured to a greater or less extent, and through the openings thus produced in it, the internal matter, in a state of igneous fusion, may issue, producing volcanic phenomena. Or, in fine, the fracture may be only external, in which case the consequences will be limited to local derangement of the surface.

The undulations which produce earthquakes are sometimes rectilinear, and propagated in parallel lines and in a single direction. In other cases they form concentric circles, and are propagated from a certain central point, like the waves produced on the surface of still water round the point at which a pebble is dropped into it.

Humboldt, who has been personal witness of a considerable number of these phenomena, and has elaborately investigated the recorded effects of the most remarkable of them, says that the undulations are propagated chiefly in parallel lines, and with a progressive velocity of from twenty to thirty miles per minute. He observes that the cases in which the waves issue from a center of undulation, and are propagated in circles round it, are more rare, and that when it takes place, the height of the waves diminish as their distance from the common center increases.

In general, the undulations are considerable in their vertical height and velocity of oscillation, so that in places affected by them, the strength of buildings is sufficient to resist their effects, and we constantly hear of slight shocks of earthquakes being sensible, which are attended with no injurious consequences. Bells are sometimes thus rung, and furniture and other loose objects more or less displaced without other more serious consequences.

The vertical shock, however, in places more subject to these visitations, is sometimes attended with far more grave effects. In the case of the earthquake, by which the town of Riobamba, at the foot of Chimborazo, was destroyed in 1797, the bodies of many of the inhabitants were hurled to a height of several hundred feet, and thrown upon the hill of La Cullea, beyond the small river Lican.

In certain cases the motion imparted to the surface is not merely that of undulation properly so called, which can only produce vertical and oscillating motions; it has been found, in some cases, that the ground has been affected by a horizontal as well as vertical displacement. In some cases also a gyratory movement of the ground has been observed, so that after the shock, the direction of the walls of buildings, and the relative bearings of fixed objects, such as buildings, trees, and the directions of hills and valleys, have been changed.

The earthquakes which produce a gyratory motion of the ground are the most destructive, and happily also the most rare. After the earthquake which destroyed Riobamba in 1797, and that which took place in Calabria in 1783, walls were changed in their direction without being thrown down; rows of trees, which were previously strait and parallel, were, after the shock, in different directions, and even in curved rows. Fields were changed in their relative positions, those in which two different crops were growing having interchanged places.

A popular impression prevails that earthquakes are preceded by peculiar atmospheric phenomena, such as a profound stillness of the air, a suffocating and oppressive heat, and a misty horizon. Exact and extensive observations made in various countries, and for long periods of time, have proved that this is without any foundation in fact. Humboldt states not only as the result of his own experience, but as

that of those who have lived for many years in regions where earthquakes are frequent, that they take place indifferently in all weathers, and in all states of the atmosphere. His own observations within the tropics, and those of Adolphe Erman during the earthquake of the 8th of March, 1829, at Irkutsk, near Lake Baikal, lat. 53°, were in this respect in complete accordance. Nevertheless, the subterranean convulsions appear to have been in some cases attended with atmospheric effects, which would indicate some connection between the phenomena and the electric state of the surface and of the atmosphere. Thus, for example, during the long-continued trembling of the ground in the Piedmontese valleys of Pelis and Clusson, considerable variations of the electric tension of the atmosphere were observed, which could not have arisen from any storm, the sky being at the time quite serene and unclouded.

Earthquakes are often attended, though not at all, as is commonly supposed, preceded by awful subterranean sounds. These noises, however, appear to have no relation whatever to the violence of the shock. Some of the most tremendous of these convulsions have, on the contrary, been unaccompanied by any noise whatever. The noises which are heard most commonly occur after the shock, and seldom at the place where the earthquake has the greatest violence. In the case of the earthquake of which Tacunga and Hambato were the center and points of greatest action, no noise was heard at these places, but violent subterranean detonations were heard at Quito, which is fifty-five miles, and at Ibarra, about one hundred miles distant from those points, at twenty minutes after the shock. The subterranean thunder, if it may be so called, is sometimes heard at places situate beyond the limits of the shocks. Thus in the case of the violent earthquake which occurred at Lima and Callao, on 28th of October, 1746, a noise resembling a clap of subterranean thunder was heard at Truxillo, where no shock whatever was felt, nor even the least trembling of the ground.

The character of the noise attending earthquakes has differed greatly in different cases. Sometimes it has been a rolling sound like that of thunder, or the discharges of cannon in rapid succession. Sometimes it is described as resembling

the clanking of chains. At Quito it is often sudden, like a near thunder-clap, and sometimes it is clear and ringing, like the clashing of glass, as if enormous masses of vitrified matter were shattered in subterranean caverns.

During the great eruption at Cotopaxi, one of the most lofty peaks of the Andes, subterranean sounds like discharges of artillery were heard at Honda, on the Magdalena River. This is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the crater of Cotopaxi is not only eighteen thousand feet above the level of Honda, and the distance measured in a direct line between the two points is four hundred and sixty-three miles, but vast mountain masses, such as Quito, Pasto, and Popayan, as well as innumerable valleys and ravines, are interposed between them. The sound was therefore evidently in this case propagated through the solid crust of the earth from a great depth, and not through the air.

It would appear that in some cases the solid telluric shell is strong enough to resist the undulations of the subterranean igneous fluid, while it transmits the sonorous vibrations. It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the impression which these terrible sounds, issuing from the depths of the earth, produce, when they are not attended by any dynamical or other phenomena. It is as if a preternatural voice coming from below addressed the entire population. The listener waits after each roll of the sound in an agony of suspense for what may follow.

One of the most remarkable examples of these subterranean sounds, unaccompanied by any disturbance of the surface of the ground, was that which occurred in the great mining regions of Mexico, in 1784, and which is known in that country as the *Bramidos subterraneos* (subterraneous roaring) of Guanajuato.

Guanajuato is the capital town of the mining district of that name, situate in the Sierra de Santa Rosa, at one hundred and sixty miles northwest of Mexico, and at an elevation of six thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is irregularly built on mountain declivities, and is surrounded by deep shafts, through which the produce of the rich gold and silver mines is brought to the surface. More than a hundred of these shafts are sunk within a radius of fifteen miles round the town. There is no active volcano in

the neighborhood. The subterranean sounds were first heard at midnight on the 9th January, 1784, and they continued without intermission for more than a month. From the 13th to the 16th it seemed as if a rolling thunder, alternately with loud and sharp thunder-claps, issued from storm clouds beneath the foundation of the town. These sounds, which increased from the beginning by slow degrees, until they attained their greatest loudness and violence, ceased by the same slow degrees.

The inhabitants of the surrounding tablelands being prevented by their fright from bringing supplies into the markets of the town, a famine commenced, and the power of the authorities being at length overborne, a general flight ensued. Nearly the whole population deserted the town, in which large masses of the precious metals, the produce of the surrounding mines, had been stored. Bands of plunderers lingered to seize this treasure. After a while, the inhabitants being familiarized with the continuance of the subterranean thunder, unaccompanied by any other symptoms of earthquake, the more courageous returned to the town, and fought with the robbers in defense of their property. In no part of the mountainous regions of Mexico was anything of this kind ever before known or heard of, nor has it ever recurred since. Thus it would appear, that as chasms in the inferior parts of the crust of the earth are opened or closed, the sound produced by the agitation of the igneous ocean, which roars beneath it, is propagated in different directions and at different times.

It would be a great mistake to assume that earthquakes are always merely local phenomena of very limited range. On the contrary, they have in some cases been manifested over a large portion of the surface of the globe. The great earthquake by which Lisbon was destroyed on the 1st November, 1755, was felt over the whole extent of Europe, from the Alps to the coast of Sweden, over Northern Germany and the shores of the Baltic, across the Atlantic to the West Indies, where the shocks were sensible in the islands of Barbadoes, Martinique, and Antigua, and across the continent of North America to the great Northern lakes. Distant fountains were interrupted in their flow. Thus the hot springs of Töplitz were first dried up, but soon reappeared, sending up unusual quantities of water of an ochreous color.

That the solid surface of the bottom of the ocean shared in the general undulation manifested over so great an extent of the continents on this occasion could not be doubted, if no other evidence of it existed save the transmission of the undulation across the Atlantic. But we have more direct evidence of this in the sudden changes of elevation of the water of the ocean itself. At Cadiz the sea rose above sixty feet, and in the islands of Barbadoes, Martinique, and Antigua, where the normal rise of the tide does not much exceed two feet, the water suddenly rose twenty feet, and was moreover discolored, having the blackness of ink. During the earthquake the water retired from the harbor at Lisbon, leaving the bar uncovered and dry, but it soon returned, rushing in enormous volumes, so as to rise in some places to the height of sixty feet. The shores were everywhere inundated, and the seaport of St. Eubal's, about twenty miles south of Lisbon, was submerged and totally disappeared. The records of these convulsions of the earth supply many examples showing that the bottom of the sea has shared the perturbations of the land. In the case of the great earthquake which desolated Peru in 1746, the Pacific rushed upon the coast with irresistible fury, destroyed several seaports, carrying the vessels which floated in them to great distances up the country, and submerging a large tract of land near Callao, so as to convert it into a permanent bay.

A remarkable submarine earthquake occurred in the Gulf of Mexico in 1780, during which a mass of water was carried against the western coast of the island of Jamaica, which in an instant submerged the entire town of Savannah la Mar. Not a building or living thing escaped this prodigious irruption of water.

The same island underwent still more extensive devastation from an earthquake which occurred there in 1692. Three fourths of Port Royal, the capital of the island at that time, suddenly sunk down, and with all its inhabitants were submerged by the sea. Large warehouses which stood upon the quays were submerged to such a depth, that their roofs were from twenty to forty feet below the surface of the water. The subsidence was so evenly vertical, and so free from any lateral displacement or rocking motion, that many of the houses sunk without falling; so



VIEW OF NAPLES AND VESUVIUS.

that after the catastrophe the chimney-tops of some of them were seen, as well as the topmasts of ships wrecked in the harbor, projecting from the surface of the water. A vessel of war which had been under repair in one of the docks was transported over several of the submerged buildings, and finally rested upon one of the sunken houses, breaking through the roof. In the first shock of this earthquake a tract of the adjacent country of the extent of above a thousand acres was instantaneously submerged. It has been calculated that in the great earthquake of Lisbon, a portion of the earth's surface, more than four times the area of Europe, was affected by the undulation, without taking into account any part of the submarine disturbances which attended it.

As examples of shocks and tremblings of the ground which have continued from hour to hour for several successive months, Humboldt produces the following examples, all of which took place at great distances from any active volcano. On the eastern slope of Mount Ceniz, at Fenestrelles and Pignerol, the phenomena commenced in April, 1808. The liquid contained in full glasses exhibited a constant agitation and

trembling. In the United States, at New Madrid, and Little Prairie, north of Cincinnati, the trembling commenced in December, 1811, and continued through the winter of 1812. In the Pachalik of Aleppo the shocks continued during the months of August and September, 1822.

The undulations of earthquakes proceed so often in directions parallel to mountain chains that it might be conjectured that they are directed by some influence exerted by the walls of the fissures of the strata, between which the matter forming the chain was originally forced up. Many exceptions, however, to this are presented by earthquakes which have been propagated in directions transverse to those of the mountain chains. Thus, in South America they have crossed the littoral chain of Venezuela and the Sierra Parime. In Asia they have been propagated, in January, 1832, from Lahore and the foot of the Himalaya, across the chain of the Hindoo Coosh as far as Badakshan on the Upper Oxus, and even to Bokhara.

Of all the substances thus thrown out through the external crust from the interior of the earth, the most frequent is water. That liquid appears to be deposited

in terrestrial strata, having depths more or less considerable, and it necessarily acquires the temperature of the strata in which it is thus confined. In ordinary springs rising from inconsiderable depths within the limits of the superficial strata, the temperature in warm seasons is generally lower considerably than that of the air at the surface, and hence arises the coolness of common spring-water. But when water rises from depths much more considerable, lying below the stratum of invariable temperature, it is found to have a higher temperature than the air.

The natural hot springs which exist in various parts of the globe must issue from strata whose depth corresponds to their temperature, rising through fissures or perforations in the superior strata, produced by disruptions effected by the pressure from within prevailing over the tenacity of the materials composing such strata. If the temperature of the water issuing from such springs could be taken to be that which it had in the reservoir from which it has risen, such temperature would supply at least an approximate index of the depth of such reservoir. But it must be considered, that in rising to the surface it passes through a succession of strata of constantly decreasing temperature, composed of materials of various conducting powers and capacities for heat, and that in its ascent it must part with more or less of its heat, and therefore that its temperature, on issuing from the spring at the surface, must be less than that of the subterranean reservoir from which it has risen.

Nothing is more remarkable and curious respecting springs, whatever be their temperature, than the secular permanence which attends so many of them. The fountains of Greece still flow in the same places as they did when described by the historians, and sung by the poets, of the classic age. The River Erasinos, which rose in Lake Stymphalus, after flowing a certain distance disappeared in the earth, but sprung up again out of the declivity of the mountain Chaon, two hours' journey south of Argos. This spring, which is mentioned by Herodotus, still issues from the same point in the slope of the mountain. In the center of the temple of Apollo, at Delphi, was a small opening in the ground, from which, from time to time, an intoxicating vapor was said to proceed,

and which was supposed to proceed from the adjacent well of Cassotis. Over this chasm the priestess Pythia took her seat whenever the oracle was to be consulted, and the words she uttered after inhaling the mephitic vapor were believed to be the revelations of the god. Of this chasm no trace remains, but the well of Cassotis still exists, and is known as that of St. Nicholas. Its waters still pass under the site of the temple of Apollo.

Of the other classic fountains which still flow may be mentioned that of Castalia at the foot of Mount Parnassus, Piréné at Corinth, the thermal springs of Ædepus on the coast of Eubœa, near Chalcis. It is remarkable that in a tract of country so peculiarly subject to frequent and violent earthquakes, the strata in the main continue to preserve their relative position, so that even those narrow holes and fissures, through which those subterranean waters force themselves up, have remained unchanged during the long interval of two thousand years. Various gases are also ejected in enormous quantities. The gas called carbureted hydrogen, which, evolved by artificial processes, is now so universally used for the purposes of illumination, issues in vast quantities from the interior of the earth through fissures of greater or less magnitude, and thus presented by nature herself, has actually been used for illumination in China for more than ten centuries back. The artesian fire-wells of China, at Ho-tsing, are well known. The gas has from very ancient times been collected in tubes of bamboo, and being thus rendered portable, has been used for illumination in the city of Khiung-tschou.

The transition from the ejection of gases and liquids to that of molten rocks exhibited in the effects of volcanoes, is marked by the intermediate phenomena of the ejection of hot mud. According to Humboldt, although salses or mud volcanoes in their normal state present little to arrest attention, their origin is characterized by the imposing phenomena of earthquakes, subterranean thunder, the upswelling of vast tracts of country, and the ejection of lofty jets of flame. A recent and well-observed example of such a phenomenon is presented in the case of the mud volcano of Jokmali, on the peninsula of Apsheron, east of Baku, on the shores of the Caspian Sea. This peninsula has always been the theater of singular

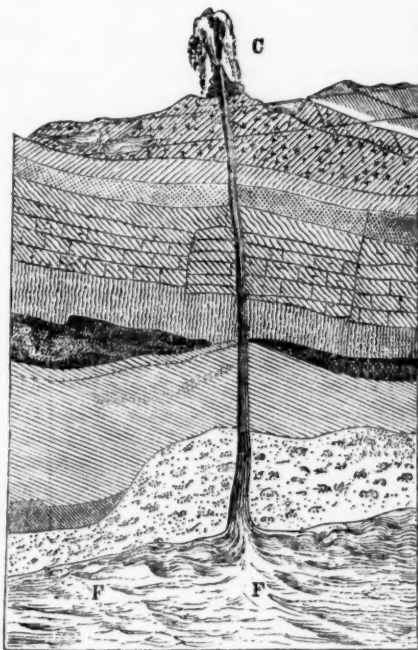
subterranean phenomena, and flames have so frequently, in past times, issued from the ground upon it, that it has been regarded with veneration by the Oriental fire-worshippers. On this peninsula, on the 27th of November, 1827, flames blazed up from the ground to so great a height that they were seen at the distance of twenty-four miles, in which state they continued for three hours, after which they decreased to the height of three feet. They issued from a crater which was formed by their ejection, and continued to burn in that way for twenty hours. This ended in the ejection of enormous fragments of rock and quantities of hot mud.

From the examples of subterranean activity presented by superficial convulsions, earthquakes, thermal springs, and jets of gas and steam, we pass to the formation of volcanoes properly so called. The internal forces, acting with unequal effect on different parts of the solid crust of the earth, surmount its resistance at points where it has least tenacity, and upheaving the incumbent strata, raise them into dome-shaped masses, like those of the Puy de Dome and Chimborazo, without, however, producing actual fracture. Sometimes the mass thus upheaved gives way at the summit of the dome, which separates so as to leave a circular cavity of a certain depth surrounded by a nearly perpendicular wall, having on the exterior a gradual slope, which formed the declivity of the dome before the disruption. If the energy of the subterranean forces be sufficiently intense, the floor of this crater will be disrupted, holes and fissures will be formed in it, communicating with the liquid fire which fills the solid shell of the earth, steam and acid gases will be ejected in vast quantities, followed by ignited scoræ, and red-hot stones, and fragments of rock, after which will follow torrents of that incandescent earthy matter in a state of pasty fusion, which has been called lava; in a word, an active volcano will be formed. Now there are here several distinct stages, at any one of which the phenomena may be brought to a close, according to the relation between the energy of the upheaving force and the local tenacity of the earth's solid crust. If the upheaving force do not much exceed that tenacity, it may spend its entire energy in producing swelling of the surface of the ground more or less pronounced. If the excess be greater

still, a dome-shaped hill or mountain will be produced. A greater excess again will cause the disruption of this dome, and its conversion into a crater of elevation. Finally, if the internal force be sufficient to break a way through the entire mass of solid strata which forms the shell of the earth, the fiery fluid central matter, rising through the opening thus made for it, will issue from the holes, crevices, and fissures in the floor of the crater, and, overflowing or breaking away through the surrounding wall, rush in a torrent of fire down the slopes of the dome-shaped hill thus formed. The intervals of activity and repose of volcanoes are often of very long duration. Thus, in the case of Vesuvius, the eruptions were renewed with unabated force after an interruption of several centuries. In the time of Nero, Etna was considered as approaching to entire extinction, and, according to *Ælian*, the summit of the mountain at a later period was gradually sinking, so that it could no longer be seen as a landmark by vessels at sea from the same distances. Humboldt affirms that it may be considered as a pretty well established law of volcanoes, that those which have least elevation are characterized by the most unceasing activity. He proves this law by many examples, and explains it by the supposition that a less internal force is sufficient to raise the molten masses to low than to high summits. Now Stromboli has been in a continued state of activity from the Homeric age to the present, so unceasing that it has served, and still serves, all the purposes of a stupendous light-house to ships navigating that part of the Mediterranean. The entire island situate off the north coast of Sicily, is of volcanic formation. Around each mouth, from which the fiery matter is projected, a cone of cinders and ashes is formed by the return of the matter which has been projected upward. These cones vary greatly in height and magnitude, and appear to have no relation to the general elevation of the mountain, the smaller class of volcanoes often producing the highest cones. One of the most remarkable of these cones is that of the Volcano of Cotopaxi, in the eastern Cordillera of the Andes, about thirty-four miles S.S.E. of Quito. The general form of this remarkable mountain is that of an immense cone, shaped with an accuracy almost geometrical. The summit is about nineteen thousand feet

above the level of the sea, and nearly ten thousand above the adjacent table-land. The snow line is at four thousand four hundred feet below the summit. The cone, therefore, above this line is coated with perpetual snow, except at the times of eruptions, in which the solid sides of the cone becoming incandescent, the snow suddenly melts, and descending in torrents down the flanks of the mountain, leaves the conical summit uncovered. "Of all the volcanoes which I have seen," says Humboldt, "in either hemisphere, the cone-formed Cotopaxi is at once the most regular and the most picturesque. Before each great eruption, the sudden fusion of the snow, which habitually invests its vast cone, announces the coming catastrophe. Even before the appearance of smoke issuing from its lofty crater, the sides of the cone acquire a glowing temperature, and the mass of the mountain assumes an aspect of most awful and portentous blackness." It is difficult to imagine any spectacle more awfully grand than the view of a crater in activity presented to an observer when he is stationed at the summit of the surrounding wall. The space beneath him appears like the surface of agitated, half-molten matter contained in a colossal cauldron. The surface swells and intumesces; from the cracks and fissures vapors issue; small chasms here and there alternately open and close, showing within them red-hot molten matter; burning fragments are from time to time thrown up, and fall back upon the sides of the mounds surrounding the mouths from which they have been vomited; each small eruption of this kind is regularly preceded and announced by small earthquake shocks, which sensibly shake the ground beneath the feet of the observer; occasionally lava issues in a fiery torrent from these fissures and mouths, but not in sufficient quantity to break through the walls of the crater, but sometimes the flow of this red-hot pasty matter is so abundant that it breaks the wall, and rushes down the side of the mountain.

Various theories have been proposed to explain the phenomena of volcanoes, and to solve the questions, What is it that burns? What excites such prodigious de-



grees and quantities of heat? heat sufficient to fuse not only the metals, but the most refractory earths, imparting to masses of fused earth a heat which many years are required to dissipate. Among the hypotheses which have been proposed, and which received and merited much consideration, though now put aside, was the chemical theory of Sir Humphry Davy, in which the evolution of heat and light in the depths of the volcanic craters, were ascribed to the chemical action of the most oxydable metals, such as potassium, sodium, calcium, &c.

Our limits, and the object of this tract, preclude us from entering upon this question here beyond this mere indication of the ingenious hypothesis of the illustrious chemist; and as the theory proposed has been generally abandoned, such a discussion is the less necessary.

To illustrate the generally received theory, we have given, in the figure at the head of this page, an hypothetical section of the crust of the earth, showing the progress upward of the igneous fluid from the internal liquid fire, *FF*, to the mouth of the crater at *c*.

THE SECOND BABY.

BETWEEN the first baby and the second, what a falling off is there, my countrywomen! Not in intrinsic value, for the second may chance to be "as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina," but in the imaginary value with which it is invested by its nearest kin and more distant female belongings. The coming of the first baby in a household creates an immense sensation; that of the second is comparatively a common-place affair. The first baby is looked for with anxiety, nursed with devotion, admired with enthusiasm, dressed with splendor, and made to live upon system. Baby Number Two is not longed for by any one, except, perhaps, the mother; is nursed as a matter of course, and admired as a matter of courtesy; is dressed in the cast-off clothes of Number One, and gets initiated into life without much ceremony or system.

Such was my reflection the other day as I watched the assembled family welcome the little stranger—the *second* in our household. I am but a bachelor uncle, and my opinion on such matters may be little worth; but it seemed to me that this second child was a great deal superior to the first, seeing that it was larger, quieter, and not nearly so red as his elder brother. Thereupon, retiring to my accustomed corner of the spacious family parlor, I indulged in various lucubrations apropos of babies generally and second babies in particular, which I took care not to deliver *vivâ voce* at the time, but which I amused myself afterward by committing to paper, and now offer to the reader.

"A babe in the house is a well-spring of joy," saith a modern philosopher. He speaks from experience, doubtless; and the saying shows that he hath never had misgivings about getting the daily bread for the babe, or for the mother that should give it sustenance in its infancy. Yes, to people with health, peace, and competence, a babe in the house is a well-spring of joy; but to people who are indigent, harassed, and of doubtful health, I fear it is a well-spring of something very different.

I know I shall seem like an old brute of a bachelor to sentimental ladies, married and single, for saying such things; but this is a land of freedom of speech, where "a man may speak the thing he

will." And this I *will* say, on behalf of the poor babies themselves, that if they had any sense at all, they would wish they had never been born—at all events, the *second* would, and every succeeding baby of the aforesaid unhopeful parentage. The *first* baby is generally welcome, even to parents who are doubtful about the morrow's meal. It flings a poetry over their poverty; they look on it with unutterable love, with tender respect, as a charge committed to their trust by God himself, as a renewal of their own lives—a mystic bond of love that no time, and, perhaps, not even eternity itself, can untie. It is a new and wonderful thing! They can't get familiar with the wonder of it! Its whole little being is a marvelous work; and the hearts of the parents, especially of the mother, glow with the purest ecstasy when they take it in their arms, and think: "This is my child, my own flesh and blood! From the care and the love of this creature nothing, I thank God, can set me free!"

But it by no means follows, that because the first child creates so much more vivid a sensation in the household than the second, it deserves to be loved more. As a general rule, you will find the second child, in various ways, superior to the first—often superior to all the succeeding children, where the family is numerous. The law and society give the preference to eldest sons and daughters; fairy tales invariably give the preference to the youngest. I set myself, in this particular, against both the existing social system, and the wont and usage of fairyland, and think the second child is generally the best, physically, intellectually, and morally. With all due consideration for the Octavias and Septimuses, for Sextus and Quintus, and with the usual undue consideration for Mr. Primus and my Lady Una, I contend that their second brother or sister is likely to excel them all. I am not prepared to go to the stake as a martyr for this opinion, but I am prepared to wield a pen in its defense, and now add a few of the strongest arguments in its favor.

In the first place, a second child of ordinary parents, tolerably well off, benefits in infancy and childhood by the experience they gained with the first. They try experiments with the first; ask advice of doctors and old ladies; and are so anxious

to help nature, that they often hinder her operations. The child is never let alone; it is always being taken notice of by some admiring nurse or relative. Now, the proverb of the kitchen, that "a watched pot never boils," applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the nursery, and it may be said that "a watched baby never thrives." But the second child profits by the experiments made with the first. The parents, having discovered that "let well alone" is a safer maxim than "trust nothing to chance" in the case of an infant, are content to let Baby Number Two lie on the floor sometimes, instead of being always in the arms; are not anxious to coax it to walk before it can get up on its little feet and stand; will allow it to ask for food, instead of forcing food down its throat; are not frightened into foolishness because it looks up to the open sky without a hat on. So when it can run about, they do not mount guard over every motion, remove from the child's path every obstacle, and help it to overcome every small difficulty; they have learned that all these acts of love are not so good for the child as its acquiring habits of self-help and self-reliance. If they have any faculty of prevision, they will see that a child who requires to be watched and helped all day long, will probably want watching and helping when he grows a man.

Baby Number Two escapes most of the medicines administered to Number One, and a great deal of the dressing—in which respects Baby Number Two has decidedly the advantage.

Baby Number Two escapes the evil effects of flattering tongues, which tell Number One twenty times a day that it is "the sweetest little thing that ever was seen."

Baby Number Two escapes the evil effects of jealous suggestions, such as, "Ah! *your* nose is put out of joint. You're not the only one now! The new baby is the darling now."

Baby Number Two has the advantage of the company of an elder brother or sister: he learns a thousand things more easily in consequence. His own voluntary imitation is worth all the direct teaching mothers and nurses can give.

It is also an advantage to him to play the protector and the teacher in his turn: he cares for the little ones, and is patient with them.

As he advances in life, I have no hesitation in saying that the second son has frequently the best of it. Your second son is almost always *first* in everything but birth. He goes to school and college as the relative to his antecedent, if I may be allowed a grammatical pun; and if he have profited by his home education as a child, in the way I have already described, he very soon learns that work of all kinds well done is worth more than its wages to the doer; and he blesses the accident of birth which made him Baby Number Two, instead of Baby Number One.

"But," says some reader, and with considerable show of reason, "do not all these advantages which you attribute solely to the second son, belong also to the rest of the younger children?" I think not, and for these reasons:

After the second child is born, parents get quite familiar with the birth and infancy of their children; and whereas the first child attracts too much attention, it often happens that the third, fourth, and fifth, do not attract enough. They are cared for well, in a general way, but they do not get that particular care and attention which the eldest child got, and which was too much; nor the half of it, which was bestowed on the second child, and which was just enough. Parents with limited income—as if any incomes were unlimited—find that to educate the younger children at as great a money-cost as the two elder, is more than they can manage; and so the younger children are not so well off as the second child. Of course, I speak only of average children; here and there you have a genius born among the younger members of a numerous family—a Wellington, a Nelson, a Scott, a Napoleon; such children arrive at their destination in life, whether they be eldest, second, or younger children. The exceptions may prove the rule, but they do not weaken its truth.

In conclusion, I invite my readers to study the family history of their friends and acquaintances, and see if they do not find my assertion good. The second child is generally the best of the family. I ought to know, for I am a second child myself, and on that ground alone I began to turn my attention to the subject; and having come to the foregone conclusions, I make a point of watching the career of a second baby.

The National Magazine.

AUGUST, 1856.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

EDITORIAL ARRANGEMENTS.—It will be no news to many of our readers, but it is fitting that we chronicle the fact, that the *Rev. Abel Stevens*, formerly editor of this Magazine, has been transferred to the editorial chair of the *Christian Advocate*, vacated by the death of the lamented *Dr. Thomas E. Bond*. The appointment, so far as we have heard, gives universal satisfaction, and we predict for the *Advocate*, as a first class religious family newspaper, a still more extended sphere of usefulness.

The *Rev. Dr. McClintock*, for the last eight years editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and in whose hands that periodical maintained a rank second to no similar publication, has retired from that position, and is succeeded by that ripe scholar, the *Rev. Dr. Whedon*, formerly professor of languages in the University of Michigan.

In the editorial chair of the *Sunday School Advocate*, in some respects the most important of periodical visitors, the *Rev. Dr. Kidder* is succeeded by the *Rev. Daniel Wise*, formerly editor of the *Zion's Herald*, and well known as the author of many popular juvenile volumes.

From the cover of the present number, the readers of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE will learn that its editorial supervision remains as it has been for the last twelve months, during which Mr. Stevens, the nominal editor, was in Europe. There will be this difference, however, that the editor, henceforth free from his special ministerial duties as the presiding officer of a large district, will be enabled to devote more time to the pages of the Magazine. With the aid of competent assistants and able contributors, he hopes to make it worthy of more extended circulation.

I LOCATED.—*Dr. Deems*, in the appendix to his "Annals of Southern Methodism," gives the following narrative, said to have been taken from the lips of a dying minister of the Lord Jesus, who had abandoned his sacred calling:

"In my nineteenth year, I determined to enter the itinerant ministry; and having received the blessing of my beloved parents, and their parting counsels, I left home on the 15th of September, 18—, to offer myself to the ——— Conference, then about to sit in a neighboring town. My father furnished me with a valuable riding-horse, saddle, bridle, and saddle-bags, a new suit of clothes, and fifty dollars in money, telling me to go in the name of the Lord, and acquit myself like a man; adding, that if ever I needed a home, his door was open to me. I went with a trembling heart, but with a firm resolve to do my duty. I was kindly received by the preachers, and sent to the ——— circuit. Here I first learned what hardship meant; but I enjoyed religion, attended to my appointment, was useful, was happy, and felt assured that the Lord had called me to preach. At the end of the year I went to conference again, and received another appointment, where, under my feeble instrumentality, the word of God was powerfully revived, and some two or three hundred souls were added to the Church. Again I went to conference, again received a new field of labor, and was again blessed of the Lord; and had thus spent three years in the itinerant work. Up to this time I had been single-hearted, deeply pious, and devoted to one work. I lived much upon my knees, read my

Bible much, and felt that all my sufficiency was of God. But shortly after the commencement of my fourth year my parents died, and as I was their only child, the whole of their property fell into my hands. My attention now became divided between my property and the work of the ministry. Pressed with the cares of business, I neglected my private devotions, then my appointments; backslid in heart, lost my relish for the work to which God had been pleased to call me; and, restless and unhappy, sought by marriage to remedy the evil, and, as it were, to make myself independent of Duty. But, alas! how sadly was I mistaken; how fearfully have I reaped the harvest of my own guilt and folly! Becoming acquainted with Mary L——, and believing that she had all the qualities of mind and heart that were requisite to make her a good wife, I addressed her, and married her in August, 18—. In a few weeks I went to conference once more, and without letting her know anything of my intentions, located. Yes, I located, located unbidden by the Lord of the harvest! and every step since that act has been taken down hill, with an ever-accelerating velocity, and has but plunged me and my unfortunate, nonoffending Mary, deeper and deeper in misery. When I came back and told her what I had done, she burst into tears, and begged me to go back to the Lord's work. Noble woman! Would to God that I had taken her advice! But no; I was well off as respects this world's goods; I would be rich; I would go into business; I was tired of roving about; I flattered myself I could be a local preacher, and do as much or more good, than if I had continued in the itinerancy, a man of one work. I did go into business, with a handsome capital, and in three years lost it all, I could not tell how. My Mary still entreated me to re-join the conference; my brethren urged me to do so. Still I was rebellious against the Almighty; still I dreamed of prosperity, though conscious that I was a traitor to high Heaven. An uncle of my wife died, leaving her three thousand dollars. With this I again went into business, and in a few months this sum all vanished like smoke. Mary had meanwhile become the mother of two interesting babes. These both died. Almost broken-hearted, she implored me to do what was so manifestly my duty; but no; I was infatuated, and still persisted in my ruinous course. At length, I succeeded in purchasing the small farm on which I now live, and where I expect soon to die. My health has been steadily declining for months. My religious comforts are all gone, my soul is darkened, my usefulness departed. I am a wreck floating on the sea of time, soon to be dashed upon the breakers of eternity, and this because I located. O! how significant to me of fearful meaning is that word. It seems to me burned into my memory. Go where I will, do what I may, there it is staring me in the face—I located. It appears as though it were written on every log of my humble cabin, upon every tree without, upon the earth, and upon the skies above me. I read it in the pallid cheeks of my noble, uncomplaining Mary, in the tears that steal down from her eyes, and which she strives so hard to conceal from me. I feel it in the fever which burns up my life; in the sinking of my strength; in the consciousness that I must soon die; in the absence of that strong faith, which can alone prepare me to grapple with death; in the leanness and barrenness of my soul! Sometimes in my dreams my dear father and my sainted mother seem to stand before me, and ask, 'Why did you locate?' O! what shall I say when I stand before my Judge, and he puts to me the dreadful question, 'Why did you locate?' No tongue can tell, no pen describe, what I have suffered on account of this one act of my life. I have fully proved the woe of striving with my Maker, so far, at least, as the bitterness and anguish of that woe can be experienced in this world. I have tried to repent before God; I have sought refuge in the arms of bleeding mercy; I have prayed for one ray of heavenly light to guide me through the gloomy valley of death, but all is dark, dark, dark; I can only trust in the mercy of my offended Sovereign through Christ, and with fear and trembling await the issue. A sincere desire that others may not come into like condemnation, that others may not sow as I have sowed, and reap as I have reaped, has alone induced me to write this brief history of my sin, and its dreadful consequences to myself and to others. May it have this effect on all who read it! To one, to all I say, as a dying man speaking from bitter experience which has beggared me, has broken the heart of my Mary, and is taking both of us rapidly and yet prematurely to the grave, never let anything induce you to locate unbidden by the Master!"

A PHYSICAL FORCE-PUMP.—The strange confusion arising from the use of words in their literal signification was strikingly illustrated in a controversy between an evangelical Christian and a Roman Catholic. The former had been dwelling upon the necessity of experimental and practical godliness, which he called the religion of the heart. The Romanist ridiculed the expression. "What is the heart?" he asked. "It is a mere muscular viscus, a physical force-pump by which the blood is propelled through the body. To talk of the religion of the heart is, therefore, an absurdity." "Suppose we admit your definition, and apply it to some passages of Scripture," replied the other. "Let us take them from your own version." "My son, give me thy physical force-pump." "Create in me a clean physical force-pump." "Blessed are those who are pure in their physical force-pumps, for they shall see God." A peal of laughter from the by-standers, in which the Romanist himself was compelled to join, brought the controversy to an abrupt termination.

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.—In *THE NATIONAL* for October, 1855, we endeavored to enlighten the public on the subject of *autographs*, and modestly hinted at the developments hereafter to be made in an art which we called *Penology*. Some of our grave readers were disposed to doubt the fundamental principles of the new science; and two or three mistakes into which we had fallen, in our illustrations of character deduced from signatures, have been pointed out to us. In the main, however, we were right, and it will possibly gratify some of our readers to know that in the progress of the age such developments have been made as enable professors of both sexes to appeal with confidence to a discriminating public. The following advertisement, which we find in a recent London paper, is evidence that our friends across the water have brought the new science to a wonderful degree of perfection, and that the higher circles in Great Britain are giving it their attention, that is, if Professor Blenkinsop is a man of truth, which we have no right to question:

KNOW THYSELF!—Professor BLINKINSOP continues to receive from individuals of every rank the most flattering testimonials of his success in describing the CHARACTERS of persons from their HANDWRITING, pointing out their mental and moral qualities, whether good or bad. Address by letter, stating age, sex, and profession, inclosing thirteen uncut postage stamps, to Dr. Blenkinsop, 344 Strand, London.

Only thirteen uncut postage stamps! Cheaper than even a phrenological examination, and quite as satisfactory. Dr. Blenkinsop, however, is not alone in the field. He has a rival of the other sex. Miss Coupelle knows as much about the science as he does. She calls it "the science of Graphiology." Her price is the same as the professor's, and she has the endorsement of *Chambers's Journal*. Perhaps it would be well to send specimens to them both. Then, if, after inspecting your handwriting, they both agree that you are amiable, unsuspecting, somewhat credulous, and a little soft, you may rest satisfied that in all probability there is some truth in the science. But read Miss Coupelle's

advertisement. It is also taken from a late London paper:

KNOW THYSELF.—M^{RS} COUPELLE continues to give her graphic and interesting delineations of character, discoverable from the handwriting. All persons desirous of knowing themselves, or any friend in whom they are interested, must send a specimen of the writing, stating the sex and age, and inclosing thirteen penny postage stamps to MISS COUPELLE, 69 CASTLE-STREET, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, and they will receive a minute detail of the talents, tastes, virtues, and failings of the writer, with many other things hitherto unsuspected. "Miss Coupelle has established the truth of the science of Graphiology by several years' successful practice of it." —*Chambers's Journal*.

AN INTERESTING STORY.—"Shon, mine Shon," said a worthy German father to his heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language. "Shon, mine Shon! come here, an' I vill dell you von liddle stories. Now, mine Shon, shall it be a drue story, or a makes pelieve?"

"O, a true story, of course!" answered John. "Ferry vell den. Dere was once a goot, nice old sheutleman, (shoost like I,) andt he had von liddle poy, (shoost like you.) Audt von day he heard him shwearling like a winkle fillin, as he was. So he vent to der yunkie (corner,) and took out a cowhide, (shoost as I am going now,) and he dook ter dirty liddle plackguard py de collar, (dis way, you see!) and valloped him, (shoost so!) And den, mine tear Shon, he bull his ears, (dis way,) and smack his face, (dat way,) an' dell him to go mitout his supper, shoost as you vilt do this efening."

MAGENDIE ON MEDICINE.—The last number of the *American Medical Gazette* contains a remarkably interesting letter from an American medical student in Paris. This writer says that on one occasion he heard the celebrated physician and physiologist, Magendie, open a lecture somewhat in the following words:

"Gentlemen, — Medicine is a great humbug. I know it is called a science; science, indeed. It is nothing like science. Doctors are mere empirics, when they are not charlatans. We are as ignorant as men can be. Who knows anything in the world about medicine? Gentlemen, you have done me the honor to come here to attend my lectures, and I must tell you frankly now, in the beginning, that I know nothing in the world about medicine, and I don't know anybody who does know anything about it. Don't think for a moment that I haven't read the bills advertising the course of lectures at the medical school; I know that this man teaches anatomy, that man teaches pathology, another man physiology, such a one therapeutics, such another materia medica. *En bien! et apres?* What's known about all that? Why, gentlemen, at the school of Montpellier, (God knows it was famous enough in its day,) they discarded the study of anatomy, and taught nothing but the dispensary; and the doctors educated there knew just as much and were quite as successful as any others. I repeat it; nobody knows anything about medicine. True enough, we are gathering facts every day. We can produce typhus fever, for example, by injecting a certain substance into the veins of a dog; that's something; we can alleviate diabetes, and, I see distinctly, we are fast approaching the day when plithis can be cured as easily as any disease.

"We are collecting facts in the right spirit, and I dare say in a century or so the accumulation of facts may enable our successors to form a medical science; but I repeat it to you, there is no such thing now as a medical science. Who can tell me how to cure the headache? or the gout? or disease of the heart? Nobody. O! you tell me doctors cure people. I grant you people are cured. But how are they cured? Gentlemen,

nature does a great deal. Imagination does a good deal. Doctors do but little, when they don't do harm. Let me tell you, gentlemen, what I did when I was the head physician at Hôtel Dieu. Some three or four thousand patients passed through my hands every year. I divided the patients into two classes; with one, I followed the dispensary and gave them the usual medicines without having the least idea why or wherefore; to the other, I gave bread pills and colored water, without, of course, letting them know anything about it . . . and occasionally, gentlemen, I would create a third division, to whom I gave nothing whatever. These last would get a good deal, they would feel they were neglected, (sick people always feel they are neglected, unless they are well drugged . . . *les imbéciles*!) and they would irritate themselves until they got really sick, but nature invariably came to the rescue, and all the persons in this third class got well. There was little mortality among those who received but bread pills and colored water, and the mortality was greatest among those who were carefully drugged according to the dispensary."

THE NITER LAKES OF EGYPT.—Tischendorf gives the following account of the Niter lakes which supply a large portion of the world with an article of commerce and consumption of no small importance:

"In the midst of this sandy waste, where uniformity is scarcely interrupted by grass or shrubs, there are extensive districts where niter springs from the earth like crystallized fruits. One thinks he sees a wild overgrown with moss, weeds, and shrubs, thickly covered with hoar frost. And to imagine this wintry scene beneath the fervent heat of an Egyptian sun will give some idea of the strangeness of its aspect. The existence of this niter upon the sandy surface is caused by the evaporation of the lake. According to the quantity of niter left behind the lake, do these fantastic shapes assume either a dazzling white color, or are more or less tinted with the somber hue of the sand. The niter lakes themselves, six in number, situated in a spacious valley between two rows of low sand-hills, presented—at least the three which we visited—a pleasing contrast, in the dark blue and red colors, to the dull hues of the sand. The niter, which forms a thick crystallized crust upon these shallow lakes, is broken off in large square cakes, which are either of a dirty white or of a flesh color, or of a deep, dark red. The Fellahs employed upon this labor stand quite naked in the water, crinised with iron rods. The part which is removed being speedily renewed, the riches of its produce are inexhaustible. It is hence that nearly the whole of Europe is exclusively supplied with niter, and this has probably been the case for ages; for Sicard mentions at the commencement of the last century, that then thirty-six thousand cwt. of niter were broken annually for the grand signor, to whom it yields thirty-six purses. By the side of one of the lakes, piled in large layers, was heaped the product of last week's labor. My companion had occasion to find fault with the result of the work of the villagers—the sheik of the village stood before us—he sharply rebuked him, and to give the greater effect to his words, he crossed his naked shoulders two or three times with his whipl of elephant skin. The sheik sprang as nimbly as a gazelle into the shallow lake, and received his further instructions beyond arm's length. Such was the impressive discipline which even the Italian, who was a man of gentle manners, considered it necessary to adopt toward those Fellahs. The plates of niter, after undergoing a preliminary cleaning upon the banks of the lake, are carried to the castle, where, by various processes, they become dazzling white powder, and in this state it is carried in large quantities to Terraneth."

THE EVER BUSY HAMMER.—The hammer is the universal emblem of mechanics. With it are alike forged the sword of contention and the plowshare of peaceful agriculture—the press of the free and the shackles of the slave. The eloquence of the forum has moved the armies of Greece and Rome to a thousand battle-fields; but the eloquence of the hammer has covered those fields with victory or defeat. The inspiration of song has kindled high and noble aspirations in the bosoms of brave knights and

gentle dames; but the inspiration of the hammer has strewn the field with shattered helmet and shield, decided not only the fate of chivalric combat, but the fate of thrones, crowns, and kingdoms. The forging of the thunder-bolt was ascribed by the Greeks as the highest act of Jove's omnipotence, and their mythology beautifully ascribes to one of their gods the task of presiding at the labors of the forge. In ancient warfare the hammer was a powerful weapon, independent of the blade which it formed. Many a stout skull was broken through the cap and helmet by the blow of Vulcan's weapon. The armies of the Crescent would have subdued Europe to the sway of Mohammed; but on the plains of France their progress was arrested, and the brave and simple warrior who saved Christendom from the sway of the Mussulman, was Martel—"the hammer." The hammer, the saviour and the bulwark of Christendom! The hammer is the wealth of nations. By it are forged the ponderous engine and the tiny needle. It is an instrument of the savage and the civilized. Its merry clinks point out the abode of industry. It is a domestic deity, presiding over the grandeur of the most wealthy and ambitious, as the most humble and impoverished. Not a stick is shaped, not a house is raised, a ship floats, a carriage rolls, a wheel spins, an engine moves, a press squeaks, a viol sings, a spade delves, or a flag waves without the hammer. Without the hammer civilization would be unknown, and the human species be only as defenseless brutes; but in skillful hands, directed by wisdom, it is an instrument of power, of greatness, and true glory.

A NEW SECT.—A new sect, half political and half religious, has formed itself in France. Its tenets are those of Druidism, the national doctrine of the ancient Gauls, combined with the principles of the Revolution of 1792. This Revolution, the sectarians assert, delivered the nation of the Gauls from their oppressors, the Franks, (represented by the clergy and the aristocracy,) and France (or Gaul we should rather say) must maintain that delivery by returning altogether to the past—by reviving the traditions and the rites of the golden sickle and the sacred hatchets. The sect is, strange to say, headed by men of some consequence, as, for instance, by M. Henri Martin, the historian, by M. Carnot, formerly Minister of Public Instruction, by M. Jean Renaud, the philosopher, and by M. Dumesnil, son-in-law to M. Michelet. M. Michelet himself, though considered by the new party as a Druid, has not yet formally joined the sect; and, for his own sake, we hope he never may.

FRIAR BACON'S STUDY.—The following lines, found among Upcott's MSS., were written on the intended demolition of Friar Bacon's study, April 6, 1779:

"Roger! If with thy magic glasses
Running, thou seest below what passes,
As when on earth thou didst descry
With them the wonders of the sky—
Look down on these devoted walls!
O! save them—ere thy study falls!
Or to thy votaries quick impart
The secret of thy mystic art:
Teach us, ere learning's guile forsaken,
To honor thee, and—save our BACON!"

MISDIRECTED LETTERS.—In a late number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, we find a highly amusing article, entitled "Curiosities of our Post-Office." All letters which the postmen cannot deliver—wrong addresses in some cases, emigration or death in others, being the cause—are returned to the General Post-Office, where they are opened, and, if important, and the persons who wrote them can be found, they are sent back. The originals of those which we now copy were presented to the writer of the article in question, from the persons who received them, and their genuineness admits of no doubt. The writer says:

"It is recorded of Dr. Johnson, that on receiving a letter a day or two before his death, he said: 'An odd thought strikes me—we shall receive no letters in the grave.' Now, without venturing to affirm that our post-office is a means of transmitting epistles to the 'silent land,' it certainly would appear to be now and then the medium of conveying letters from the dead to the living; in proof of which assertion I will copy, *verbatim et literatim*, a missive received by a gentleman in our village."

"MR DALLICO. PARSON.

"DEAR SIR I take the opportunity of writing those lines to you hoping that you would bestow some charity towards burying her as it is the last Request now and for ever and She died Thursday the 18th Inst and She have no one to bury her unless yer assistance towards it and her dependance is always on your Reverce to do it for her and it is an act of Charity besides a reward from God Amen.

"I remain your very dutiful and obe! Ser!

ELLEN AHERNE dead."

We should like to copy the whole of this article, with all the curious epistles strung together by the author, did our space permit, but we must be satisfied with one more curiosity. It is a gem in its way, sent by an emigrant country schoolmaster to a friend in Ireland:

"MR. M. CONNORS

"With congruous gratitude and decorum I accost to you this debonnaire communication. And announce to you with amiable Complacency that we continually enjoy competent laudable good health, thanks to our omnipotent Father for it. We are endowed with the momentous prerogatives of respectable operations of a supplement county of having a fine brave and gallant youthful daughter the pendlicity ladies age is four months at this date, we denominated her Margaret Connolly.

"I have to respond to the Communication and accost and remit a Convey revealing with your identity candour and sincerity. If your brother who had been pristinely located and stationed in England whether if he has induced himself with Ecstasy to be in preparation to progress with you. I am paid by the respectable potent loyal nobleman that I work for one dollar per day. Announce to me in what Conculity the crops and the products of husbandry dignify, also predict how is Jno. Carrol and his wife and family. My brother and Myself are continually employed and occupied in similar work. Living and doing good. Dictate how Jno. Mahony wife and family is.

"Don't you permit oblivion to obstruct you from inserting this. Prognosticate how Mrs. Harrington is and if she accept my intelligence or any convey from either of Her 2 progenies since their embarkation for this nation. If she has please specify with congruous and elysian gratitude with validity and veracity to my magnanimous self.

"I remit my respects to my former friends and acquaintances. I remain D. CONNOLLY.

"P. S. Direct to Pembroke state of Maine.

"Dear brother-in-law

"I am determined and candidly arrive at Corolary, as I am fully resolved to transfer a sufficient portion of money to you to recompense your liabilities from thence to hence. I hope your similar operations will not impede any occurrence that might obstruct your progression on or at the specified time the 17th of March next."

MOTHER.—Around the idea of mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when soft and capable of receiving most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our willfulness may lead us far from our filial love; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her councils or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amid her tears. Around that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.

ECCENTRICITY.—Eccentricity of manner is so often allied to great genius that some very great fools have been thought to possess talent, because they were unlike the rest of the world in their actions.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—One of the saddest stories that we ever read was that of a little child in Switzerland, a pet boy, just as yours is, reader, whom its mother, one bright morning, rigged out in a beautiful jacket, all shining with silk and buttons, and gay as a mother's love could make it, and then permitted him to go out to play. He had scarcely stepped from the door of the "Swiss cottage," when an enormous eagle scooped him from the earth, and bore him to his nest, high up among the mountains, and yet within sight of the house of which he had been the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the eyrie being at a point utterly inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In tearing the child to pieces, the eagle so placed the gay jacket in the nest that it became a fixture there, and whenever the wind blew it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the lowlands, long after the eagles had abandoned the nest. What a sight it must have been to the parents of the victim.

HEINE.—Heine liked to relate the following little incident: Returning home, one evening, from his *cabinet de lecture*, and ascending to his lodgings, Faubourg Poissonnière, au quatrième, he was met on the landing-place by his wife, who told him, in a tone of reproach, that a very old gentleman had called, and that she had been so sorry for him, because of his having climbed up so high to no purpose. Heine looked at the old gentleman's card. "Be easy about that, my child," he said; "this gentleman has ascended mere formidable heights than those of our lodgings!" It was the card of Alexander von Humboldt.

LEAVE YOUR NAME.—One evening Voltaire and Piron, who were mortal enemies, met at the house of a mutual friend, and early the next morning Piron got up and wrote the word

"villain" upon Voltaire's door. The latter noticed it, when he came from his room, and guessing who inscribed it, he sought Piron, and shaking him cordially by the hand, thanked him for showing him so much courtesy as to leave his (Piron's) name at his door so early in the morning.

BEAUTY.—The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the birds of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, give no song; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit.

"TAKE THE CASE."—A justice of the peace, in the Western country, recently delivered the following "charge" to a jury of that ilk, in an action of replevin, brought for the recovery of a canal boat. It is rather an "original effort," in its way:

"*Gentlemen of the Jury:* This is an action of replevin, brought for the purpose of obtaining the canal boat Ocean Wave, No. 2, levied on as the property of the plaintiff. I shall first charge you as to the rule of construing evidence, namely: If you have reason to believe that any one witness in this case has willfully, maliciously, deliberately, and contrary to the peace and dignity of the State of Ohio, sworn to that which is false in any single instance, you are bound to believe that he has lied throughout."

"Mr. B—, for the plaintiff, inquired: 'What if he be corroborated?'"

"The Court, with much dignity, replied: 'Wait until I am done! And if you should find that the aforementioned witness is corroborated, or sustained in any particular, by any other witness, you are bound to believe that said last-named witness lies also, in every particular of his statement! I am also requested to charge you that you find in your verdict the value of the property at issue."

"After some deliberation, I have concluded not to do that, but will simply say, if you find, in your finding, that you have found—you will have found, in your finding, whatever at that time you may find; on the other hand, gentlemen, if you find, in your finding, that you have not found—you will not have found—in your finding—what you ought to have found! Now, gentlemen, you have heard the testimony of the witnesses, the arguments of the counsels, and my charge. Take the case!"

VISIT OF A COUNTRYMAN TO THE ASTOR LIBRARY.—The following amusing dialogue took place in one of our most fashionable hotels a short time since, between two individuals, one of whom appeared to be a dry-goods merchant from some distant village; the other, a fastidious metropolitan, who first spoke:

"Been about much since you've been in town?"

"Yes, considerable."

"You used to be fond of reading. Been into any of our libraries—the Society, Mercantile, or the Astor?"

"Yes, all on 'em; but the Astor took me down. First place, it's a tremendous struction."

"It is; it is one of the most chastest and beautiful buildings in our whole city."

"Yes—that's so. And what a lot of books! Gosh!"

"Did you examine any of 'em?"

"No, not much. Fact is, I was kind of 'frail; everything was so still and solemn. Jest afore I come away a young man—smart as a steel trap—come up to me and asked,

"'Kin I help you to any book which you wish to consult?"

"He had a book in his hand at the time, with a boy a hold of the other end of it—full of pictures. It was wrote by a man named Humboldt, Humbug, or some such French name. I was dumfounded. I didn't know what I did want; but I finally said,

"'Got the Life of General Tom Thumb?' a very little book, wrote by a man which his name was Sherman, who was Barnum's showman when he went all over Kw-rop!"

"He spread out his big book fast, and then looked at me, very quizzical, and says he,

"'No, sir, we have not got that book, but we have most everything else.'"

"I told him I didn't want nothin' else at that time, and so I come away."

"What it was that made 'em snicker, I don't know; but one man with a big horn-button screwed into his eye, dropped it by a string tied to his trowels, and laughed; and an old, bald-headed man, he grinned; and a little dandy, who was sucking the end of a yaller stick, with yaller gloves, he squeaked out a laugh; and all 'cause I asked for a little book in a big library."

"But I didn't care—what did I care?"

INDIAN HYMNS.—Much has been written on the manners and customs of the people of India, their exaggerated and bombastic literature, &c., but very little of their sacred books. They are a race of human beings who, though gifted with a luxuriant imagination, with tenderness of feeling, with sensibility to natural impressions, with a delicate perception of the nicest shades of thought, and of the harmonies of language, are yet deficient in correct taste, and in a sense of the true sublime: their poetical power is wasted on tasteless refinements or jingling alliterations; and when dealing with the vast or the terrible, they are prone to mistake exaggeration and aggregation of magnitudes and numbers for forcible and impressive representation. These general features of mental character are illustrated in their literature, and especially in their sacred books.

The oldest and most sacred records of the Hindoos are, as is well known, the *VEDAS*. There are four Vedas: the *Rig Veda*, the *Sama Veda*, the *Yajur Veda*, and the *Atharva Veda*. Each of these consists generally of two parts—*mantras*, or hymns, and *brahmanas*, or precepts. Of these, the hymns are, of course, the most ancient, forming, in fact, the essential portion of the Vedas. These hymns were composed by ancient Rishis, or priestly bards, to be pronounced at the performance of sacrifices, or on other occasions of domestic worship. Their composition, no doubt, extended over a long series of centuries. Mention occurs, even in the hymns themselves, of some more ancient bards and their effusions, and different hymns are ascribed by the earliest authorities to successive generations of the same priestly race. These hymns were, doubtless, preserved with care by the descendants of the original authors, till at length the time came when the increase of their number, combined with a growing opinion of their sanctity, induced the different sacerdotal families to combine their various collections into one great body of sacred song.

The language in which these hymns are composed, is a "rustic and irregular dialect," differing from the later Sanscrit, more than Homeric does from Attic Greek. Their style is, moreover, extremely elliptical; and the meaning of many of the words can now be only imperfectly divined. The real sense and reference of these ancient effusions, has not been uninterruptedly preserved. Gradual alterations in the language, as well as in the belief and observances of the Hindoos, have caused the descendants of the ancient bards to lose, if not willfully to misinterpret, the original meaning of the sacred songs. Notwithstanding, however, the great and frequent difficulties which arise in the interpretation of particular phrases or

passages in the hymns, their general character and purport are sufficiently evident. We find in them the simple and natural expression of the religious emotions and ideas which were current among the Hindoos in the earliest ages of their history. Professor Müller says :

"Without insisting on the fact, that even chronologically the Veda is the first book of the Arian nations, we have in it, at all events, a period in the intellectual life of man, to which there is no parallel in any other part of the world. In the hymns of the Veda, we see man left to himself to solve the riddle of this world. We see him crawling on like a creature of this earth, with all the desires and weaknesses of his animal nature. . . . But he begins to lift up his eyes. He stares at the tent of heaven, and asks who supports it? He opens his ears to the winds, and asks them whence and whither? He is awakened from darkness and slumber by the light of the sun, and Him whom his eyes cannot behold, and who seems to grant him the daily pittance of his existence, he calls 'his life, his breath, his brilliant Lord and Protector.' He gives names to all the powers of nature. . . . they all seem to grow naturally into beings like himself, nay, greater than himself. He invokes them, he praises them, he worships them."

The following is Professor Wilson's summary of the character and contents of the hymns, so far as they had come under his review during the translation of the first book :

"The Sukta [hymn] almost invariably combines the attributes of prayer and praise; the power, the vastness, the generosity, the goodness, and even the personal beauty of the Deity addressed, are described in highly laudatory strains, and his past bounties or exploits rehearsed and glorified; in requital of which commendations, and of the libations or oblations which he is solicited to accept, and in approval of the rite in his honor, at which his presence is invoked, he is implored to bestow blessings on the person who has instituted the ceremony, and sometimes, but not so commonly, also on the author or reciter of the prayer. The blessings prayed for are, for the most part, of a temporal and personal description—wealth, food, life, posterity, cattle, cows, and horses; protection against enemies, victory over them, and sometimes their destruction, particularly when they are represented as inimical to the celebration of religious rites; or, in other words, people not professing the same religious faith. There are a few indications of a hope of immortality and of future happiness, but they are neither frequent, nor, in general, distinctly announced. . . . There is little demand for moral benefactions, although in some few instances hatred of untruth and abhorrence of sin are expressed, a hope is uttered that the latter may be repented of or expiated, and the gods are in one hymn solicited to extricate the worshiper from sin of every kind."

The religion of the early or Vedic period was thus originally a polytheism. Indra is generally regarded as the principal among the gods who are celebrated in the Rig Veda. He is the lord of the firmament, the wielder of the lightnings, who pierces the clouds with his thunderbolts, and compels them to discharge their fertilizing showers on the earth. The hostile power which withholds the rain, is personified as Vritra or Ali, a demon whose frequent conflicts with Indra, and defeats by the superior prowess of his antagonist, are largely celebrated in the hymns. Agni (the Ignis of the Latins) is the god of fire. As the personification of an element, the uses and relations of which are so manifold, it was natural that Agni should be invested, by the imagination of his worshipers, with many diverse attributes and characters. He is the protector of the domestic hearth, presides at sacrifices, summons the gods to the ceremony, or conveys to them the oblations of their worshipers. The sun also appears as a deity under

several characters, as Surya, Savitri, &c., with attributes naturally suggested by solar influences and phenomena; but does not hold such a prominent place in this system of nature-worship, as the splendor of the orb of day might have led us to expect. Vishnu, who, in the later Hindoo mythology, plays so conspicuous a part as the second person in the supreme triad of gods, occupies in the hymns of the Veda a very different and subordinate position. He appears to be merely a form of the sun. Varuna, who was afterward regarded by Hindu mythologists as god of the sea, bears another character in the Rig Veda. He is often associated with Mitra, who is said by the Hindu commentators, to be the god of day, as Varuna is of night. Varuna is frequently styled monarch, and is represented as an omniscient moral governor, enthroned in splendor in his remote and lofty palace; and a variety of functions, creative or regulative, are assigned to him. The resemblance of his name to the Greek *ouranos* is obvious. Professor Roth regards him as having been originally the highest god of the Arian race, the more spiritual monarch of an earlier divine dynasty, who, though to some extent maintaining his place and his honors in the hymns of the Rig Veda, is already retiring into the background before the superior popularity of Indra, the representative of the more sensuous side of the Arian worship. Ushas is the goddess of the dawn, and to her many beautiful and imaginative invocations are addressed. Vayu is the wind personified. He is occasionally invoked as a single deity, when he is for the most part associated with Indra. The latter is, however, more frequently attended by a troop of winds called Maruts, or Rudras. Rudra is, in the later mythology, one of the designations of the great god Siva, the third member of the Hindoo triad. In the Rig Veda, the application of the word is different, but not clear or consistent.

There is one celebrated hymn, apparently of a more modern date than the rest, in which the identity of the universe with the Supreme Spirit appears to be clearly asserted in these words: "All this, [universe,] whatever has been or will be, is Purusha, [the supreme soul,]" There is another hymn, of which we will cite the greater portion, as it throws open to us, in a very interesting way, the innermost mind of an ancient thinker speculating in simple wonder on the mysteries of existence, and reveals to us the process of his doubts and conjectures:

"Then there was no entity nor nonentity, no world nor sky, nor aught above it. What covered all? Where did each thing abide? Did the deep waters exist?"

"Death then existed not, nor immortality, nor distinction of day and night. That only One breathed without affilation with *Nacādhā*, (her who was contained within him.) Other than Him, (or It,) nothing existed since (or besides.)"

"Darkness existed: in darkness was all this undistinguishable deep at first enveloped. The mass (or germ) which was covered by the husk, was produced (as) one by the power of contemplation (or heat.)"

"At first love arose in him, the earliest productive power of mind, which the wise, pondering it by the intellect, discovered in their hearts, the bond between the existent and the non-existent."

"Who knows, who on earth has told, whence this various creation sprang? The gods are subsequent to its production. Who then knows whence it has arisen?"

"He who, in the highest heavens, is the overseer of it, He knows, or perhaps (even) He knows not."

Book Notices.

Elements of Theology; or, an Exposition of the Divine Origin, Doctrines, Morals, and Institutions of Christianity. By Rev. Luther Lee, President of Leoni Theological Institute. Octavo, pp. 580. (New-York: Miller, Orton, & Multigan.) Mr. Lee is a vigorous writer, at times careless, but always intelligible. Without any attempts at originality in the design or plan of his volume, he has succeeded in presenting his own views, which are in the main of the Arminian school, clearly and forcibly. We differ from him, of course, on some points, but have no hesitation in saying that, in his own language, his work "will be found to interest, instruct, and profit Christians generally." The typographical errors, which are numerous, will, we trust, be corrected in a future edition, to which ought to be added a more copious index.

We have examined carefully, and with profit to ourselves, *A Key to the Bible; being an Exposition of the History, Axioms, and General Laws of Sacred Interpretation.* By David Dobie. (Press of Scribner, New-York.) We prefer the general rules for the interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures, as laid down by the author, to those of any writer on sacred hermeneutics with whom we are acquainted. They seem to us more precise and axiomatic, and less defective and arbitrary. We copy them:

"I. The literal or obvious meaning is generally the true meaning. 1. Except where it asserts a known impossibility. 2. Where it is evidently contrary to reason. 3. Where it contradicts any precept. 4. Where an express limitation is expressed.

"II. Figurative language must be distinguished from its opposite, and interpreted according to its nature.

"III. No inferences to be drawn from any text, till its meaning has been ascertained.

"IV. No interpretation correct if it be at variance with the analogy of the Faith.

"V. No interpretation correct which is at variance with the known nature of things.

"VI. If, in any passage, a doctrine elsewhere taught be omitted, the passage must be interpreted in harmony with the omission.

"VII. No passage is to be explained contrary to the context, nor apart from the context.

"VIII. Our interpretation is not sound if it be opposed to the general design of the writer.

"IX. Of two possible meanings, that which best agrees with the design of the writer and the analogy of the Faith, is to be preferred.

"X. No interpretation is correct which violates the grammar or idioms of the original languages of the Bible.

"XI. Comparisons not to be pressed beyond the nature of the subject.

"XII. No interpretation correct which bases any doctrine on a mere phrase.

"XIII. When any doctrine is stated, or event described, in different passages, the briefer is always to be explained by the more extended statement.

"XIV. No interpretation is sound which violates the express definitions given in Scripture.

These general principles are explained and illustrated with clearness, and interspersed with much information, specially valuable to the student of theology, to whose library this modest duodecimo, of 320 pages, will be a desirable addition. Our author's creed may be gathered from one of his illustrations of the proposition that it is not sufficient to prove a doctrine, that

something implied in it is taught in the Scriptures. He says:

"To prove that Christians actually fall away in many cases, and perish in hell, texts are quoted (we suppose because no others can be found) proving that Christians may possibly fall away and perish. You have not proved any man a thief, by proving his ability to steal."

All very true, Mr. Dobie, except that there is a difference of opinion as to the "we suppose" included in your parenthesis. It is very modestly done, however, and it is not worth while to dispute about a mere supposition.

The Three Gardens: Eden, Gethsemane, and Paradise; or, Man's Ruin, Redemption, and Restoration. By William Adams, D.D. (New-York: Charles Scribner.) Dr. Adams, in this beautiful little volume, eschews all philosophic speculation, and turns his back upon mere dogmatic theology. Taking the plain teaching of the Bible for his guide, he gives us, consecutively, an account of man's original character and condition, his probation, his apostasy, his redemption as wrought out by Christ, and his ultimate perfection in the celestial paradise. This is done in an attractive style, somewhat more poetic, perhaps, than the subject required, and occasionally marred by solecisms and newly-invented phrases. The author's aim, however, is praiseworthy, and his invitations pointed and eloquent. His volume is well adapted to convince the sinner of his need of a Saviour, and to lead his readers to the cross of Christ.

The Annals of Southern Methodism, for the year 1855, is a stout duodecimo pamphlet of nearly four hundred pages in small type. Printed in New-York, for reasons very apparent; but why not copyrighted within the limits of the Church South, we can only conjecture. It is edited by the Rev. Dr. Decms, of the North Carolina Conference, and contains an immense amount of statistical and other information, relative to Southern Methodism, accurate, condensed, and philosophically arranged. We hope the sales of the present edition will justify the painstaking editor in fulfilling his promise of a similar volume, annually, hereafter. But we hope doubtfully, knowing, we suppose, more of the perils of this kind of literature than our esteemed friend, the compiler, of whose work we may not speak in as high terms as it deserves, lest we injure its circulation at the South, where, it seems, readers are in the habit not only of weighing what is said, but are very sensitive as to who says it. Thus at least we judge from a statement relative to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, which our author quotes in giving an account of the Books and Literature of the Southern Methodist Publishing House. "The praises," we are told, "recently bestowed on *The Notional* by the abolition press, in regard to the attitude which that capital journal has assumed toward the peculiar institution, do not befriending its circulation in the South." We give the italics as we find them. Will "the abolition press" have mercy upon us, and not so praise a "capital

journal" as to interfere with "its circulation in the South?" Of course Dr. Deems did not write the silly paragraph alluded to, and we marvel that he should have quoted it.

An authentic narrative of a residence in Kansas during the eventful period between September, 1855, and April, 1856, is before us, in a series of letters written by a true-hearted New-England woman. It is a story of privations and toil, of violence, perfidy, wanton destruction of property, and cold-blooded butchery—a tale to make the heart sick. But the end is not yet. The little city of Lawrence is destined to rise again, and freedom's flag shall yet wave over the length and breadth of the territory. Such, at least, is the hope kindled almost to certainty by a perusal of *Six Months in Kansas*. By a Lady. (Boston: Jewett & Co.)

The Earnest Man is the somewhat fanciful title of a volume on the character and labors of Adoniram Judson, the well-known Baptist missionary. It is, in the main, a compilation from Dr. Wayland's more extended memoir, which has had a wide circulation. The compiler, Mrs. H. C. Conant, has skillfully availed herself of the materials within her reach, and has produced a very readable volume. It was undertaken, we are told, with the entire approbation of the deceased missionary's widow, and the larger share of the profits of the work are relinquished to his orphan children. It is a neatly printed duodecimo of five hundred pages, with an engraved likeness of Dr. Judson. It is from the press of Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston.

Few late English writers have scattered through their works more of the "seeds of thought" than Richard Chenevix Trench, author of the "Study of Words," "Lessons on Proverbs," &c.; but he has not been known this side the Atlantic as a poet. He is, however, a genuine one. In England he is placed honorably in the rank of Herbert, Heber, Keble, and such Church singers. One of the English quarterlies, the *Christian Remembrancer*, puts him at the head of our present religious poets. Redfield, New-York, always *recherché* in the selection of English authors, has issued a beautiful collection of his productions, edited by Mr. J. A. Spencer. There is too much of what may be called "ecclesiasticism" in some of them for American taste, but their general excellence, their severely pure English, and artistic finish, will secure them a welcome reception.

The best book of the season, a book to be read at intervals in the odds and ends of time, lounging under the shade in the country, or upon the sofa, here in the city, during the sweltering heat of these long summer days, has just reached us from the press of Redfield. To those familiar with the book-making skill of the compiler it will suffice to give the title of the volume. It is, *Wit and Wisdom of the Rev. Sydney Smith; being Selections from his Writings and Passages of his Letters and Table-Talk, with a Biographical Memoir and Notes*. By Evert A. Duyckinck. The memoir is ex-

ceedingly well written, brief but comprehensive; and the book is full from beginning to end, not of the tinsel of mere puns and quibbles, but of the genuine stuff, pure golden wit and costly wisdom. It is embellished by a well-executed portrait, and a *fac simile* of one of the author's characteristic letters.

Another book, specially adapted for summer reading, and full of good things, is *Salad for the Social*. It is prepared by the same hands that fixed the "Salad for the Solitary," noticed in these pages at the time of its publication. Among the ingredients of this salad we have "The Toilet and its Devotees," "The Mysteries of Medicine," "The Humors of Law," "Pulpit Peculiarities," "The Larcenies of Literature;" all of which have been happily selected, and judiciously blended, rendering the whole dish exceedingly palatable and refreshing. (De Witt & Davenport.)

Sight and Hearing: How Preserved and how Lost. This is a capital book, from the pen of Dr. J. H. Clark. Not a professional treatise, though treated scientifically, but designed to instruct the mother, the guardian, and the teacher, respecting the perils to which children and youth are exposed by the abuse of the functions of sight and hearing. The effect of bad habits, of overwork, or wrong work, of disease, of glasses, &c., are ably discussed. The book is full of popular interest as well as popular instruction. (Scribner: New-York.)

Carter & Brothers, New-York, have sent us two small volumes, elegantly "got out" with gilt edges, containing, respectively, Rev. Dr. Rice's sermon on "Preaching," delivered at the opening of the late session of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Dr. Williams' sermon on "Missions Needful to the Higher Blessedness of the Churches," delivered at the anniversary of the Society of Inquiry of Union Theological Seminary. They are both among the most important issues of the season, masterly performances. We shall quote from them hereafter.

A Series of Discourses on Fundamental Religious Subjects, including a Preliminary Discourse on the Divine Revelation of the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. William Winans, D.D. (Stevenson & Owen, Nashville, Tenn.) This large octavo volume is dedicated to the members of the Mississippi Conference, by whom, we are told, the request was made for the publication of these discourses. In a neatly written and modest preface, the author disclaims any expectation of reaping pecuniary profit or literary fame from this publication. He pretends not to compete with those who have enriched this department of literature, but deems it not impossible that his peculiar modes of thought and forms of expression may so fall in with the taste of many individuals, as to render what he calls his inferior instructions more profitable than those of the great masters of pulpit eloquence. The discourses, as indicated in the title, are all upon fundamental doctrines of the Bible, and present in their connection, a system of theology, harmonious and evangelical.

To those fortunate descendants of our great ancestor who are possessed of a little spot of the earth's surface, where, like Adam in his days of innocence, they may cultivate the loveliest of nature's gifts, the floral tribe, and especially to such as have no time to study more elaborate works upon the subject, we shall do a favor by commending *The Flower Garden, or Breck's Book of Flowers*, in which are described the various hardy herbaceous perennials, annuals, shrubby plants, and evergreen trees desirable for ornamental purposes, with directions for their cultivation. It is the work of a practical man, who tells his story in a straightforward style. He is occasionally at fault, indeed, in his Latin, as where he mixes it with his own vernacular, and talks of "*Pæony officinalis*," instead of *Pæonia officinalis*; and unmindful of his cases and genders, "*flora plena*," for instance, where he means *flore pleno*; but these are small matters, which do not lessen the practical value of the work. (Boston: Jewett & Co.)

OF NOVELS and TALES we have upon our table, (1.) *Forest and Shore; or, Legends of the Pine-tree State*. By Charles P. Hsley. Mr. Hsley is a graceful story-teller. His fictions have the air of veritable history, and he has done well to collect them into a volume. Most of them, if not all, have previously appeared in the columns of the periodical press. They are entitled, severally: "The Wrecker's Daughter,"

"The Scout," "The Light Keeper," "The Settlers," "The Liberty Pole," "The Storm at Sea," and "The Canadian Captive." They are dedicated "to the Sons and Daughters of Maine, wherever found," and make a very neat duodecimo volume, from the press of Jewett & Co.

(2.) *Vassal Morton*, a novel by Francis Parkman, well known as the author of "Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life," and other publications that have been well received by the public. It is from the press of Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

(3.) From the same publishers we have an ingeniously contrived romance, in the guise of an autobiography, entitled *The New Age of Gold; or, the Life and Adventures of Robert Dexter Romaine, Written by Himself*.

(4.) *Peter Gott, the Cape Ann Fisherman*, by J. Reynolds, M. D., is a story founded upon facts, and designed to illustrate the every-day life of the fisherman at sea and on shore. It is amusing and truthlike. (Jewett & Co.)

(5.) *Reality; or, the Millionaire's Daughter*, is what it professes to be, a book for young men and young women, from the pen of that well-known writer, Mrs. L. C. Tuthill, and from the press of C. Scribner. It is a story well written and full of interest.

(6.) For younger readers we have no hesitation to commend *Edvard Clifford; or, Memories of Childhood*. It is written in an attractive style, and is pure in its moral tone. (Carter & Brothers.)

Literary Record.

At a late meeting of the *New-York Historical Society*, Frederic Kopp, Esq., read a paper entitled "The Hessians in America." It was replete with interesting information relative to the connection of the Hessians with the Revolutionary war, and their prior sale by the princes of Germany to the English government, to aid it in the prosecution of this war against the United Colonies. The following table, never published before, was given, showing the number of troops furnished by each German prince to the English government, the per centage of the population of the respective States from which they were sold, the number lost during the war, and the sum total paid to the prince by the English government:

Name of Prince.	Troops.	Per cent of Population.	Number Lost.	Sum Paid.
Hesse Cassel.....	16,993	4.35	6,500	£2,600,000
Hesse Hanau.....	2,422	8.95	951	335,150
Brunswick.....	5,723	4.45	3,015	780,000
Anspach.....	1,644	0.79	461	805,400
Waldeck.....	1,225	4.05	720	122,670
Anhalt.....	1,160	5.05	176	535,500
Total.....	29,186	3.64	11,863	£4,678,620
Hanover received.....				448,000
Total.....				£5,126,620

Mr. Kopp read also extracts from a pamphlet written by the celebrated Mirabeau, while a refugee in Amsterdam, in 1777, and entitled "Counsel to the Hessians, and other People of

Germany sold by their enemies to England." We understand that there is only one copy of this pamphlet in this country, and this is in the Library of the New-York Historical Society. The vehemence, the force, and the terseness of Mirabeau will readily be recognized in it. It comes down to us as an expression of public opinion at that time on the continent. It is a noble tribute, by one of the principal actors of the French Revolution, to the cause of American Independence, and we cannot refrain from taking a few extracts from it:

"Intrepid Germans! What mark of infamy do you suffer to be branded on your generous fronts? Has it come to this, that at the end of the eighteenth century the people of the center of Europe are the mercenaries of an odious despotism? Has it come to this, that the brave Germans, who defended their liberties with such desperation against the conquerors of the world, and defied the Roman armies, are sold like vile Africans, and seek to shed their blood in the cause of tyrants? Has it come to this, that the traffic in men is carried on among them, that their towns are depopulated, and their lands exhausted, in order to aid insolent lords in ravaging another hemisphere?

"Will you longer share the stupid blindness of your masters? You! honorable soldiers! The faithful and valiant upholders of their power! of that power which was intrusted to them only for the protection of their subjects! You are sold! Ah! for what purpose? Just heavens! Crowded together like cattle, in foreign ships, you cross the seas! You brave the rocks and the tempests to attack men who have done you no harm, who support a most righteous cause, and who set you the most noble example! Ah! why do you not imitate them, these courageous men, instead of striving

to destroy them? They are bursting their bonds; they are struggling to maintain their natural rights and to secure their liberties. They reach out their arms to you; they are your brothers; yes, in a two-fold manner nature has made them such, and social ties have confirmed that sacred title. More than half of this people consists of your countrymen, of your friends, of your relatives. They have fled from tyranny to the ends of the earth, and tyranny pursues them thither. Oppressors equally greedy and ungrateful have forged chains for them, and the high-minded Americans have made weapons of these chains to resist their oppressors. The New World, then, is about to reckon you among the monsters which, eager for gold and blood, have despoiled it! Germans, of whom loyalty was always the distinguished characteristic, do you not dread such a reproach?"

* * * * *

"O, mercenary warriors! O, satellites of tyrants! O, enervated Europeans! You are going to fight against men stronger and more industrious, more courageous and more active, than you can possibly be. Momentous interests animate them; it is filthy lucre that leads you. They are defending their property and fighting for their firesides; you quit your firesides and do not fight for yourselves. They are waging war in the bosom of their country, in their native climate, and aided by all domestic resources, and that, too, against bands vomited up by the ocean after it has prepared their defeat. Motives the most powerful and the most sacred arouse their valor and summon victory to their steps. Chiefs who despise you while they use you, will oppose empty harangues to the irresistible eloquence of liberty, of want, of necessity. Finally, and to sum up the whole in one word, the cause of the Americans is just, while the heavens and the earth disapprove of that which you do not blush to sustain."

Professor Sophocles, of Cambridge, Mass., is preparing for publication a collection of popular modern Greek poetry.

Dr. Clemens, of Frankfurt, publishes, in the *Frankfurter Conversationsblatt*, two poems by Napoleon Bonaparte, which were communicated to him (Dr. Clemens) by M. Leonard Casella, a gentleman well versed in the literatures of France and Italy. We are not told, however, how M. Casella got possession of them, and upon what evidence he bases their authenticity. One of the poems dates from the year 1782, and is a fable in the style of Lafontaine; the other (written at Marseilles, when its author was still a lieutenant of Artillery) is in praise of an actress.

The St. Petersburg Academy is actively engaged in translating Ritter's great work, the "Description of the Terrestrial Globe," the first volume of which is ready for publication.

The works of Schelling, the German philosopher, are to appear, for the first time, in a collected form. The publication is intrusted to a number of *savans*. About one-sixth of the matter to be given in this edition has never been published before. The first volume (beginning with the unprinted writings) has just left the press. It contains the "Einleitung in die Philosophie der Mythologie."

The *Frankfurter Museum* brings a report on the publication of the posthumous works of Heinrich Heine, intermixed with capital remarks and anecdotes of the late poet. Heine's "Literary Remains" will be edited, according to his own wish, by his friend and relative, Dr. Christiani, the same whom, many years ago, he celebrated in one of his most witty little poems as the "Mirabeau der Lüneburger Haide." It was always Heine's wish that his works

should be published after his death with as little alteration as possible. He himself has pointed out only three poems which are to be omitted in a future edition of his works. One of these is the wicked cyclus, "Lobgesänge auf König Ludwig," printed, in 1844, in the *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*; another, that most harmless, though, at the same time, irresistibly ludicrous, "Song of Praise" to Meyerbeer, the musical composer, of which, as it defies translation, we subjoin the first stanza in German for the benefit of our readers:

"Heil dem Meister, der uns theuer;
Heil dem grossen Barenmeyer;
Heil dem grossen Meyerbeer,
Der nach Nothen lang und schwer,
Der nach langen Schweren then
Uns geboren der Propheten!"

A munificent friend of literature has forwarded to the French Society of Men of Letters a donation of ten thousand francs. The gift is accompanied by a note, requesting that six thousand francs may be assigned to four medals, to be awarded to the best essay on four stated subjects—the first of which is "Criticism and the Critics of the Nineteenth Century;" and the remaining four thousand francs to the reward of papers of merit inferior to the best.

A very interesting Anglo-Saxon psalter, formerly preserved among the manuscripts of the library of La Sainte Chapelle, at Bourges, and now in the Bibliothèque Impériale, has apparently escaped the notice of the antiquary. It is a folio volume of one hundred and ninety-six pages, on parchment, and contains the Latin psalter, with an Anglo-Saxon version on the opposite page. On some of the first pages are designs traced with a pen. After the psalter follows several sacred canticles, the symbol of Saint Athanasius, and the Litanies of the Saints. The copyist has subscribed his works thus: "Hoc psalterii carmen inclity regis David sacer Dei Wulfrinus, id est cognomento Cada, manu sua conscripsit. Quicunque legerit scriptum, anime sue expetiat votum." This manuscript, which is supposed by M. Leopold Delisle to be of the eleventh century, appears to have been made for a lady. The volume is decorated with the arms of France and Auvergne. The latter have been confounded with those of Boulogne—the Counts of Boulogne and Auvergne having in the fourteenth century held the same possessions. The absence of the names of several of the Anglo-Saxon saints, has led some palaeographers to assign a date so early as the seventh century to this manuscript, but M. Delisle is of opinion that the litanies belong to the Gallic liturgy, and that the absence of the names of certain Anglo-Saxon saints is thus accounted for. In the litanies of this volume the name of Saint Martial occupies a place on the same line with the apostles!

Lamartine.—We learn, by the latest advices from Paris, that M. De Lamartine's long struggle to preserve his family mansion and estate from sale by auction by his creditors, a struggle which, of late years, has caused him incessant literary labor, has ended in failure, and that he, in consequence, a ruined and broken-hearted man, has resolved on emigrating to America. We still further learn that the

grant of land in Turkey, which was so generously made to him some years ago by the sultan, has been retracted under circumstances which subject him to heavy loss. We regret to learn that so distinguished a man is reduced to such sore straits.

German Literature.—A new edition of the complete works of *Schelling* is now being published by Cotta, beginning with his lectures on mythology. The editorship is in able hands, and the work promises to be a valuable addition to German literature. Also a new edition of Kepler's entire works has been announced, and together with it appears an invitation to subscribe to a proposed monument to the astronomer, intended to be erected in Stuttgart, and for which the sculptor Braun has already sent in a model.

A new work, entitled "Lake Ngami; or, Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of Southwestern Africa," from the pen of *Charles John Anderson*, lately published in London, will, we understand, shortly be reprinted in this country. Lake Ngami was discovered in 1849, by Livingston, Oswell, and Murray, and has given a fresh impulse to Southern African travel. On discovering the lake, Mr. Anderson was very much affected, having gone through the most severe hardships, from the time he got the first idea that the lake existed, to reach its margin. But let him tell his own story:

"The first sensation occasioned by this sight was very curious. Long as I had been prepared for the event, it now almost overwhelmed me. It was a mixture of pleasure and pain. My temples throbbed, and my heart beat so violently, that I was obliged to dismount, and lean against a tree for support, until the excitement had subsided. The reader will no doubt think that thus giving way to my feelings was very childish; but 'those who know that the first glimpse of some great object which we have read or dreamed of from earliest recollection is ever a moment of intensest enjoyment, will forgive the transport.' I felt unfeignedly thankful for the unbounded goodness and gracious assistance which I had experienced from Providence throughout the whole of this prolonged and perilous journey."

He had many "hair-breadth 'scapes" from both man and beast; but the most extraordinary was from a large black-maned lion, first fired at when about thirty paces distant:

"On receiving the ball, he wheeled short about, and, with a terrific roar, bounded toward me. When within a few paces, he crouched as if about to spring, having his head embedded, so to say, between his fore-paws.

"Drawing a large hunting-knife, and slipping it over the wrist of my right hand, I dropped on one knee, and, thus prepared, awaited his onset. It was an awful moment of suspense; and my situation was critical in the extreme. Still my presence of mind never for a moment forsook me; indeed, I felt that nothing but the most perfect coolness and absolute self-command would be of any avail. I would now have become the assailant; but as, owing to the intervening bushes, and clouds of dust raised by the lion's lashing his tail against the ground, I was unable to see his head, while to aim at any other part would have been madness, I refrained from firing. While intently watching his every motion, he suddenly bounded toward me; but, whether it was owing to his not perceiving me, partially concealed as I was in the long grass, or to my instinctively throwing my body on one side, or to his miscalculating the distance, in making his last spring, he went clear over me, and alighted on the ground three or four paces beyond. Instantly, and without rising, I wheeled round on my knees, and discharged my second barrel; and, as his broadside

was then toward me, lodged a ball in his shoulder, which it completely smashed. On receiving my second fire, he made another and more determined rush at me; but, owing to his disabled state, I happily avoided him. It was, however, only by a hair's breadth, for he passed me within arm's length. He afterward scrambled into the thick cover beyond, where, as night was then approaching, I did not deem it prudent to pursue him."

Herr Ahlquist, a Finlander, has just published a grammar of the Votish idioms, which will be a most acceptable work to the student of Northern languages and customs. The Voten (Votjalaiset) are a people of Finnish descent, possessing singular customs and language. The celebrated philologist *Sjögren* held their language to be a dialect of the Finnish; and with this *Herr Ahlquist* partly agrees, considering it, however, mingled with much of other Northern dialects.

Professor Joseph Müller, one of the best Oriental scholars of the day, has been instructed by the King of Bavaria to repair to Spain, there to examine the Arabic MSS. in the Escorial library in Madrid. They consist of a collection made by Philip II., and which, in spite of the destruction of many of them by fire in 1671, is considered the richest in the world. The Escorial catalogue, by *Kasiri*, enumerates many, the careful examination of which will doubtless throw new light on Arabic history.

Polish papers announce the death of *Kajetan Kosmian*, at Piotrowice, one of the most celebrated of their poets.

A valuable work has lately appeared in Brunswick, from the pen of *Professor Hettner*, a profound historian and acute critic on art, who has lately been transferred from the University of Jena to the city of Dresden, entitled the "History of Literature of the Eighteenth Century." It is to consist of three parts, the first of which is on the English Literature of the Eighteenth Century.

In the literary circles of Paris a good deal is said of the last work of *Count de Marsellus*, who was a long time French Minister to the English court. It consists of a new edition of the epic poem of *Nonnus* of Panopolis, of which the text is restored, and a translation given for the first time in a living language, with comments, by the ex-diplomatist. This ancient epic, the last song of the Greek muse, is the *Dionysiad* or *Bacchus*. The subject is the genius of civilization, originating in Egypt and Phœnicia, revived in Greece, and extending its benign influence to India. It required some courage and great patience to illustrate a work which contains not less than twenty-two thousand verses in forty-eight cantos. The epic is thought to possess much poetic talent and a considerable amount of mythological erudition, and but for its extreme length would probably be much better known and more popular. A paraphrase in verse of the Gospel of St. John is also attributed to *Nonnus*, and hence it is inferred that he had at a late period of life become a convert to Christianity.

The library of the late *Professor Hermann*, of Göttingen, the renowned philologist, has been purchased by the University of Pragne. It contains eleven thousand volumes.

Arts and Sciences.

Telegraphic.—Since the resumption of commercial relations between England and Russia, dispatches have been received in London one second after they left St. Petersburg, the length of wire being one thousand seven hundred miles. The medium by which the messages were conveyed is the printing telegraph.

A patent has been issued to *Mr. H. Fultz*, of Lexington, Miss., for an improvement in cotton gins, consisting in giving to the cotton to be ginned a spiral motion in the feed-box, over the saws, so that the cotton is made to pass from one end of the feed-box to the other, to present a fresh surface of it to the action of the saws as it passes along; also to prevent the staples from being cut off by the saws.

The great gold medal of science and arts, conferred upon *Professor Morse* by the Emperor of Austria, in acknowledgment of the professor's scientific services, especially as relating to the telegraph, is a massive and beautiful specimen of art. On one side is a medallion head of the young emperor, crowned with laurel, with the inscription, "Franciscus Josephus, I. D. G., Austria Imperator;" and on the obverse, a wreath surrounding the imperial crown, with the inscription, "Literis et Artibus." This is the fourth acknowledgment from European sovereigns accorded to Professor Morse.

We learn from Germany that a large piece of wood, supposed to have belonged to a printing-press in the possession of *Gutenberg*, was discovered a short time since at Mayence, by some workmen digging a new cellar in the mansion called "Zum Jungen," the first printing-house of *Gutenberg*. The beam seems to have formed the head of the press, and contains the socket in which the spindle revolved. The letters J. G. and the date 1441 are cut in one part of it.

The *Hughes Printing Telegraph Instrument* has been finished, and will, we understand, be immediately placed upon the line between this city and Philadelphia. This invention may be called a Printing Press and Telegraph Instrument combined, for it prints all messages in plain Roman capitals, with unerring correctness, and at an almost incredible rate of speed, averaging, in the ordinary dispatch of business, from twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand letters per hour. This instrument clearly demonstrates the practicability of sending and receiving messages in opposite directions over the same wire at the same time, and with the utmost ease, regularity, and certainty. It will consequently require but one wire and one operator, at any given point, to send and receive as much business as can be transmitted by the aid of four or five operators, and an equal number of wires, under the Morse system.

The *London Mining Journal* mentions some improvements which have been made in the manufacture of gas. The processes are based, first, upon an improved method of rendering luminous the gases resulting from the perfect

decomposition of water or steam; and, second, upon the conservative influence which hydrogen exercises in protecting the matter upon which the illuminating power of gas depends, from decomposition by heat. The first point is gained by condensing the water gases, and then passing them through a heated retort containing carbonaceous matter, and afterward these gases are admitted in regulated quantities into retorts, where carbonaceous matter is undergoing distillation or decomposition, and by which they are rendered highly luminous.

Mr. Aaron Roberts, a colored man in Philadelphia, has invented a valuable aid to the fire department. It is constructed on the principle of a telescope, occupying a very small space when closed, but capable of being extended to a height of some sixty feet, by means of concealed cogs. Above this is a branch-pipe, made flexible, and worked in any direction by chains reaching the ground. The machine can be run into a narrow alley, and by attaching a hose to a fire-plug, the water will be forced to the top, and thence directed at the pleasure of the operator. Safety is thus afforded to the firemen, and instant application may be made to any part of a burning building.

A new process of manufacturing sugar has been discovered, by means of which it may be converted into perfect loaves in the space of twenty minutes, instead of, as now, a period of three weeks being consumed in the operation. The sugar is scraped from the cleansing machines into molds placed on a revolving frame, and then subjected to pressure from the blows of a piston as they are carried around on a circular frame; and, having completed their circuit, are raised by a pressure from beneath on to an endless web, which conveys them to the drying shelves. In this manner, two thousand four hundred pounds of loose sugar can be converted into loaf every hour, with the attendance of one person, and a steam-engine of four-horse power.

M. Goupil, of Paris, has commissioned an eminent artist to produce a picture of the Peace Congress at Paris. It is to be eighteen feet long by twelve feet high, and a large sum is to be paid for it. All of the plenipotentiaries have consented to sit for their portraits; and the room in which they assembled, with its furniture, is to be exactly represented. The painting is to be engraved, and it will form a companion piece to Isabey's celebrated painting of the Congress of Vienna.

Mr. J. W. Pettis, of Hillsdale, Michigan, has effected an improvement in packing pistons for steam-engines; intended to enable the engineer to lighten the packing of the piston without going to the trouble of removing the cylinder head and various other appurtenances. This is done by making the piston-rod hollow, and passing a solid rod down its center to the piston head. The packing is metallic. Within the head are four arms, connected by joints at one end with the packing, and at the other with the

central rod. By raising or lowering the rod, the packing will be loosened or tightened.

A new and unique musical instrument has been invented. It is described as consisting of fifty shells or viols with strings similar to a violin; the sound being produced by the drawing of a hair-bow across them. It contains four full octaves, and is played with keys like a piano-forte.

A monument of magnificent design is to be erected in Plymouth, Mass., to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. Upon a pedestal, to be erected on an eminence near the Forefathers' Rock, stands a colossal granite statue of Faith, seventy feet in height, standing with its feet eighty feet from the ground, thus making the entire height one hundred and fifty feet. At four of the corners of the pedestal, which is octagonal, are seated figures typifying Morality, Education, Law, and Liberty, each thirty-eight feet in height, while between them are panels to receive bas-reliefs and inscriptions. It will be, when completed, one of the most beautiful works of art, and one of the most stupendous monumental structures in the world.

A machine has been invented by an American mechanic, which takes hold of a sheet of brass, copper, or iron, and turns off complete hinges at the rate of a gross in ten minutes; hinges, too, neater than are made by any other process. Also, a machine that takes hold of an iron rod and whips it into perfect bit-pointed screws with wonderful rapidity, and by a single process. Both the machines are superior to anything of the kind in the world, for no other known process can compete with them in the manufacture of the articles named. Their cost will be about \$500 each.

M. Stanislas Julien, of Paris, has produced a translation of a Chinese work, published in 1815, on the History and Manufacture of Porcelain. It is very curious in many respects, and says, among other things, that the art of making porcelain was known in China so far back as the epoch comprised between one hundred and eighty-five years before and eighty-seven after Jesus Christ.

The mosaic floor from *Coazono*, representing in the center a basket of fruits, and in the corners the four winds, has been placed in the Vatican Museum.

A marble statue, of beautiful workmanship, and in perfect condition, has been dug up in making excavations for the foundations of a church in Atlantis, in Greece; it is life size, and represents a youth leaning on a column.

The University of Breslau has lost one of her greatest ornaments in the person of Dr. Julius Athanasius Ambrosch, professor of philology, and director of the Academy of Arts and Sciences.

The New Atlantic Telegraph Cable.—The cable of the New-York and Newfoundland Telegraph Company, which was lost from the steamer James Adger, weighed five tons to the mile, had three conducting wires, each about as thick as a knitting-needle, and a flaw of either of these was sufficient to stop the electric current from one end to the other. The new cable now making in England will be of small copper wire

twisted together, and will not be more than half the thickness of the old cable. The Trans-Atlantic cable will have but one conductor made like the above, and will weigh about three fourths of a ton to the mile. The distance from St. John's, Newfoundland, to the nearest point on the southern coast of Ireland, is one thousand six hundred and forty-seven miles. The cable will be two thousand four hundred miles long, and is to be laid by two steamers, each of them to have on board one thousand two hundred miles of cable, weighing nine hundred tons.

The scientific expedition sent from *St. Petersburg* to *Eastern Siberia* before the war broke out—and which was believed to have a menacing character for the territories on the Amoor River, a stream then little known to either English or American readers, though now familiar as the Thames and the Hudson—appears to be making progress in its work. The explorers have surveyed the Amoor, made a map, determined the exact positions by astronomical observations, and collected a body of plants, minerals, and animals—specimens of the natural wealth and natural productions of the region. If we may credit accounts received from Irkutsk, a movement has taken place in Siberia not unlike that in California and Australia, owing to the discovery of gold in the bed of the Lena, and the sudden irruption of bands of eager gold-seekers.

Late, but not too late, the bold adventurers and discoverers of the *fifteenth* and *sixteenth centuries* are being remembered in Portugal. A proposal has been started in Lisbon for three monuments to commemorate the great events of Portuguese enterprise. It is proposed to erect a statue to Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of the Cape passage to India, near the Jeronimite Convent; and a statue to Nuno Alves Cabral, the discoverer of Brazil, in Rocio Square. It is also proposed to erect a statue to Camoens, who sang the glories of Portugal in its most glorious period, in Belem Square.

The German journals publish a report, from the pen of Professor Rosenkranz, of Königsberg, on the intended monument of Kant, the philosopher. We learn by this report that the total expense for this monument is calculated not to exceed ten thousand thalers. Of this sum six thousand thalers are collected already, the King of Prussia and the magistrate of Königsberg being among the principal donors. The plaster model of the statue has been completed by Rauch, the sculptor, and has been sent from Berlin to Silesia, where the casting is to take place.

M. Binet, the eminent mathematician, died last month at Paris. He presided over the Ecole Polytechnique from 1816 to 1830, and more recently was President of the Academy of Sciences, and showed himself in this position highly deserving of the trust reposed in him.

The magistrates of Munich have decreed that the graves of *Sennefelder*, the inventor of lithography, who died in 1834, and *Gabelberger*, the inventor of stenography, who died in 1849, shall from henceforth be attended to, and kept with unusual care.